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MAR. 1, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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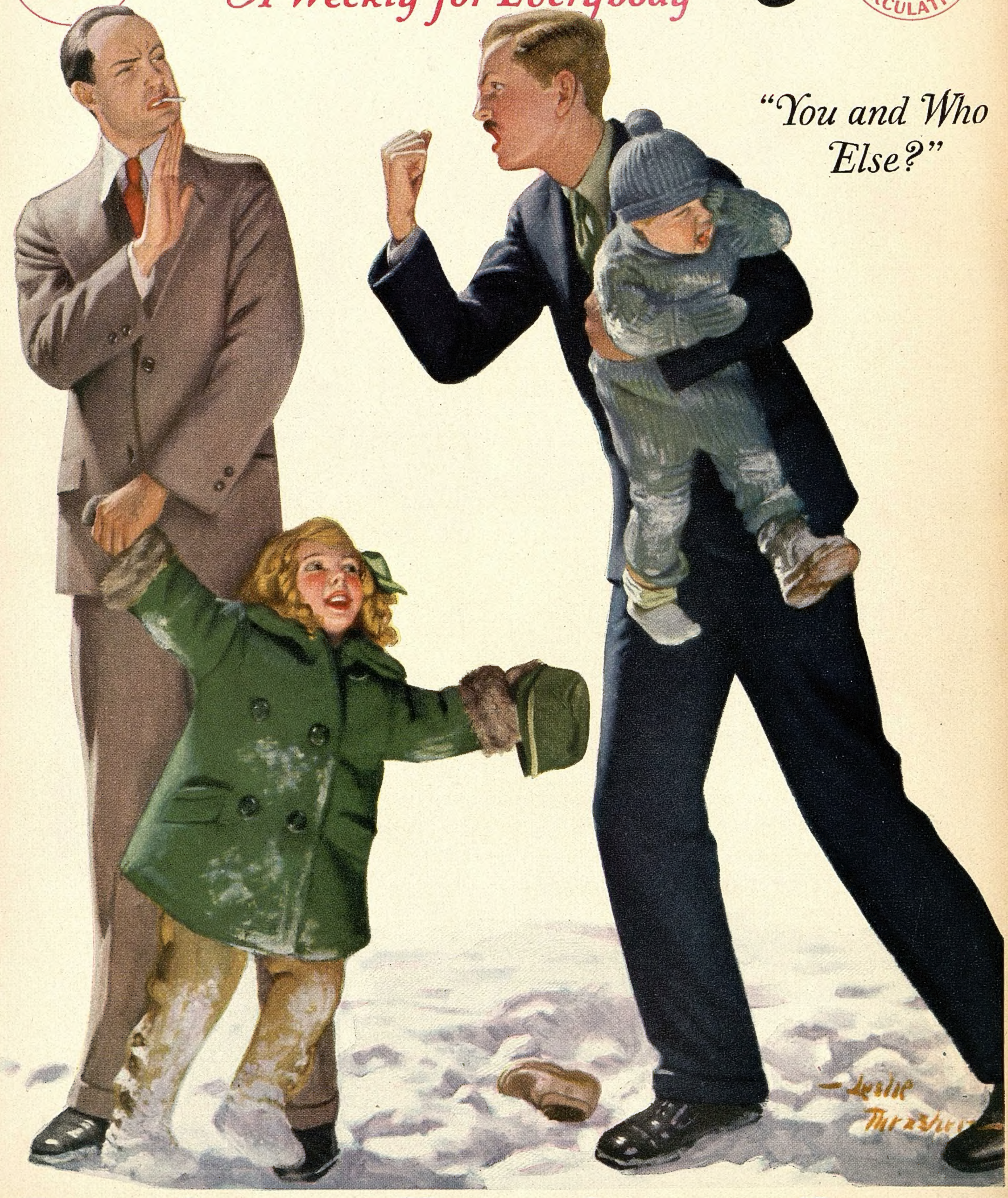
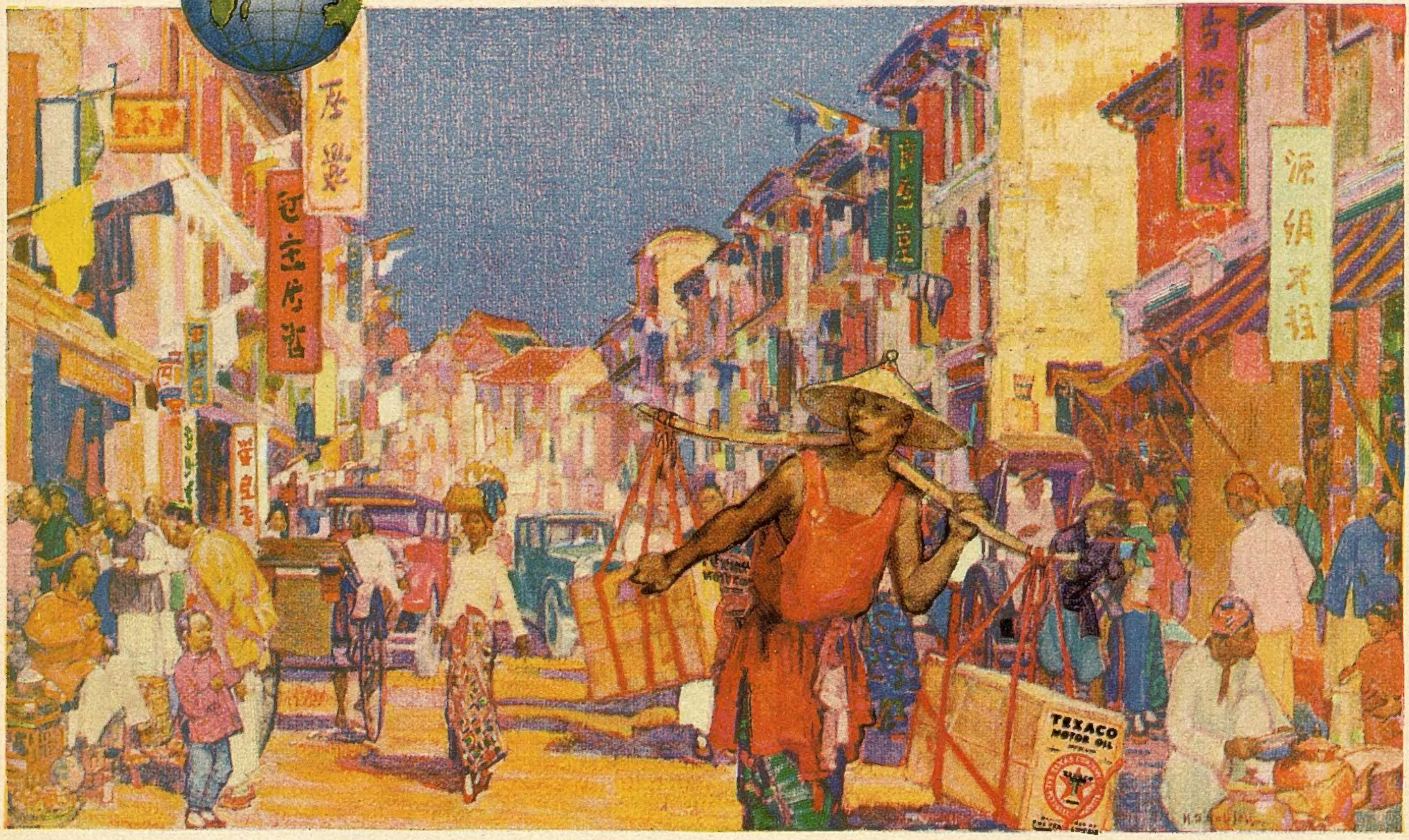
"You and Who Else?"


Leslie Thrasher

HOPE ~ CARROLL ~ TULLY ~ GALLICO ~ DOHERTY

TEXACO IS SOLD IN 46 FOREIGN COUNTRIES



and in Singapore

you can buy the same TEXACO sold in your own home town

From the ports of the fabled Orient to the land of the midnight sun — in 'most every corner of the civilized globe — there you will find the familiar Texaco Red Star with the Green T!

And there you will find the same pure Texaco Golden Motor Oil that is sold from coast to coast— in each of our forty-eight States! For neither clime nor distance halts the progress of the Texaco Star!

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Let a Texaco man demonstrate to you the free-flowing quality of Texaco at low temperatures.

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TEXACO T

Isn't it less embarrassing for young married women

not to ask others but to find out for themselves about feminine hygiene?

IT must seem almost like prying, like prying into the lives and experiences of others, when the young married woman seeks the advice of friends upon this intimate personal matter. The question is so vital, so important, that it cannot be ignored. Yet it must be embarrassing to discuss.

Furthermore, nine times out of ten she is met either with evasion or with information that is out-of-date if not actually wrong and dangerous. Isn't it better not to ask others but to send for the free book "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"? Then she can read the facts for herself.

Avoid poisonous antiseptics

The viewpoint of physicians and trained nurses on feminine hygiene is enlightening. Naturally you would expect them to appreciate the complete surgical cleanliness it affords. They do. But they do *not* approve the caustic and poisonous antiseptics that some women still think necessary to use. They know too well the dangers. All too often they have seen the irreparable damage caused by old-fashioned methods and they will *not* sanction bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Safe to use Zonite regularly

The selection of the proper antiseptic—that is what the whole question of feminine hygiene amounts to. Everything depends upon the germicide. And fortunately there is now a true germicide which meets all requirements. Until recently this was not the case, and women resorted to the caustics and poisons because there was nothing else available powerful enough for the purpose.

"Zonite" is the name of this modern antiseptic. Women today are grateful for Zonite, as the increasing number of its users testifies. Zonite is safe in actual use and safe to use regularly. It cannot cause areas of scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions. Zonite is safe even if accidentally swallowed. No need to worry about children getting hold of it. In fact dentists use it freely and recommend it for oral hygiene. *And Zonite is powerful—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

You can get it anywhere

No woman, anywhere, will have difficulty in finding Zonite. It is sold in practically every drugstore in the United States; also sold in Canada. A most effective germicide. Non-caustic. Non-poisonous. Women are fast recognizing that this is the ideal combination and a revolutionary advance in antiseptics.

Send for free Zonite book

Be sure to mail coupon below and get the free Zonite book. It is filled with authentic information about feminine hygiene, freely and frankly written. A thorough education on the subject. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

When tested by the methods used by the United States Government, a single teaspoonful of Zonite kills over 150 billion (not million) pus germs, or staphylococci, in less than 10 seconds.

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MARCH 1, 1930

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES

The best thing President Hoover has done yet has been his appointment of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the United States.

You could not find a better man in the country, to our way of thinking.

He has had the widest possible training, having been professor of law at Cornell, counsel for various public commissions in New York, governor of New York, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, Secretary of State in the cabinets of two Presidents, chairman of the Washington naval conference of 1921, and a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

He is one of the two or three Americans who have missed the Presidency by an eyelash. The political advice given him was not sound when he made his campaign trip to the Pacific coast, sided with the conservative Republicans against Hiram Johnson, lost California by 3,800 votes, and so was defeated in the election.

If he had won, the destiny of the United States and of the world might have been different. We cannot know what he would have done had he been President during the war. You might say, if you want to be irreverent, that he lost by a whisker and may have changed the face of the earth.

Then, in 1921, he was appointed Secretary of State by President Harding; this office he held until 1925, having remained in the cabinet when Coolidge became President.

During this period he made one of the greatest gestures in international history, presiding over the naval conference which resulted in what is known as the 5-5-3 treaty.

Some Americans maintain, perhaps with justice, that the United States was outwitted in this treaty by certain European powers. But the fact remains that this year's naval conference in London is merely a continuation of that of 1921, with the nations seeking to apply to other ships the same ratios that were then arranged for battleships.

Certainly it must be admitted that the gesture which permitted the stopping of the naval race among the powers will tend to establish new international relationships and perhaps postpone war.

Mr. Hughes must be credited in large degree with having initiated the parity notion in which the country now seems to be united, and thus having set the stage for this new conference to extend the principle of parity.

Men of all political faiths admit the force of his intellect and his clear, concise reasoning. His legal training and the evident tendency of his mind indicate that, as under his predecessor, Mr. Taft, the Supreme Court under him will hold itself to a strict construction of its powers, interpreting the law rather than legislating on the bench.

In deciding whether a law agrees with or offends the Constitution, the power of the Supreme Court is such that it can become, in effect, a lawmaking body. Under some Chief Justices, to all intents and purposes it has been.

Mr. Taft believed it should be a court and should leave lawmaking to Congress. There is reason to think that Mr. Hughes subscribes to the same belief.

Mr. Hughes will be sixty-eight next month. Before the last Presidential campaign he said he felt himself too old to accept the nomination and try for the White House.

We don't think he is too old for many years of usefulness in the Supreme Court. We congratulate President Hoover and the nation on his appointment.

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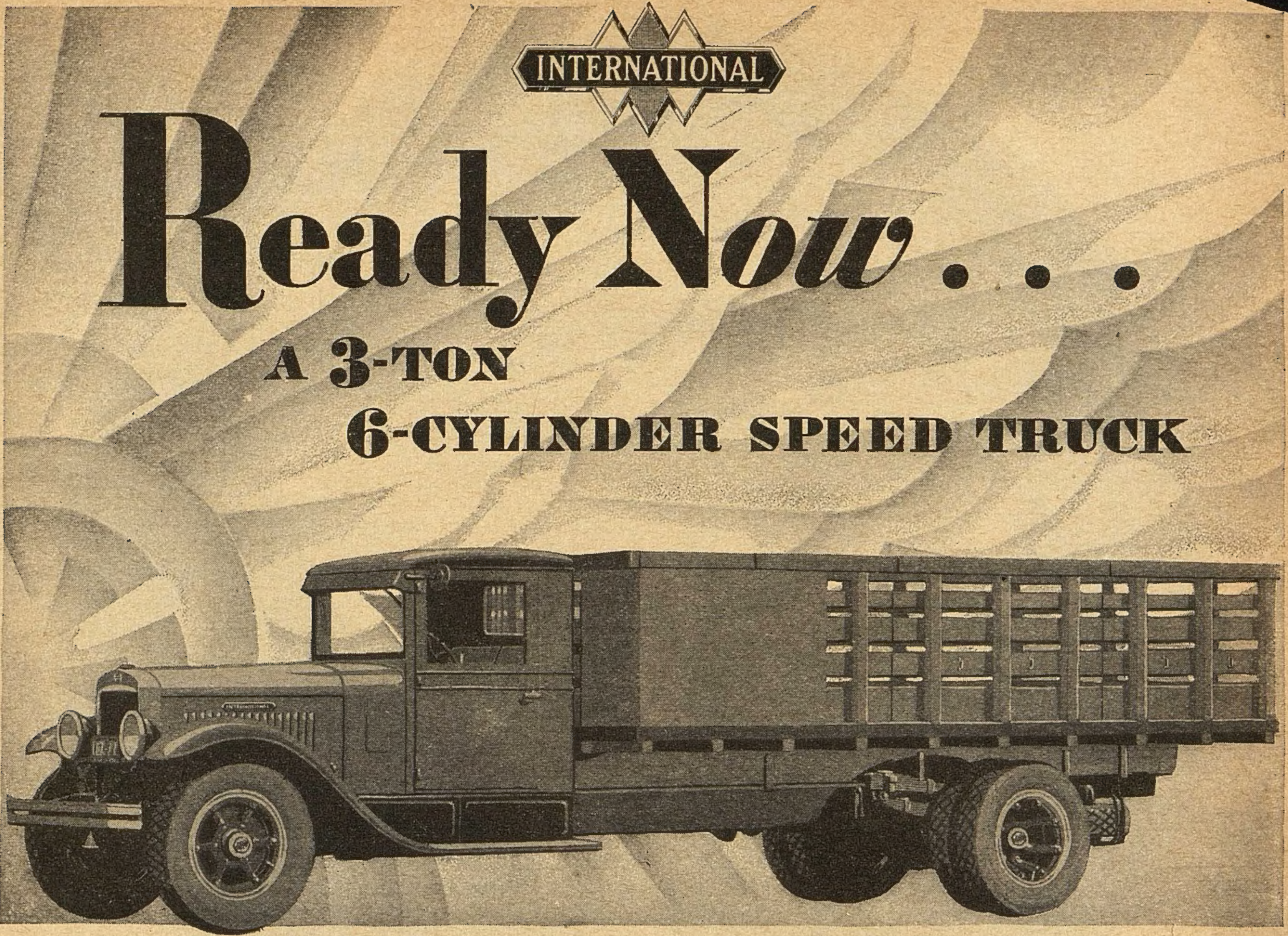
Cover by Leslie Thrasher



Ready Now . . .

A 3-TON 6-CYLINDER SPEED TRUCK

Here is the new 3-ton 6-cylinder International Speed Truck—Model A-5—now on view at all of the 159 Company-owned International Branches in the United States.

Sponsored by twenty-six years of automotive achievement, this latest member of the International line of trucks is definitely designed to provide the widest range of modern hauling service ever embodied in one truck.

The chassis itself, ready alike for high-speed transport and for the severe punishment of dump truck service, is being hailed as an outstanding advancement in automotive engineering. Be sure to read the specifications given at the left.

And Model A-5, as shown in the illustration, is as attractive in appearance as it is powerful in performance. Trim in silhouette and so obviously in tune with the times, it is a truck of which any owner may be proud.

Favor the new 3-ton International Speed Truck with an exacting examination at the nearest International Branch, then ask for a demonstration of its prowess on your own job. Doing so will not place you under the slightest obligation.

Brief Specifications of Model A-5

Wheelbase: 156, 190 or 210 inches.

Engine: International design and manufacture; 6-cylinder, valve-in-head, 7-bearing crankshaft, 7-bearing camshaft, removable cylinders; 3-point mounting with rubber-cushioned rear supports; pressure lubrication.

Clutch: Single plate, with built-in vibration damper.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 1 reverse, direct in high; one control lever.

Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear type.

Frame: Pressed-steel channel type, with deep middle section.

Springs: Semi-elliptic, front and rear. Auxiliary springs, quarter-elliptic.

Tires: 34 x 7 front, 34 x 7 dual rear, pneumatic, mounted on all-steel spoke-type wheels.

Brakes: Service, 4-wheel mechanical, internal expanding. Emergency, internal expanding on rear.

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CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

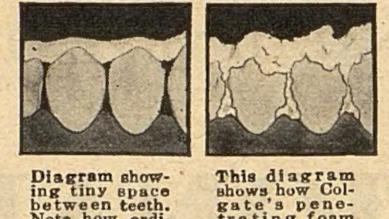
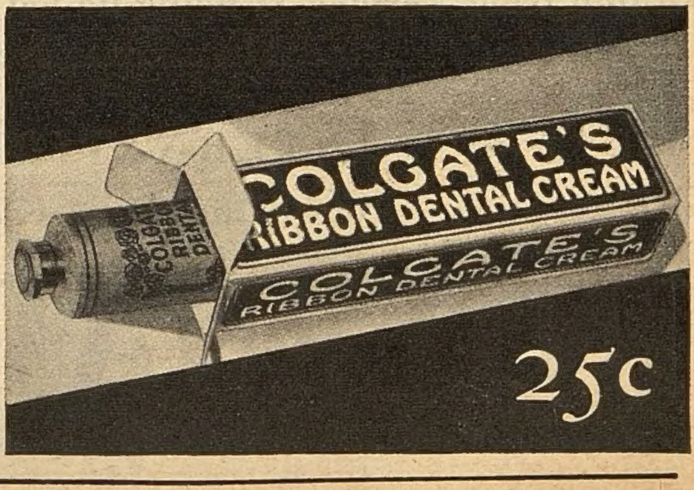


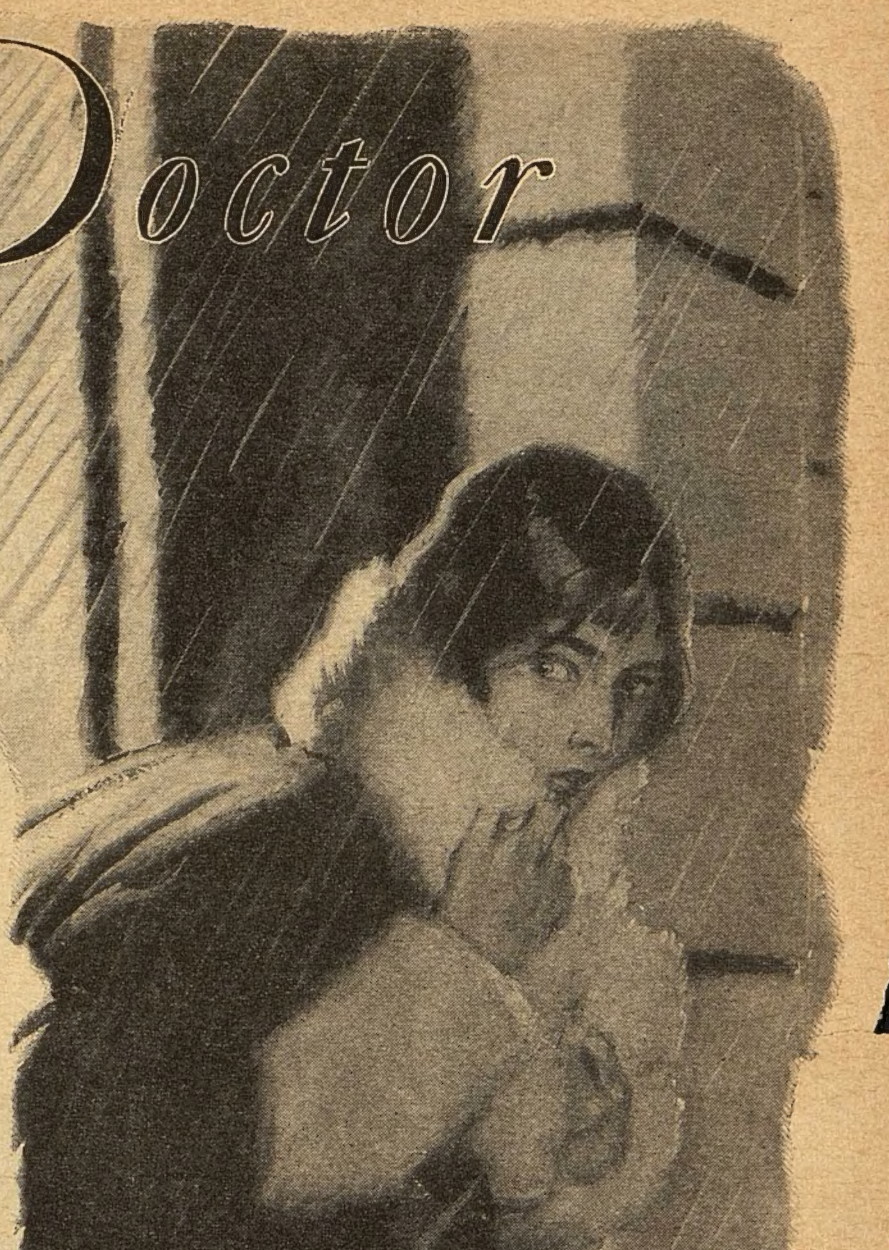
Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



Miss Doctor

The Adventures of Germany's Greatest Woman Spy



She ran out into the winter's night. A sinister ice-cold rain received her.

Told by

HANS RUDOLPH BERNDORFF

a former German artillery officer who was wounded at Verdun, ordered into the secret service, and subsequently made ordnance officer on the staff of the Crown Prince. Of late he has spent much of his time writing for various German newspapers.

TRANSLATED BY

I. A. R. WYLIE

Englishwoman and novelist, who lived for many years in Germany and has used her knowledge of German life in a number of fine novels—notably Towards Morning, which appeared just after the war. Miss Wylie lives now mostly in New York.

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

EDITOR'S NOTE—One of the most mysterious figures of the World War was the girl from Berlin, known only by the nickname Mademoiselle Docteur, whose exploits made her famous as Germany's most successful woman spy. Until now she has remained a figure of mystery, and in Berlin there has been much discussion as to who she really was.

The revelation of her identity and story of her adventures which follows is vouched for as authentic by Captain Gerd von Buggenhagen, wartime chief of the secret service bureau of the Fourth Army Corps, who knew Anna Maria Lesser and was familiar with her activities as a spy. Others have corroborated it and have declared a rival "Mademoiselle Docteur" who turned up recently in Berlin to be an impostor.

Its publisher in Berlin is the one who brought out Remarque's All Quiet on the Western Front. In offering it in the United States, Liberty has every reason to believe that—except for an occasional change of name to protect some important men still living—it is an accurate narrative.

IN THREE PARTS—PART ONE

ANNA MARIA LESSER, white as death, leaned against the wall. She was barely sixteen years old, and her schoolgirl's thick black plaits had come loose and framed a small pale face.

Her big eyes were fixed on her father. She heard his ice-cold voice:

"You, my only daughter, for whom I have done everything, whom I loved above everything, have thrown yourself into the arms of a man—and now there is to be a child. I will never see you again.

"Do you think, perhaps, that this man, this Captain Herr von Wynanky, is going to bother about you either? Do you think, perhaps, that he will marry a Jewish girl without a penny? For you don't hope for help from me, do you? No. Get out. Get out of this house. And, thank God, I can forget you."

The door of the library slammed. Down the dim, heavily carpeted corridors of the old Berlin house in the Tiergartenstrasse Anna Maria Lesser ran like a hunted animal, pursued by her father's curse.

She ran out into the winter's night. A sinister ice-cold rain received her.

Thinking to find her lover in Potsdam, she made her way there. And the same night that von Wynanky

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MISS DOCTOR
Continued from page seven]

summoned by an urgent telegram, raced by motor car to Potsdam, Anna Maria Lesser's child was born. The doctors of the Potsdam hospital had the greatest difficulty in keeping the unhappy girl alive.

But the scandal had by this time attained such dimensions that the captain had to send in his commission, though he was allowed to do so under honorable conditions, being listed as an officer permanently " on leave."

As soon as the spring sunshine had finally melted the ice in the Potsdam lakes, Herr von Wynanky brought Anna Maria Lesser to Berlin, where he established her comfortably in rooms in the Nürnbergerstrasse.

About this time the former captain received bad news. The finances of his family came to a crash. While Anna Maria sat desperately waiting in her furnished rooms the captain spent his time in bitter struggles with his innumerable creditors who remained to him from the brilliant days of his Guard-Hussars existence. Eventually he succeeded in squeezing a sufficient sum from the trustees of his family estate to pay half what he owed. After which he settled down to await better times.

By endless wirepullings he got himself reëstablished in the army. But the once elegant Guard-Hussar officer had to content himself with a line regiment. As captain of the railway battalion he resumed his duties.

Then again fate threw the inevitable monkey wrench into his machinery. One morning he was called away from a lecture by his commander.

" See here, Captain, this is a wretched business. Two people in Potsdam and Berlin have employed a lawyer to proceed against you for debt—so-and-so many thousand marks—and they're going to do I don't know what to you if you don't pay up in eight days. I know that you're a fine officer and a good comrade whom I wouldn't lose for the world. So please do me the favor of letting me know officially in eight days that the business has been settled."

When Wynanky returned to his apartment he found a letter from home and a judgment from a Berlin law court. The court informed him that his monthly allowance had been withdrawn by the administrators and that not only was there no hope of sending him money but that the idea of settling his debts out of the estate was out of the question.

N despair he went to the major of his old Hussar regiment, who in the meantime had become lieutenant colonel on the General Staff, and stammered out the tale of his misfortune.

" Even if somebody did lend me the money," he concluded, " I could never repay it. There seems nothing left but to allow myself to be cashiered for debt. Then I can clear out with the girl I seduced and love, and starve. I beg of you, tell me what I can do."

On that occasion the lieutenant colonel made no definite answer. He considered the matter earnestly, however, and soon afterward told his friend that an idea had come to him. He did not as yet know the details, but he had a plan and he begged the captain to come to him the following evening, when he would know whether it was possible to save him.

That evening Anna Maria sat with the captain on the terrace of the Swedish Pavilion. She was very happy and the captain had himself so well in control that she noticed nothing.

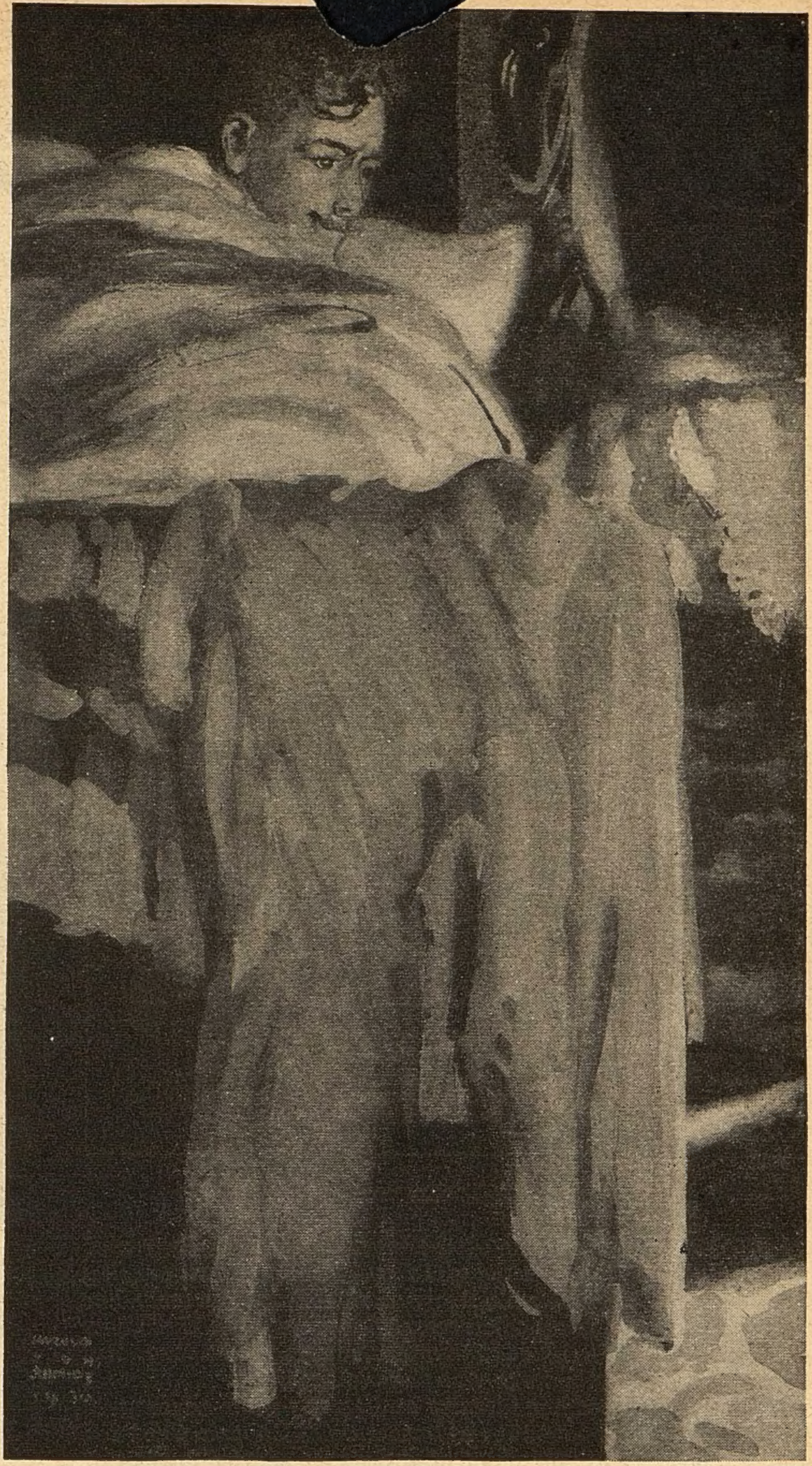
The next evening, as the captain made his way to his friend's apartment, he happened to put his hand into his pocket. He found there a gold piece—the last piece of money that he possessed. He had already had to borrow the money for his hotel bills.

The lieutenant colonel's servant led Wynanky straight o his master's library. Much to the captain's astonishment, he found not only his friend waiting him, but a civilian whose face seemed vaguely familiar. His astonishment was increased by the colonel's opening.

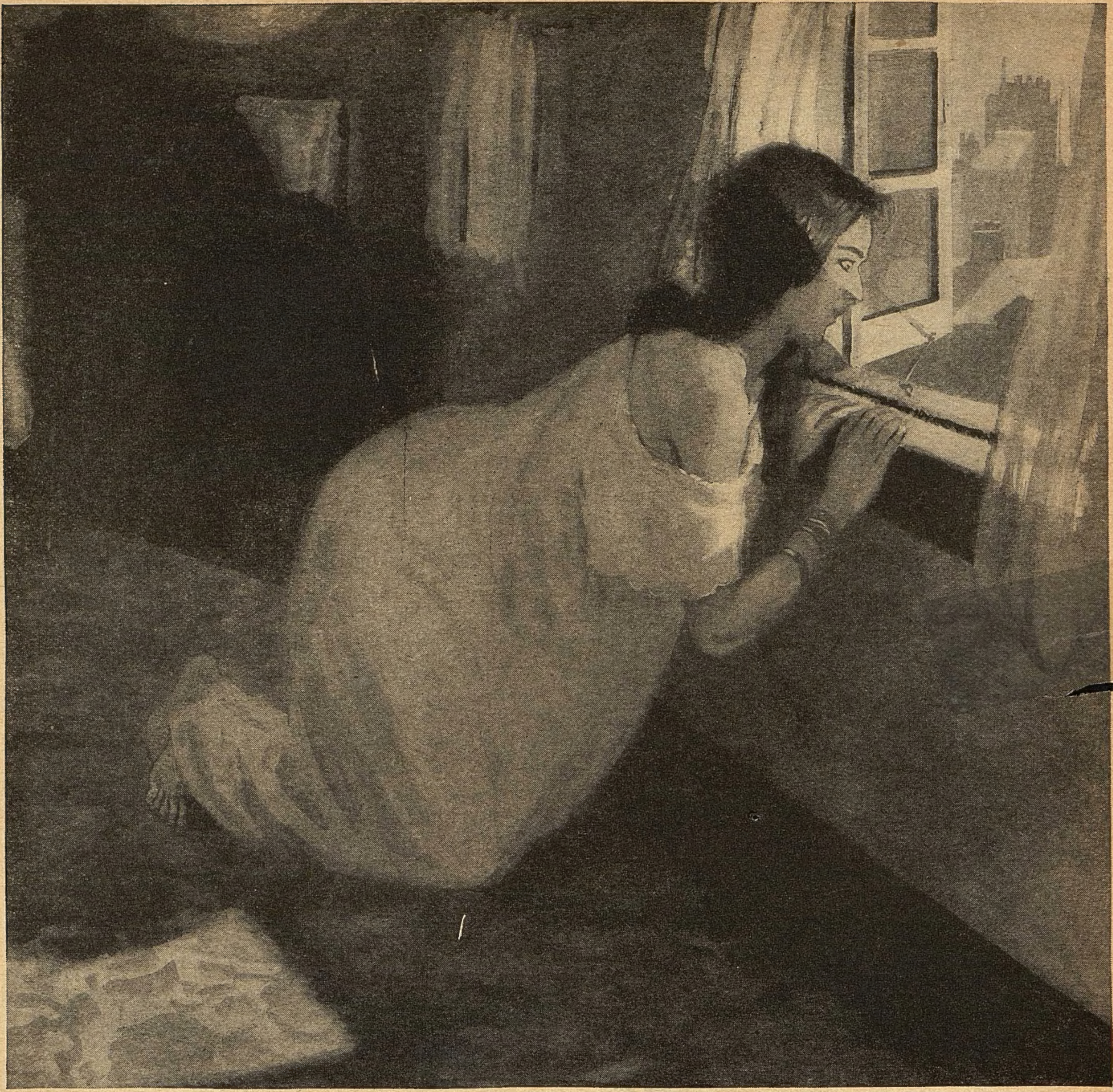
" Please forgive me, Wynanky, if I don't introduce my guest. In the matter before us it is of no importance who he is. And if you leave this room, having refused my offer, I expect you to give me your word of honor that you will forget both our conversation and this gentleman's face. I trust you under no circumstances ever to recognize him again."

Captain Wynanky considered the colonel and the stranger in turn. The latter gazed coolly past him, and Wynanky no longer hesitated. He gave his word of honor, which, after all, bound him to very little except forgetfulness.

" Please sit down," the colonel said, " and listen. This gentleman will do the talking. I don't know what he is going to propose in detail, but I promise you on the word of an officer and as your old friend that you can honorably carry out whatever he wishes you to do. I know him and his purpose too well not to be sure of this. I know that he can show you not only a way out of your difficulties but a way to work for the fatherland without the least dishonor."



" We are being followed," she whispered.



Her heart beat with excitement. She crept to the window and peered out, and her anxiety infected Wynanky.

The colonel stood up and shook hands, and as he left the room he gave the civilian a respectful military bow.

Immediately the stranger began to speak. He told the captain that he had read his work on the use of the frontier railways for military transport and that several of his proposed improvements had greatly interested him.

"Various mutual friends," the stranger went on, "have told me of your personal difficulties. As an officer, I ask you not to try and find out who I am or who has sent me, but to listen to this proposal. You are to enter the service of a casual acquaintance of mine, a Herr Matthesius, who will use you for the following purpose: It is necessary to carry on the studies that you have made on our German railways to various foreign systems, and still more important to discover certain definite facts with regard to foreign armies. From the work that you have done I am convinced that you are the man for the job.

"Herr Matthesius, and I beg you to remember that this is all I know of him, will from time to time give you the facts that he will want you to discover for him—that is to say, if you accept my proposal. In that case you will at once open a bank account into which Herr Matthesius will pay your monthly salary of twelve hundred marks. In addition, of course, your expenses will be paid, and finally you will receive at once a check for ten thousand marks out of which to pay your debts.

"That check I have now in my pocket in case we come to an understanding."

Captain von Wynanky had listened to the stranger with breathless attention. What was it that this man was really proposing? He stood up and regarded him steadily. But in his imagination he was seeing Anna Maria, who in a few days would be thrown out by her landlady into the streets. He saw his colonel who had commanded him to pay his debts. And he felt the whole force of his misfortune. And all the time he had not taken his eyes from the stranger's face.

And then suddenly he knew where he had seen that face before. It was at the Kaiser Maneuvers, when, as an officer of the Guard-Hussars, he had been appointed ordinance. During the subsequent criticism, made by the Kaiser and General Staff, Wynanky had noticed an officer in a general's uniform who stood with the other commanding officers and listened attentively to their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MISS DOCTOR
Continued from page nine]

comments. In his mind Wynanky saw the whole picture clearly. At the time he had made inquiries concerning the young general, and he knew now that he had before him one of the smartest officers of the Prussian army.

" Well, Herr Hauptmann," the stranger said, tearing him from his thoughts. " How is it? Yes or no? "

The captain pulled himself erect.

" Yes, your Excellency. I accept."

The stranger smiled good-humoredly.

" On the check that I am going to give you, you will find Herr Matthesius' address. You will go to him tomorrow morning. And, by the way, you called me Excellency. You made a mistake. Please do not forget, Herr Hauptmann, that you have never seen me and do not know who I am. Good evening."

Captain von Wynanky walked back to his hotel. In his room he unbuckled his saber and threw it on the bed.

" All right," he said. " Now we have become spies."

II

THE next morning Captain von Wynanky stood before a bank in Unter den Linden and took from his pocket the check for 10,000 marks which he had received at the lieutenant colonel's house, and whose acceptance had bound him irrevocably to a new destiny. The signature on this document was fine and small: " F. Matthesius " —and underneath was an address in the Bülowstrasse.

As soon as the captain had his 10,000-mark bill safely in his pocket he hailed a cab and drove direct to the address given him. The place turned out to appear to be an agency for motors and motor accessories, and on the second floor in a front room he was met by a girl secretary who, in answer to the captain's hesitant and uneasy statement as to his name and business, politely turned him round in his tracks.

" Please have the kindness to return to your hotel," she told him. " Change into civilian clothes, then drive to the Hotel Adler and sit down in the restaurant."

The captain felt like a foolish schoolboy; evidently one did not visit Herr Matthesius in uniform. He obeyed instructions, and no sooner was he seated in the restaurant than Herr Matthesius was beside him.

The man proved to be small and thin, with side whiskers, high cheek bones, a bulging forehead, and bright uneasy eyes. Everything was hard and bony about him. He was well dressed, however, in a morning suit and gave an appearance of being well-to-do.

" The following are your instructions," he began without further introduction. " Today is Tuesday. Tomorrow you will be in Torun. Tomorrow also you will hand in your commission, on account of illness. Today you will pay your debts. Having left Torun you will return direct to Berlin, and in a week's time you will take the express for Paris. Until then we shall not see each other, and in fact we shall see each other as little as possible. But as soon as you get to Paris you will go to the firm of Meunier & Co., whose address is on this card. Please learn the address by heart and destroy the card.

" Meunier & Co. are a young firm. They have to be careful of expenses, and the heads have not as yet engaged any staff. They are experimenting with ball bearings for autos, tires, and so forth, and are in business relations with my firm. Recently a man has come to Meunier & Co. with the plans of a new invention. This invention is an automatic field gun somewhat like a revolver in construction and capable of firing with an incredible rapidity. You are a soldier and you know what this means. These plans cost five thousand marks. You will take this sum with you and you will buy those plans, once you are assured of their value. But, above all, you will not buy them until you have found out for certain that the French army considers them useful and is preparing to construct them itself.

" You are not to write a telegram, but as soon as your business is conducted, in either a positive or a negative sense, then you will come back to Berlin. Call me up and we can arrange some meeting place.

" Go to it, Captain—and, if you don't mind, that will be the last time that I shall address you by that title. Here is a check for your expenses in Paris."

Wynanky's colonel in Torun was not a little distressed. Just as Wynanky had declared to him on his honor that all his debts were paid, and the kindly old man was beginning to congratulate himself on being able to retain so valuable an officer in his regiment, the telephone rang and the adjutant of the General Staff informed him briefly that should Captain von Wynanky resign his commission that day he was to be given leave immediately. His Excellency laid great stress on the matter. Whereat the adjutant, not waiting a reply to his terse order, rang off.

Captain von Wynanky accordingly was allowed to send in his commission with full honors. But he did not, as was usual, pass into the reserve. At his own request his connection with the army was finally and completely severed.

As to Anna Maria, who awaited Wynanky in Berlin, she was told that her lover had left the army in order to accept a highly paid position in a firm of motor manufacturers.

Arrived in Paris, Wynanky went at once to Meunier & Co., and climbed several flights of steep stairs till he found the head of the firm, a certain Herr Pissand, who proved to be extremely taciturn and hardly spoke a word to him. But that evening they came together at a small café and Wynanky was introduced to a somewhat shabby individual who declared bluntly that he had had enough of haggling with Meunier & Co. He would wait another twenty-four hours, at the end of which time someone else would get his plans.

THE captain pulled himself together and took the affair into his own hands. Curtly dismissing Herr Pissand, he conducted the shabby stranger to his own hotel and for two hours studied his plans closely. Meantime the Frenchman sat around, smoking and spitting, and finally agreed to return the following evening.

In the middle of the same night Wynanky tore Herr Pissand out of his comfortable bed and made the following peremptory demands: First, that Herr Pissand should sign a declaration that he, Wynanky, was employed by him as a constructor; second, that on the next day he should be provided with a Swiss passport, under any name, but with his photograph and exact description. Wynanky had the photograph with him, as he had known in Berlin he would want it for just this purpose.

Herr Pissand was astonished. He declared that things couldn't be done like that. It would take at least a week.

Wynanky sat down on the edge of Herr Pissand's bed and considered what line to take next. He came to a quick decision.

" In Berlin," he said, " they told me that you were a man of influence and knew your job. Well, I'm going to open their eyes. I'm going to tell them that you are a loafer and a confounded idiot into the bargain. What do you think we pay you for? Why, you can't even get a false passport in a couple of hours—"

Herr Pissand flung himself back into his bed and hid his face. Wynanky supposed that the man was overcome by the violence of his attack. He would have been astonished if he had known that his victim was hard put to it to conceal his delighted laughter.

Captain von Wynanky received his passport, which was an excellent one.

His name was now George Nieweg and he took considerable pleasure in the perfect official markings with which the document was adorned.

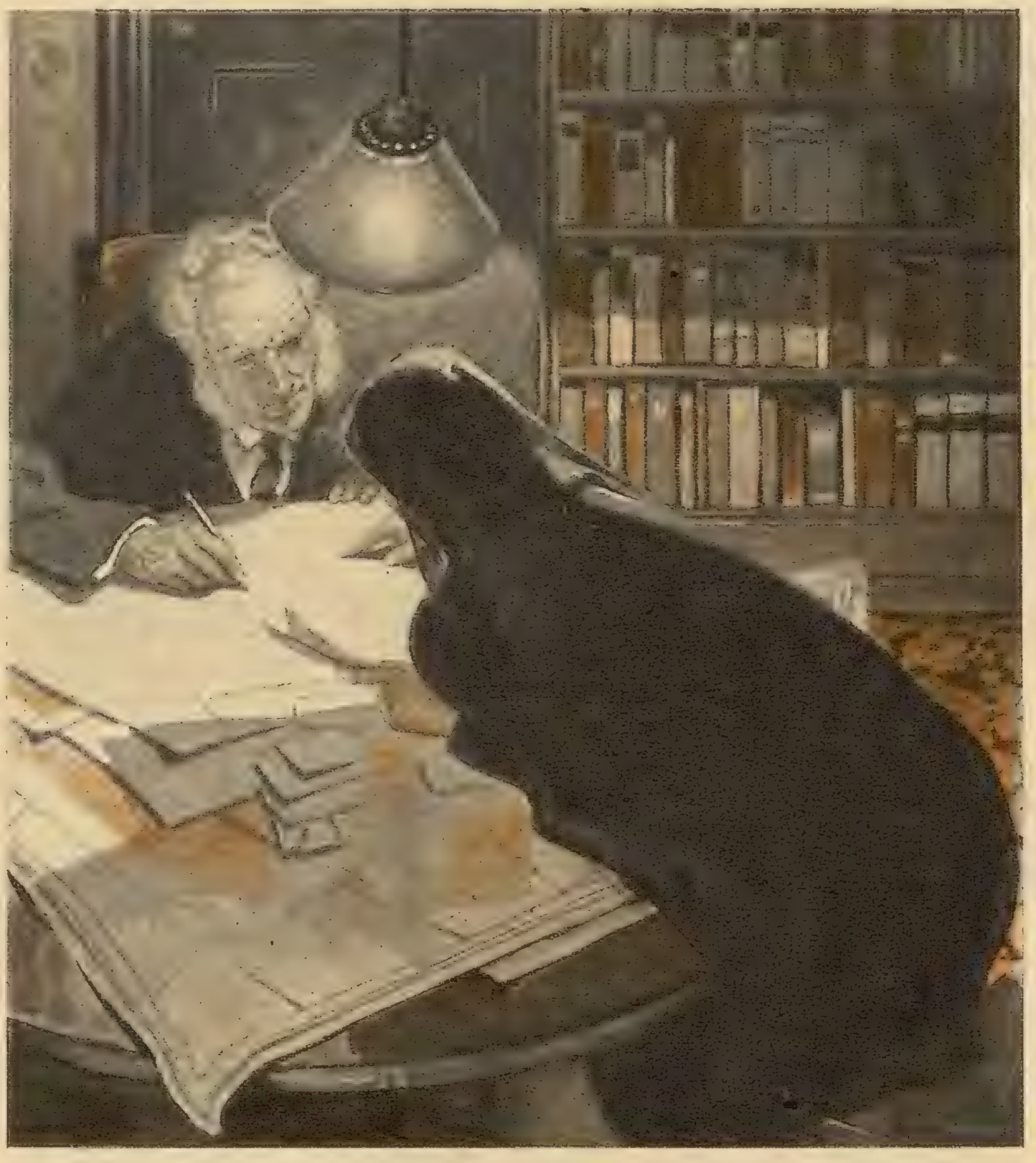
He then proceeded on a course of action that later, in the world of international spies, caused considerable amusement. Light-heartedly and without hindrance he walked straight into the lions' den of the French General Staff and presented himself and his plans for the quick-firing field gun to the military experts. His perfect memory had stood him in good stead. In that one night he had succeeded in making out a complete copy of the shabby gentleman's invention.

After one glance the plans were pushed back to him with a crushing rebuke. "You call yourself a technician and you waste your spare time with stuff like that! My dear sir, go fishing, play football, or beget children, but leave such idiotic schemes alone. That thing would burst about your ears at the second shot."

"So that's that," the captain thought and retired sadly from the encounter.

The next morning, an hour after the Paris express had arrived in Berlin, Wynanky presented himself before Herr Matthesius.

"Of course," he said, "I saw at once that the invention was crazy. If anyone tried to fire off so many rounds, one after the other, through the same barrel it would be necessary to apply a new method of cooling which at present doesn't exist. Secondly, there is no glycerine recoil-break which would stand the strain. But for safety's sake I asked the French experts—"



These lines were the field railways. These others were trenches.

"Excuse me," interrupted the astounded Herr Matthesius; "whom did you ask?"

"Whom? Why, I've been telling you—the French military experts—"

And he went on to recount his proceedings in detail. Herr Matthesius looked at the clock and remembered an important engagement. He asked the captain to look out for an apartment for himself and to telegraph his address.

THAT evening Herr Matthesius and Herr Pissand foregathered.

"I came myself from Paris," Herr Pissand said, "to tell you that you've engaged a damn fine fellow. I bet anything that he saw at once that those plans were worthless.

"Do you know that he went straight to the French General Staff? He didn't lie about it, for I had him followed. He stood the test finely and we can now begin to make use of him. But, for heaven's sake, never let him know we played that comedy on him to test him. For I'm dead sure he is stronger than I am."

That same evening Wynanky sat at the bedside of his sweetheart. Anna Maria Lesser was ill. There was nothing definite the matter with her, but solitude had brought her to desperation. She did not know what to do with herself, and the captain saw that a definite change had to take place in her life if she was to be saved from a catastrophe.

In the night an idea came to him. And five days later, when he was sent by Matthesius on a secret journey of observation through the valley of the Meuse from Sorcy to Dinant, Anna Maria went with him.

III

IN Strasbourg, Wynanky had to face renewed trouble. After a period of agonizing uncertainty he decided to tell his beloved the truth concerning his occupation, and the girl, realizing the grave danger in which he stood, broke into a fit of desperate weeping. But a week later she was completely reconciled to the situation. The fact that she was no longer to be separated from the man she loved made everything endurable.

Weeks later Matthesius received exact drawings of the position of new batteries in the Meuse fortifications and plans of field railways not marked on any map.

With detailed tasks ahead of them, the two proceeded to Charleville. The question they had to answer was, "Where does the first line of field fortifications begin between Charleville and Verdun in the direction north-and-south? What is their strength and what is their weakness?"

By this time Anna Maria knew all the answers, and her French, acquired in a Swiss school, proved as excellent and as useful as her companion's. Wynanky discovered also, partly to his delight, partly to his alarm, that she had the gift of chatting with people of every class and description in such a way that they were charmed into telling her everything she wanted them to tell her. And her companionship with Wynanky had already taught her what to ask and what and how to remember.

Through the summer weeks they continued to explore the neighborhood. Wynanky, who traveled with his Swiss passport, carried a knapsack full of innocent books on botany and apparently passed himself off successfully as a scientist. But one night Anna Maria awoke in the hotel of a small French village and shook her companion into wakefulness.

"We are being followed," she whispered. Her heart beat with excitement. She crept to the window and peered out, and her anxiety infected Wynanky to such an extent that the next morning they took tickets from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MISS DOCTOR
Continued from page eleven]

Charleville to Cologne. By that time their task was practically finished. The captain's waistcoat was lined with papers covered with drawings and calculations.

In a quarter of an hour the train drew into the station. Wynanky and Anna Maria were waiting on the platform when the latter caught sight of a man in a gray suit and with a red ribbon in his buttonhole whom she remembered to have seen four times in the last week. Then she remembered that the last time he had worn the uniform of a fortress official whom she had questioned, and that the night before, in the hotel, where for the first time fear of detection had overtaken her, she had seen him dressed as a farmhand.

The man was looking about him. He could not see Wynanky and Anna Maria who happened to be standing behind a post box. Silently Anna Maria took her companion by the hand. He, too, had recognized the stranger, who was now talking quietly to five other men. The fugitives could see how two of them, armed with heavy sticks, unostentatiously took up their places at the entrance.

The man with red ribbon in his buttonhole then disappeared and his escort proceeded slowly up the platform. For the moment they had not seen the man and woman hidden behind the post box, but the end was inevitable.

Anna Maria came to a rapid decision. She whispered a few words to her companion, who obeyed her without question. While he walked quickly from the left to the entrance where the two men stood on guard, Anna Maria rushed excitedly to them from the right, seized one of them by the coat, and whispered to him, " I am an agent of the Sûreté! Come at once! They are arresting the spies, who are armed with revolvers and are defending themselves—"

" Thank you ! " The man took time to throw the young woman a grateful glance, and then he and his companion ran on to the platform while the two Germans passed leisurely out of the station. Somewhat faster they then slipped into a carriage which at a smart trot took them for a country drive. At the next village they paid off the driver, walked some distance, found another carriage, and then, in the moment that the warning telegrams were beginning to arrive at the various police stations, a motor car passed over the Belgian frontier and the two travelers were safe in Charleroi. They then took the express peacefully to Cologne. Once over the German frontier they were saved.

1 and 4 · G and W

But no sooner were they in Cologne than Wynanky was overwhelmed by a frightful pain that in the excitement of the escape he had scarcely noticed. He was taken straight to the Cologne hospital, and that same night died of acute appendicitis, leaving behind him his sweetheart helpless and blind with misery and despair.

THE hospital authorities obtained the dead officer's address from Anna Maria, who for herself remembered that Wynanky had told her that in the event of anything happening to him she was to go straight to Herr Matthesius in Berlin.

Telegrams were sent in every direction. The relations of the dead officer began to arrive at the hotel and in reply to Anna Maria's anxious questions concerning the funeral, Wynanky's brother informed her that she was not to come to the graveside. The family knew nothing of the captain's recent occupation. They only knew that he had thrown up his commission and that under Anna Maria's influence he had " gone to the dogs."

Anna Maria was crying helplessly in her room when a lieutenant colonel of the Cologne garrison appeared and politely requested that she should hand over the deceased's papers. Anna Maria started to her feet. In her anguish she had completely forgotten that the plans were sewn in the very waistcoat in which Wynanky was about to be buried. Half an hour later, to the horror of Wynanky's family gathered round the bier in the hospital mortuary, an officer accompanied by a civilian arrived to claim the body. The family was no less bewildered when, after another half hour, the body was given back to them and the funeral allowed to proceed.

That evening the officer of the Cologne garrison again made his appearance at Anna Maria's hotel and demanded to see her. At first, overwhelmed with grief, she refused to see him or speak to him. All she wanted was to follow Wynanky to the grave, and it was only after the officer had pleaded with her through the locked door that she opened it to him. His first action was to put a revolver which he saw on her table into his own pocket. The officer then took her to the station, set her in the express for Berlin, and besought her to go at once to Herr Matthesius.

In the train the girl pulled herself together and was ready to meet Herr Matthesius who waited for her on the Berlin platform. She knew the thin, bony little man from Wynanky's description of him, and on his side there was no mistaking the woman in deep mourning.

In Herr Matthesius' office were all the plans, figures, and papers that had been found in the lining of Wynanky's waistcoat. Anna Maria, now mistress of herself, explained them in detail. She pointed out that the figures on the left of Wynanky's papers indicated the sections on the General Staff maps. These lines were the field railways, these others were trenches, these again were trenches that had been moved during the last maneuvers. And so forth and so on.

Matthesius smoked through his teeth. For hours the two sat together. Matthesius working silently on a map while Anna Maria continued to explain, clearly and precisely, the meaning of her dead lover's work. As the dawn broke, Matthesius stood up and shook her hand.

" I don't know how you managed to know all that. But we will have to talk of that later."

Anna Maria slept on a sofa in Herr Matthesius' apartment. And in her sleep she cried bitterly.

IV

WHILE she was thus resting from the stress and misery of the last few days, Matthesius and the man whom Wynanky had met at the colonel's house and who had given him the first check were walking together in the Tiergarten. The man whom Wynanky had addressed as " Excellency " expressed himself with some impatience.

" Your proposal is ridiculous," he said. " The mere fact that this girl can explain poor Wynanky's figures and plans does not prove that she could do anything of that sort by herself."

Matthesius retorted, " I understand people. And I am dead set on giving this girl a chance. Besides, I'm sorry for her."

His Excellency shook his head.

" If you are sorry for her get her a position as governess. We can't send a young thing like that into such danger."

" She wants to go into danger."

" Oh, do what you want, then. You ought to know best."

That afternoon Anna Maria sat pale and red-eyed in Herr Matthesius' room. The little man toyed with his papers and watched her curiously.

" What do you intend to do? "

" I don't know. Nothing."

" You must do something."

" I want to make an end of myself. But first I would like to do something that would make me forget everything else." There was a pause. Matthesius smoothed his maps, and Anna Maria asked, " Couldn't I try—? "

" Of course, if you want to. Listen, I am going to send you into the Vosges—"

Matthesius spread out the maps and the manuals of the French army and explained them to the young girl until dawn. But life had come into her tired eyes. She made suggestions and improvements, Herr Matthesius became increasingly enthusiastic, and before they parted they had reached a complete understanding.

The next morning Anna Maria took up her quarters at a hotel. And a few days later a girl who looked barely sixteen arrived with trunks and boxes at a boarding house in the Bülowstrasse in Charlottenburg. Two plaits hung over her shoulders. Her slenderness and small build helped her to look her new part.

Matthesius set this young person on the express for Colmar, and as soon as the train drew out of the station an elderly gentleman, who had been watching her from a distance, came up and spoke to Herr Matthesius.

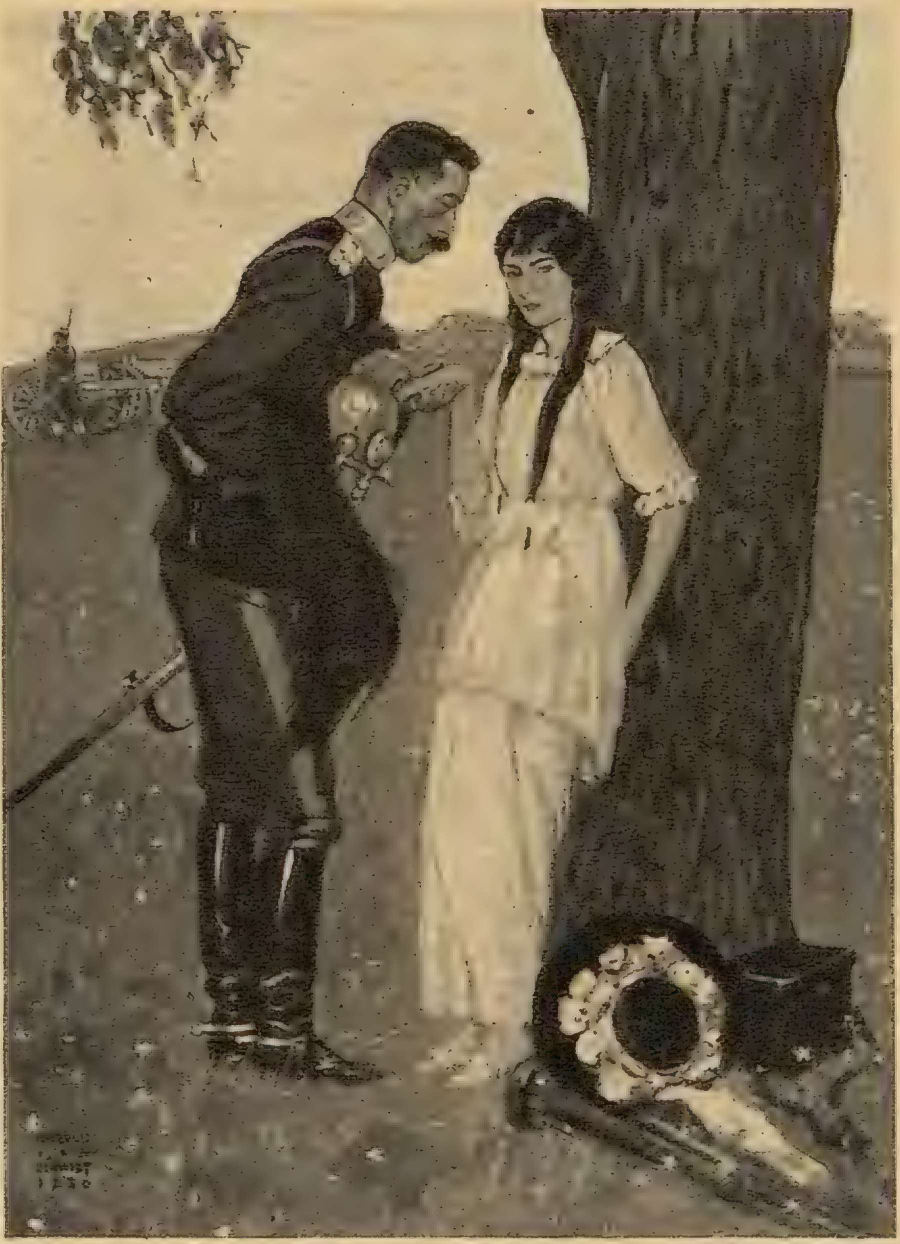
"You must be mad! She is a mere child!"

Matthesius walked on quickly. He appeared not to know the elderly gentleman who walked casually beside him. He seemed to be carrying on a conversation with himself. "Excellency, just you wait."

It was a lovely autumn day when Anna Maria Lesser, artist-student from Geneva, took up her quarters in a French village in the Vosges mountains. Her Swiss passport, with beautiful Swiss imprints, declared that she was sixteen years old. The owners and guests of the little inn took her immediately to their hearts.

Day after day she wandered through the mountains. She became friends with everybody. The huntsmen helped her to set up her camera, the railway officials complained about overwork to her, the foresters talked about the new roads that were being built.

One evening she came back to find her little inn in a high state of excitement. Billeting for the maneuvers had already begun—the big divisional maneuvers about which Anna Maria had already read in the papers.



One evening he made an honorable proposal of marriage.

That evening Anna Maria was sitting at table with an old hard-bitten captain and innumerable young officers. There was much drinking and dancing, and the next day the troops departed for the maneuvers, while Anna Maria, seated in a gig and drawn by two stout little horses belonging to the innkeeper, who was royally paid, brought up the rear. The captain himself had invited her.

A DIVISIONAL maneuver? Now, by this time, Anna Maria knew exactly the technical strength of the various French units, and she saw at once that on this occasion more than an army corps had been drawn together. She had also read very carefully the official description of these maneuvers and she recognized a wide difference between it and the reality.

"Captain, do you know I have never seen cannons before!" After which innocent remark, the simple-minded captain invited her to an inspection of the batteries. Anna Maria was tireless. Day after day she followed the troops in her little cart. Everybody got to know her and everybody was pleased that she had so lost her heart to the soldier's uniform. *Monsieur le capitaine* preened himself like a peacock, and Anna Maria took his photograph in every imaginable attitude. It never occurred to the captain that on each occasion the background was made up either of a battery or an intrenchment. He had only eyes for the charming child to whom, one evening before the close of the maneuvers, under the romantic shade of an elm tree, he made an honorable proposal of marriage.

Anna Maria made an objection.

"But, captain, what is an officer's life like? What sort of duties have you?" And the infatuated captain answered in the greatest detail. He was an honest-to-goodness soldier who had risen from the position of underofficer and knew nothing but his job. He loved to be able to talk about it to this lovely young girl. It wasn't easy for an old soldier, he said, to fit himself into all the newfangled notions. "One has to work like the devil—all these new calculations for the artillery—one has to know everything. You see, my child, in the old days we did things this way, and now it's all changed—"

WITH the rising of the morning wind Anna Maria promised that she would go at once to her mother to arrange the marriage, and the captain ordered a motor, and an underofficer and soldier-servant brought her to the frontier. There was no customs examination, the underofficer assuring the customs officials that under no circumstances must the bride of his captain be subject to any inconvenience. Particularly Anna Maria insisted that her box of undeveloped photographs should not be touched—so that the captain should receive all his pictures.

Anna Maria took her ticket for Switzerland. It didn't do to take chances. But on her way she changed to an express for Berlin.

In her sleeper she lay awake for a long time, smiling, thinking that Wynanky would be pleased with her.

The next day Herr Matthesius lost his temper.

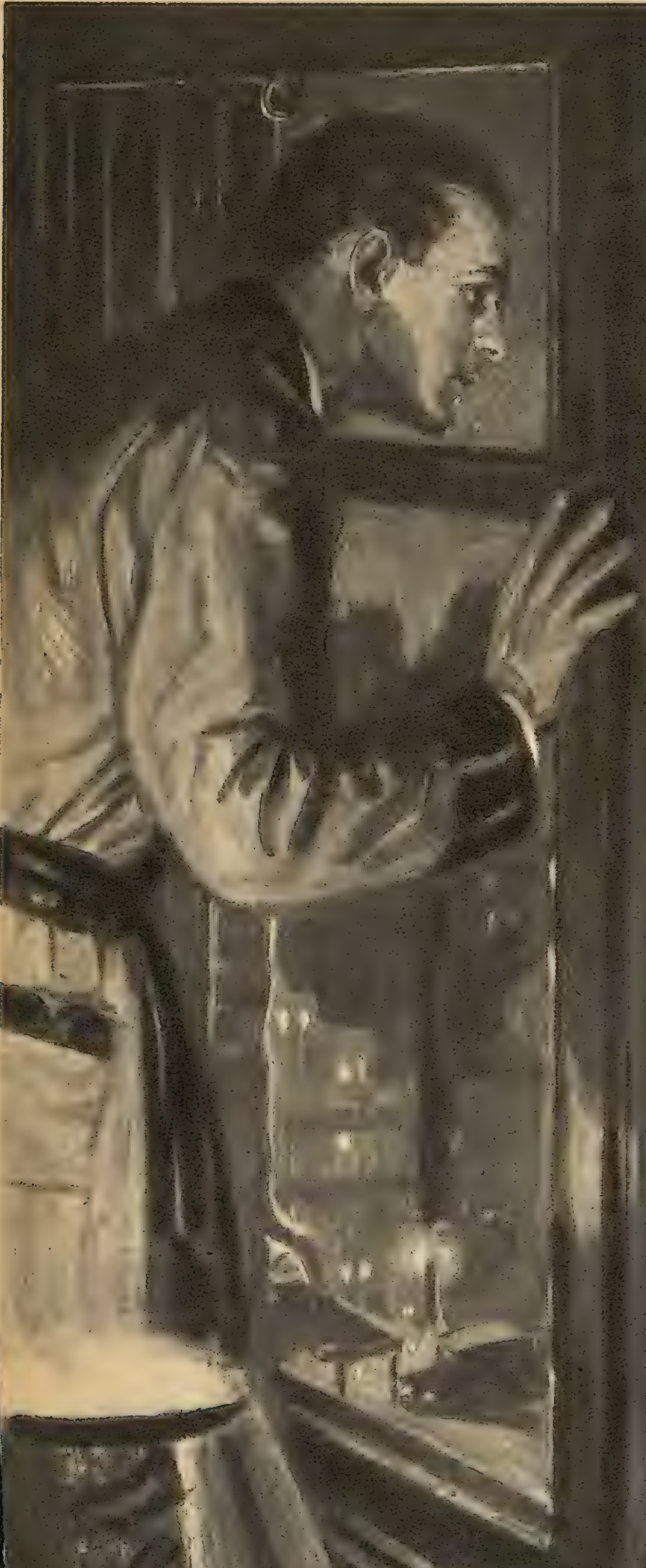
"So the French artillery doesn't come into the open any more—buries itself up to its muzzle, does it? And what about an accident in an open battlefield? Who told you all that nonsense? Those sketches of yours are of fortress intrenchments. They have nothing to do with fighting in undefended country—"

"Give me a cigarette, please. I am getting the smoking habit. Don't worry—only when I am alone—it doesn' suit my fixed passport age. So you think I've been fooled What do you say about these photographs?"

Herr Matthesius grew very quiet. Finally he whistle through his teeth.

"That's a sensation," he said softly. "You have made a great discovery—the greatest in many years. Here in Germany the experts have fought steadily against gun shields, and on the other side they are burying themselves up to their noses. This is a big thing!"

Next week's installment of this exciting narrative will tell of Anna Maria's adventures in Belgium and England early in 1914; of her escape to Germany, as the war began, with the Belgian mobilization plans; of her daring work in Paris when the German secret service had mysteriously ceased to function there; and her desperate situation on discovering that the French were hunting her.



Bud became familiar with many of the girl's habits and mannerisms.

The Shades

A Story in Which Almost Anything May Happen

AT last Bud Dexter was alone with his broken heart. Just why a young man wants to be alone with his first broken heart is a problem for the psychologists. It would seem more sensible to nurse the fractured organ back to health and vigor by means of a bit of diversion and two tablespoonfuls of the water of Lethe after every meal, but such treatment has no appeal for sufferers from the malady. Unlike a broken leg, a broken heart, once acquired, seems to its owner a thing to be treasured in private and kept from healing.

Thus, in the case of Bud Dexter, the patient had been at considerable pains to achieve the privacy that seemed to him appropriate to his delicate condition. Because his home and most of his friends were in St. Louis, he had shaken the dust of that community from his feet and had made his way to New York. Because his friends in New York were for the most part members of the Yale Club, and life in that center of the younger bond-selling set threatened unseemly companionship and gayety, he had given up his pleasant room there in favor of two rooms, bath, and kitchenette in the East Seventies, where he might brood to his soul's discontent.

It is there that we find him, this warm September evening, encouraging as fine a case of melancholia as was being enjoyed on Manhattan Island.

Aside from the mood of its tenant, the small apartment was a cheerful enough place, but Bud Dexter couldn't exactly be blamed for that. Had he done his own selecting, he might have picked less jolly surroundings. He would probably have taken a garret in the Village, there by the light of guttering candles to beat his breast.

The fact was, however, that Bud Dexter had found employment with the Dexter Cabinet Company, manufacturers of filing cases and such things, of which, by an odd coincidence, his father was president. As his salary, in fairness to the other employees, was eighteen dollars per week, the elder Dexter had agreed to contribute a rather handsome allowance to keep his son from want, and had stipulated in return that he be allowed to specify where the boy should live. This building was one of three or four in the vicinity that had been recommended by Mr. Elliot, secretary-treasurer of the Dexter Company and manager of its New York office.

MR. ELLIOT, who was on a tour of the branches, lived somewhere in this neighborhood, and had written his recommendations to Mr. Dexter, who in turn had passed them on to his heir. The East Seventies, Mr. Dexter knew, were safely distant from the bohemian life that held so many pitfalls for the young, and, while they were a little expensive, he was glad to pay more for peace of mind. He was willing also to contribute certain pieces of furniture from the family home in St. Louis and to approve bills for rugs and other items to make the place livable.

So Bud had moved in. The place was not exactly what a housewife would have called settled, but there was a rug down in the living room and two chairs had been uncrated and made available for use. In the bedroom on the court a bed was set up and conventionally clothed

# of NIGHT

By

EDWARD HOPE

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

(by the wife of the superintendent, who was helping out until the Negress-by-the-day should take up her position), and there were two chairs and a desk. The rest of the place was thoroughly littered with boxes and crates, paper packages and barrels, a fact that failed to disconcert the young-bachelor mind, occupied as it was with matters of more moment.

It was a little before midnight. Bud sat at the desk before the court window and gazed at a sheet of Yale Club paper at the top of which he had written, "My dear Caroline." Beside his hand lay engraved documents by which the honor of Bud's presence was requested at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Norman's daughter, Caroline, to Mr. Wesley L. Hostetter, and at a reception after the ceremony; and Bud was informed that Mr. and Mrs. Hostetter would be at home after October first.

Occasionally, as if he did not know by heart what the engraved words said, Bud looked at them and, if you had studied the expression about his nose, you might have suspected that the paper was scented with household ammonia. Then he would gaze at the Yale Club stationery and put the end of the fountain pen between his lips.

THIS was no ordinary task of composition. In this letter, with the utmost suavity and politeness, he intended to dismiss, once and for all, the girl who had ruined his life. He purposed to let her know, without saying it in so many words, that he realized that the Hostetter millions (against the Dexter million and a half or so) had swayed her decision. He planned to say as gracefully as possible just what he thought of mercenary marriage, not to speak of what he thought of the groom-to-be. He would also make it evident that he had learned his lesson, and that he was happy in a career of misogyny and disillusionment. And he would wish her what luck and happiness (ironically) she deserved.

The hard thing was to get started. The wads of destroyed beginnings on the floor were evidence of that. If he could once arrive at the right opening lines, the rest would be easy. My dear Caroline. . . . He had been used to write Dearest Sweetheart. . . . He groped for appropriately somber words. . . . He stared blankly at the yellow brick and the dark windows across the court.

And suddenly two of the windows jumped at him out of the gloom, lighted rectangles, without perspective at first, then frames for a bedroom scene. An obese pink-covered bed extended across the room from a side wall that was hidden. There were bed tables with lamps on them and a book. Against the wall that faced him stood a chiffonier and there was a tiny fat pink chair beside it. Luxurious curtains flowed from the tops of the windows and were caught back at the sides near the sills.

Bud was inclined to blink.

He did blink then, for, just as the characters do at the opening of those witty English comedies, a girl entered briskly from his right and walked to the foot of the bed. She threw down a glistening green-and-gold evening wrap and on that an evening bag. She turned and walked up-

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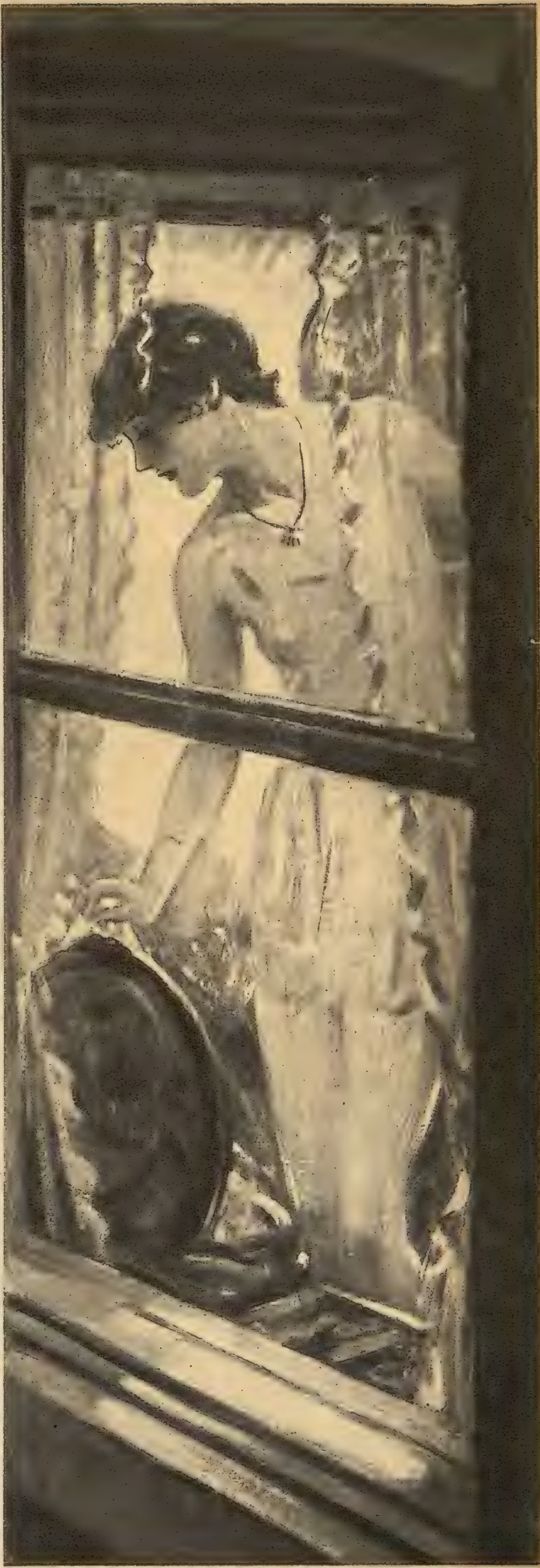


Once she had her dress off, she usually disappeared off to the right.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT
Continued from page fifteen

stage a few steps. She halted, drew herself up, and revolved slowly, counterclockwise, in a movement that indicated the presence of a full-length mirror. She tilted her head and poked a lock of her curly dark hair into place. She inclined her head the other way and continued to survey herself.

Bud Dexter snorted inaudibly. There you are, he thought to himself. Here is a moment of the back-stage life of women. She has been to a theater with some defenseless young man. She has posed for him thus and thus and thus. Now she is trying the effects. Undoubtedly just the effects she wanted. . . .

Even a confirmed misogynist of six weeks' standing could not deny to himself that this girl across the court was a treat to the eyes. Slender, graceful, young, her body was one of those masterpieces that most bodies can only suggest. The line of her neck was smooth and pleasant. Probably her face was pretty; it was impossible to tell at the distance, and the top of her head extended above the shade line.

Yes, he agreed with himself; there you are. A little bundle of cupidity, selfishness, crafty schemes—wrapped up in a package so lovely that it would disarm any man. It's good to see her like this, selflessly, coldly. There she is, off her guard, out of her rôle. . . .

He swallowed hard.

Her self-inspection completed, the girl had reached suddenly over her shoulders and caught the back of her dress. With a tug and a wriggle, she had it over her head and off. It hung from her fingers, a formless cataract of satin smoothness, for an instant. Then she tossed it, too, on the bed.

She stood there, not more than thirty feet from him, something pink and misty extending from her waist halfway to her stocking tops, a band of gauze about her, a little below the shoulders. She flicked at her head, pushing back her hair. There was the tiniest suggestion of a wrinkle an inch above her waist, not enough of a wrinkle to mar the smooth surface of young skin. . . .

Bud Dexter found that his mouth was stickyish and dry. With more difficulty than before he swallowed.

Then disgust flooded over him. Women! he thought to himself. Women! Well, let them go ahead with their game. Not for me, thank you just the same. *I'm* not going to sit here and goggle at this little blankety blank. *Let* her undress, and see if I care. If she had any decency, she'd have pulled down her shade. Probably she's seen me here and is just . . .

With a feat of will power unequaled in metropolitan history, Bud Dexter leaned across his desk and yanked his shade viciously down. And he hoped she saw him do it. Because it's no use letting them think that all men are fools.

He tried to get on with his letter, but the mood seemed to have left him. There would be plenty of time for that, anyway. He was not to go to work until Mr. Elliot returned from his trip, and that might be a couple of weeks. Meanwhile there were whole empty days with nothing to do but settle the apartment and compose that bitter note. . . .

He prowled into the living room and banged desultorily at a crate with a hammer until his hand slipped and he scraped his knuckles on the rough wood. He sucked the skinned place and put the hammer down.

When, finally, he was in pyjamas and let the shade up to open the window, the rectangles across the court were dark again. Still sneering, Bud went to bed.

II

THE empty days that followed brought Bud Dexter an inordinate interest in the girl across the court. On the day after his first sight of her, he found himself thinking of her as he had dinner in the delicatessen restaurant around the corner. Disquietingly, he was wondering whether she would be there in her room when he got back.

He even went into his bedroom cautiously without switching on the lights, not to frighten her away; but her shades were down and only fine vertical slashes of brilliance showed that she was there at all. He grunted with what he thought was relief. He took a mystery story to the living room and settled himself to forget everything.

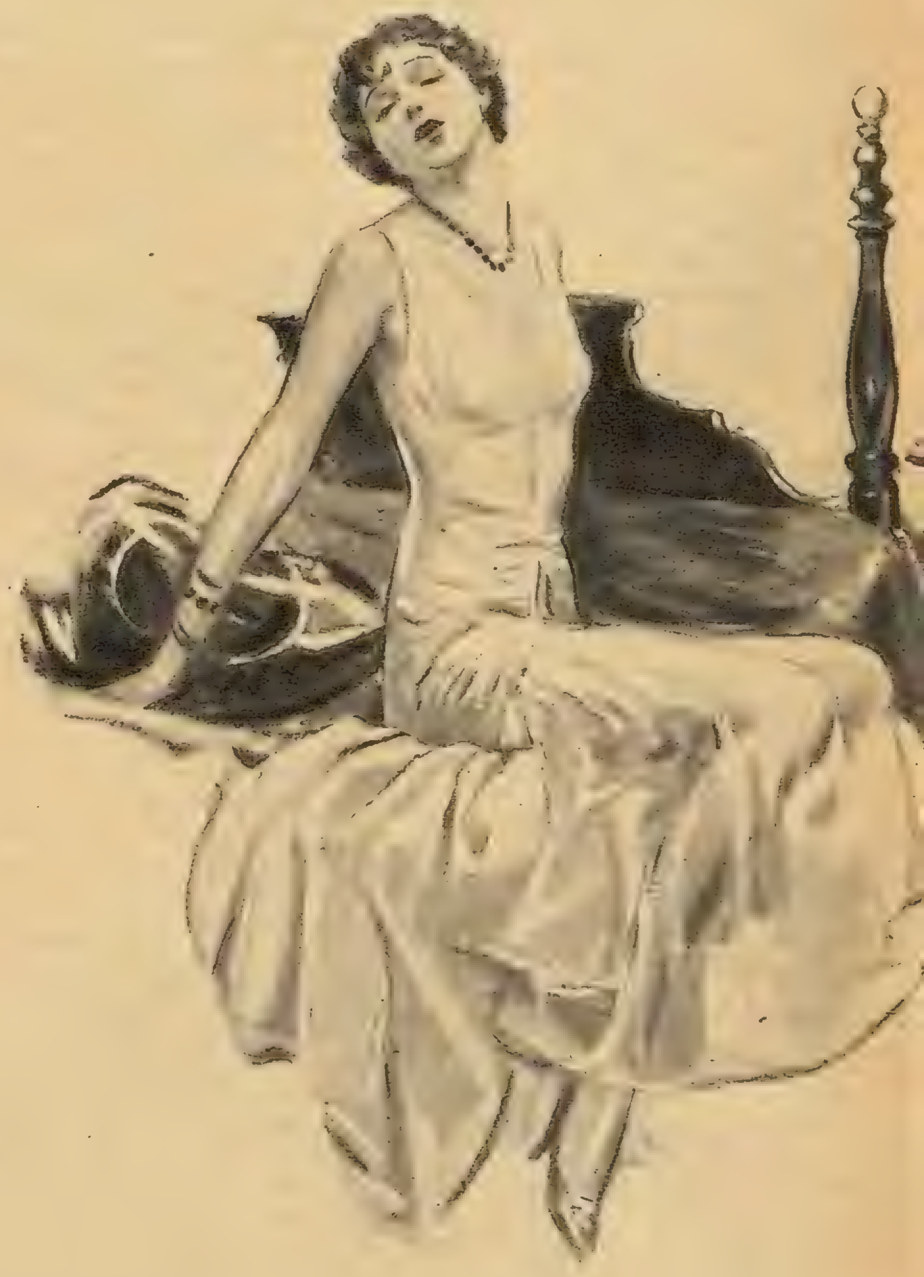
But he had left a package of cigarettes on his bed, and had to go presently and get them.

He needed a handkerchief later.

Later still he went to see if he had remembered to set the alarm clock. . . .

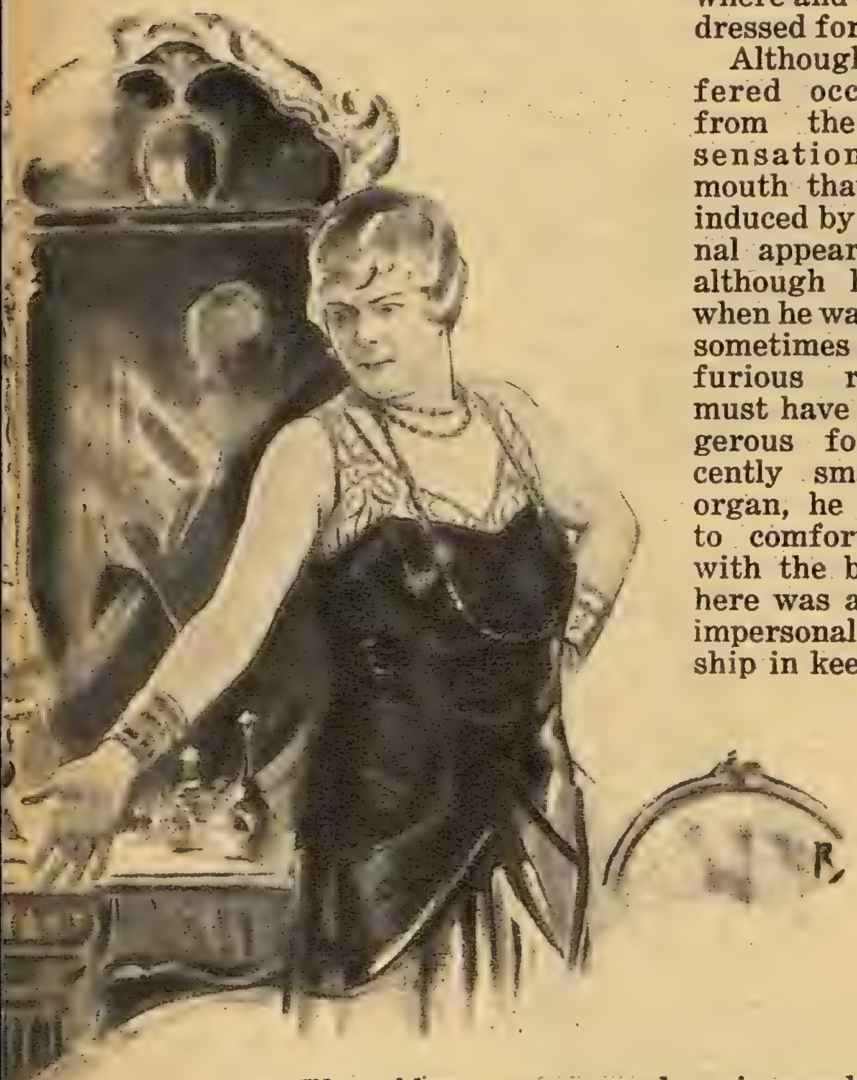
Another day he watched the girl make up her face and pull up her stockings before she started forth in the late afternoon, presumably for tea. Again, a six-inch gap between the shades and the window sill showed him queer cross sections of her legs and a maid's white uniform dashing mysteriously back and forth. He came in at twelve one night and saw her, in a modest young nightgown, open the windows for the night and lean out to see the moon that was hanging over the well of court. . . .

A reasonably honest young man, Bud Dexter was forced to admit to himself, after three or four days of this, that he was interested in the girl across the way. But, he insisted, he was interested in her as a study, not as an individual girl who might ever penetrate further into his life. There was no more reason why a misogynist should not study a woman, he asserted to himself, than why a naturalist shouldn't study a rattlesnake. The interest in the subject, surely, did not imply affection. . . .



So he allowed himself to continue his observations, when and if the subject permitted. 'She was erratic about her shades; or perhaps she was blissfully unaware of the need for them, and a servant sometimes remembered to pull them down. At any rate, they were up as often as not, and Bud became familiar with many of the girl's habits and mannerisms. . . .

Her life was evidently gay, for she went out in evening dress four or five evenings a week, returning sometimes at about midnight and sometimes not until her observer had long given her up and sought sleep for himself. She almost always slept late in the mornings; how late he did not know, for he had got out of the habit of staying long in bed, and his part-time servitor arrived at ten to make up his bed. To his relief, for some reason deep in his mind, she never yet had got further undressed in his line of vision than on that first occasion. Once she had her dress off, she usually disappeared off to the right somewhere and came back dressed for bed.



The elder woman spoke vigorously, sternly. The girl jerked her head up till her curls bounced.

Although he suffered occasionally from the strange sensation in the mouth that she had induced by her original appearance, and although his heart, when he watched her, sometimes went at a furious rate that must have been dangerous for so recently smashed an organ, he continued to comfort himself with the belief that here was a safe and impersonal relationship in keeping with his career as a woman-hater. Indeed, he might have been right but for the events of the eighth night of his cross-court acquaintanceship, which changed matters suddenly and radically.

On that eighth night, Bud Dexter, permitting himself a relaxation of his asceticism, went to the Yale Club to play poker with five congenial young men who had graduated with him the previous June. There was laughter and song, and there was whisky in unstinted quantity. Bud bet and helped himself to highballs liberally, and in return acquired many chips and an expansive feeling that would have been a complete success had his words not tangled themselves so badly when he was trying to explain his attitude toward life.

TOWARD one o'clock he let himself into his apartment, richer by quite a few dollars and a large philosophical attitude toward the world in general. He flipped his hat to the blue sofa that had once adorned the Dexter mansion in St. Louis, extinguished the light he had left burning on the table, and shuffled warily through the darkness into his bedroom. Quite automatically he glanced at the windows of his girl neighbor. They were dark.

But, as he swung to switch on his bed lamp, they leaped suddenly into illumination, and he arrested his half-turned body.

There was something different in her manner of entering tonight. The attitude of her shoulders was strange to him and her stride was subtly altered. Not quite as he had seen her do it before, she whirled off her fur-trimmed evening wrap and flung it at the bed. It billowed to the floor.

Startlingly, the girl threw herself, face down, on the bed. For a minute or so she lay still, digging her nose into the coverlet. Then her feet began to twitch. Her hands, compressed into small round fists, began to beat on the soft pink material over her head. A little of this, and she doubled her arms and pressed her forehead into them. . . .

Thirty feet away, Bud found himself nipping his underlip. In the best American tradition, he could not endure a woman's suffering, and here was a girl most obviously in physical or mental anguish. It was harrowing.

He wished this performance would stop. It did.

With a silent swishing of her dress, she sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed. Her mouth opened and closed smartly.

There swam into view an elderly woman, an abundant curving body in black silhouetted against the pale colors of the room, a matronly face set between triple chins and neatly waved white hair. The new arrival paused and drew in her upper two chins disapprovingly. The girl, her hair askew, her hands gripping the mattress, allowed her only chin to come forward a little.

It was a nice tableau.

IT changed, almost instantly, to pantomime.

With darting hands and jellying chins, the elder woman spoke vigorously, sternly, the observer thought. The girl jerked her head up till her curls bounced, turned away—toward the darkened windows of her unknown friend.

The elder woman went on more slowly, offering peace, perhaps, with gentler hands, palms upward. The girl swung back an instant, snarled, turned away.

A shrug of overtried patience accompanied the visitor's next remarks. Her hands went to her hips in an immemorial washerwoman-across-the-back-fence pose. She inhaled and drew up a chest that needed no drawing up.

She changed. Anger came into her gestures again. She advanced an inconsiderable pace, pointed an accusing finger, perhaps a threatening finger. She spoke rapidly, moved a little forward again, enumerated points, beating softly with one fat hand upon the other. It was an ultimatum, evidently. She talked on for a minute.

Then she whirled about and strode angrily off in the direction from which she had appeared.

For a matter of seconds the girl was motionless. She rose wearily, her shoulders slumped down, and got a cigarette box from the bed table. A darting gesture lighted the match, another swept the flame to the cigarette end. A puff of smoke.

The girl's shoulders heaved up. She flung the match violently to the floor. The cigarette box followed it. A well directed kick lifted the evening wrap from where it had fallen, billowed it up for a moment before it sank softly back to the floor.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the fit of temper was over. The girl was prone on the bed again, her shoulders moving spasmodically up and down in a motion barely visible from where Bud Dexter stood.

He found that he had not moved for all these tense minutes. His feet were still frozen in their twisted, half-turned position. An unlighted cigarette, a little slimy now, still hung in his lips. He took it away and spat out a fragment of tobacco that clung to his tongue.

" Hell! " he said.

The myths of chivalry do not record that the gallant knights refreshed themselves with Scotch highballs before they rode off to climb glass domes and slay dragons and rescue imprisoned princesses, and yet it seems not unlikely. In the first place, it must have taken a little indulgence in alcohol to enable a warrior to see his dragons, and it certainly demanded unnatural valor to ride off, courting almost certain decapitation or bewitchment into the shape of a pig, to lend aid and comfort to a princess who was a perfect stranger. A man could make out a good case for the Scotch-highball theory of the flower of knighthood. . . .

At any rate, James Harvey Dexter, Jr., was instinct at this moment with an audacity that was not customarily his. Over there was a maiden in distress. Over there was the glass tower, even though it happened in this instance to be a fifteen-story apartment house of yellow brick. And here was the knight who would ride to the rescue.

With neither a very definite reason nor a worked-out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

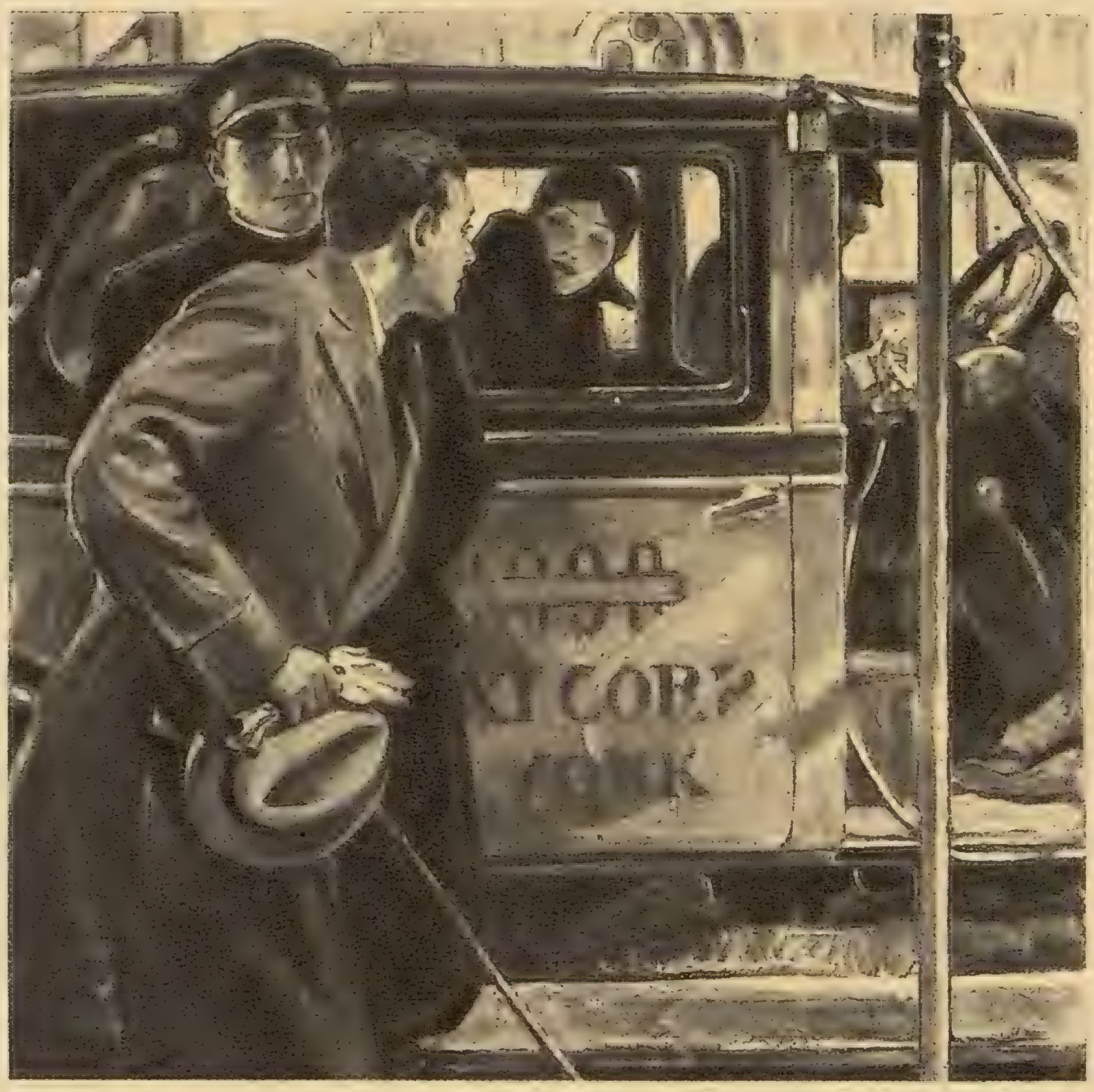
THE SHADES OF NIGHT
Continued from page seventeen

plan, Bud sought action. The girl still lay on the bed, sobbing. He switched on his light and went to the desk. With a bold fountain pen he wrote on a piece of Yale Club paper:

"Can't I do something to help? I'm sorry to have watched, but I am at your service."

He poised the pen at the bottom.

"The Man Across the Court," he wrote. He liked that.



"Good-by," she said. The door slammed. "You wish a taxi, sir?" asked the doorman.

The problem of conveying his message was simple. One of the girl's windows was wide open. All he needed was a weight. . . . He looked about somewhat wildly He picked up an aspirin bottle and rejected it. He tapped his fingers on the edge of the desk.

Then, swiftly, he dove into a closet and came forth with a box of tennis balls. The desk drawer yielded rubber bands. With scrambling fingers, he wrapped the paper about the ball, snapped on two rubber bands, and made sure of the effectiveness of the fastening.

HE yanked up his window, so that it came to the top with a bang. He stepped back a little. He leaned sidewise, taking aim. With a smooth underhand motion, worthy of the substitute second baseman he had been not so many months before, he snapped the ball out across the void. For a fraction of an instant he wondered what he would do if his aim should be untrue; if, for instance, the ball should break a window. Well, he could get to the light and turn it off. . . .

But the ball was well aimed. It passed through the second aperture and bounced up against the chiffonier on the far wall. The girl jumped. (He hadn't thought of that.) She sat up and looked half blindly about. A little dazed, she moved her head from side to side. Then she got to her feet, took two steps, leaned forward. . . .

She held the crumpled paper in her hands, smoothing it, and read. An expression of astonishment came over her face. She flashed one glance across the court, and Bud Dexter realized suddenly what a dreadful thing it was to invade a lady's privacy. More than all the theories of the evolutionists, that look convinced him of his kinship to the worm.

With three long steps, the girl was at her window. Still clutching the note in one hand, she yanked down a shade with the other. She appeared at the second window, the open one, and gripped the edge of the shade.

Horrified at this treatment of his knightly offer, Bud stood with his arms half outstretched, his fingers crooked as if he had just dropped something sticky. The girl, her face still a sermon on unpardonable intrusions, looked at him once more. Wildly, not to be thus dismissed in disgrace for all time, he achieved a gesture.

It was something between the Fascist salute and the pleading contortion of a mammy singer. It said imperatively, "Wait!" and pleadingly, "Don't be like that!" Graceless as it was, it achieved the desired effect.

The girl dropped her hand from the shade. The fire went out of her face. She wore a slight frown of bewilderment. But she waited.

Bud held up a finger. He snatched a piece of paper and the pen from his desk and exhibited them. His lips moved soundlessly with words. She stood unmoving.

Bending swiftly, he slashed at the paper with his pen. He scrawled:

"I'm sorry, really. I didn't mean to watch you. But I couldn't help seeing. You looked so sad. I thought there might be something I could do. I apologize. But don't hate me like that."

There was no telling how long she would wait. He snatched up a second tennis ball, two new rubber bands. Smearing the fresh ink, he made his missile ready. He leaned over, took aim, threw. . . .

The girl looked at the sheet of paper, then across the court. Her mouth twisted; her shoulders went up in a shrug. She spread eloquent hands, moved her head slowly from side to side.

That was better.

Emboldened, rash, Bud indicated that he would write more. Again, while she waited, his pen leaped across the paper.

"Have tea with me tomorrow at François's at four. Please!"

The invitation caught her squarely on the knee and bounded under the bed. He saw her on all fours, reaching for it. He saw her lips draw themselves up under her nose in thought. Then slowly she nodded acceptance.

He bowed.

She pulled down her shade.

III

THE girl was all that distant sight of her had promised. Small, trim, piquant, she advanced across the gilded lobby with doubt in her eyes and her feet. He went to meet her.

"Good for you! I was afraid you'd change your mind."

"I did," she said. "But it didn't seem fair to leave you waiting."

Such a sad, beaten manner.

"Oh, well. I changed my mind, too. So that comes out even."

"Shall we find a table?"

"I've got one all fixed. In a corner. In case you're ashamed to be seen with me."

"Oh, no. You seem presentable enough."

The restaurant was almost deserted. Three or four other couples had tables safely distant. They ordered tea and things. The waiter went. A bus boy brought water and butter.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born"

But Now He Makes $10,000 a Year ...Thanks to This Little Book

IT was just a little free book that made the difference between Ed Pinkham and the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the $5,000-a-year class, let alone be making $10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself, the abilities he had in him as a money-maker—he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dollar raise.

But one day, a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him.

"It's a book called 'The Key To Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home, when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me. "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up, and there was Ed, dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake," I said. "What are you doing now-a-days, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the biggest firms in the business."

Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well, when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it from gave me a choice of twenty-one jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me City Sales Manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year."

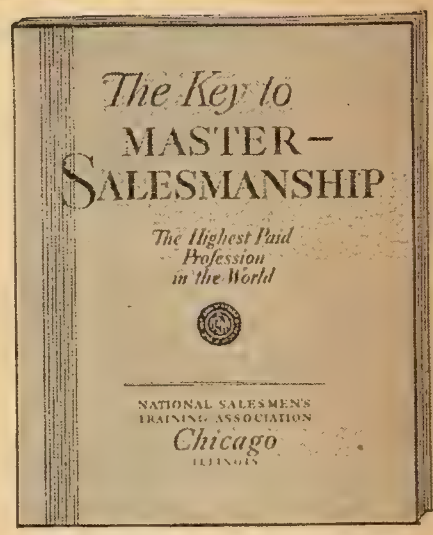
"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he said. "Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you have your diploma, their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job—every year they have calls for over 50,000 salesmen. Not only will they help you get the job, but they give you an ironclad money-back guarantee that you must be satisfied with the training received—or they refund your tuition!

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They *made* a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. *Every human being is born a salesman.* Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience or through training, the fundamental selling secrets that *always work.* It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N. S. T. A. that made a $10,000-a-year *success* out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."

FREE—TO EVERY MAN

A book—but what a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it reveals facts and secrets that have led hundreds of men to success beyond their fondest expectations! See for yourself—FREE—why "The Key To Master Salesmanship," has increased the earning capacities of thousands, as a direct result of their reading it! You'll know then, how J. H. Huppert of Michigan learned from its pages the secrets that enabled him to make $525 in one week. You can understand how it helped A. A. Fidler of Alabama to raise his pay 700%. You'll know how it made C. B. Sterling of Florida an officer and manager of his Company, raising his pay to ten times what it was. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about salesmanship. You do not risk one penny or incur the slightest obligation. And since it may prove the turning point in your career it is certainly worth your while to fill out and mail the coupon below. Do it now!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Do you want to know how to keep a wave?

Ask most girls you meet and they will tell you they do more worrying about how to keep their wave than any other matter of personal appearance.

Any wave — natural, permanent or marcel — needs to be encouraged, and here is a way to prolong its life and give it the most becoming line.

First brush out the hair and comb it in the general shape you wear it. Then apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic with the palms of the hands, or put a few drops on the comb and apply it that way. Next, with comb and fingers, shape the hair as you like it and pinch in the wave deeply. For naturally curly hair or a permanent wave, dampen the hair slightly before applying the Tonic.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic will make your wave last twice as long, for it protects against wave-destroying dampness, and it leaves the hair shining and smooth, too. Just try it. And don't use too much—a few drops will do. It is made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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THE SHADES OF NIGHT

Continued from page eighteen

When they were alone, there didn't seem to be any way of beginning. The girl was looking down at her plate. Bud wished his stomach would drop back into place, instead of pushing up under his ribs.

She was more exciting than he had expected. She was more exciting than a man beginning a life of abstention from feminine companionship could well explain to himself. He attributed his state of excitement to the romantic circumstances of the meeting. And to the persistent memory of what the girl had on under her dark blue dress. . . .

"You're very beautiful," he said by way of starting a conversation.

She wrinkled her nose. "You're not going to be that way?"

"Well, it's true. I might as well say it."

"And get it over with?"

"If you insist. I'll keep thinking it every little while, though."

"That's nice of you, but you don't have to."

He offered her a cigarette. She preferred her own, but let him light it. He drank water.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"I've been thinking about that. I think you might be a help if you could just keep on being a stranger. I could confide in you so—well, as though I were writing it in a diary. I'd never have to think that you were going to know all the people I talked about. And you could do the same with me, if you felt like it."

"You mean if we never knew each other's name at all?"

"Um-hmm," she said affirmatively.

"But that might be embarrassing. If you had to introduce me to somebody we met together. Or I had to."

"I've got that figured out, too. We'll have fake names for each other. I've made mine up already. I'm Miss Park because we're meeting on Park Avenue. And Park hasn't anything at all to do with my name."

He laughed. "All right, Miss Park. But do I have to call you that all the time? We might as well invent a couple of front names, while we're at it."

"Oh! . . . Well, you can have my real first name, if you like. It's Jeanne."

HE looked at her eyes. There was a spark in them. There was a flicker at one corner of her mouth. His stomach, or whatever it was, jumped up a couple of notches higher and lodged behind his breastbone. He swallowed hard but to no avail.

"Th-anks," he said.

"And what'll we call you?"

"Everybody calls me Bud. My real name's James, but I hate it. Will you call me Bud?"

"Like a rose?"

"Like a Brussels sprout."

"And what about something to go with Mister?"

"Well, you've picked the best avenue. I don't suppose I could be Mr. Madison or Mr. Lexington. Much less Mr. Fifth. Let's see. . . ."

"How about Mr. Window? No. Or Mr. Fenêtre? I know. Mr. Court. Better spell it without the *u*. Like the Cort Theater."

They shook hands formally.

"Very well, Miss Park."

"It's a bargain, Mr. Cort."

"Jeanne."

"Bud."

Tea arrived. . . . A deep wrinkle pulled her eyebrows together, when he got to the subject of the meeting.

"Well, you may as well tell me what all the row is."

"Oh!" She poured herself more tea. He removed the outer layers of butter from his fingers.

"Love?" he suggested.

"I suppose 'of course' is the answer."

"Tell me about it."

"It won't do any good. You can't do anything. Nobody can do anything."

"It might help to get it off your chest. Does he love somebody else?"

"No. He loves me."

"And you love him?"

She nodded, her lips turned down at the corners. He was afraid for a minute that she was going to cry.

"Then what . . ."

She turned to him suddenly. "Did you see my mother last night?"

"Well—uh—yes. I suppose I did."

"She was telling me that she and my father would throw me out of the house unless I dropped him right away."

Bud tightened his lips. "What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing. He's swell. He's handsome and sweet and dear."

"I mean—what've your parents got against him?"

"What *would* parents have against him? He's poor. He comes from a little town in the South, and his people haven't got a cent. He worked his way through college, and now he's working in a bank, but they don't think he'll ever make money." She turned toward Bud again. "You'd love him. He was a great halfback. A real man."

"What college?"

"Princeton."

"Oh, well," said Bud.

THE girl went on. Her lips trembled and her voice was unsteady.

"They—want me to marry a slimy worm father's picked out."

"For money?"

"Well, practically. He's going to come into a wad of it some day."

"What's he like?"

"I don't know. I've never met him. But I can imagine. Something pale and studious with horn-rimmed spectacles. He's always been a model, according to father. I think his worst vice is strawberry sundaes. He must be lovely."

"Just a sheik, eh?"

"Father's going to bring him to dinner and submit him for inspection. I think I'll put ptomaine in his clams. It wouldn't do any good to poison his cocktails, because he's much too pure for cocktails."

The old wound in Bud Dexter's heart suddenly stabbed him.

Here it was again—marriage for money. . . . He saw the tall, blonde coolness of Caroline Norman announcing that she was going to marry Wes Hostetter. Not for his money, of course, but they had so much in common. . . . So much in common!

Hostetter, a bachelor of thirty-eight, and Caroline twenty! But they would have plenty in common, all right enough. They'd have about twenty-five million bucks in common, if gossip was right. In common and preferred. . . . Love! Bah!

"Well, why not?" he said aloud.

"Why not what? Poison him?"

"Oh, no. Marry him. All women marry for money."

"Oh, really!" She froze him.

"Yes, really! And it's the only thing. They're perfectly right. Why marry for anything as silly as love? Love doesn't last as long as the bubbles in champagne."

"No?"

"No."

From the depths of what he considered his tortured soul, Bud dredged up what he considered the bitter facts of life.

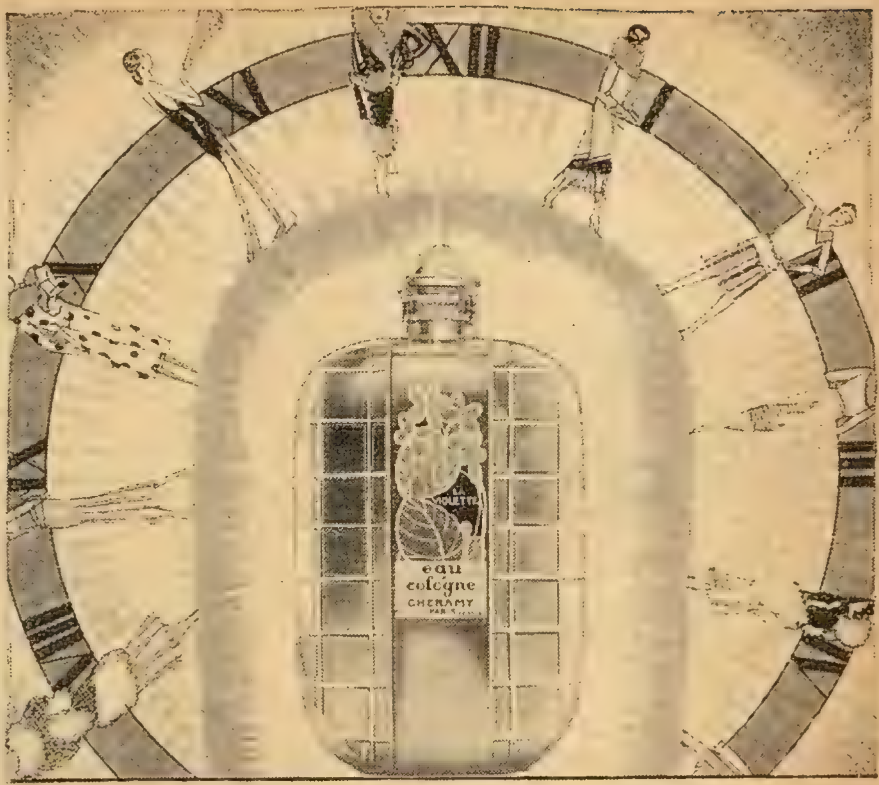
"Love? What is it? A passion of the moment. It's the same sort of—of—thing the animals have, but we tie it all up in pink ribbons and make up stories about it and pretend it's something beautiful and enduring. And most people take it all in, too. Only a few are lucky enough to discover the truth."

He made a flipping gesture not unlike snapping the fingers. He inhaled a lungful of smoke.

"I was in love once," he said softly, in respect for the lamented passion.

"Really!" she protested.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Would you possess the Vital, magnetic charm of the Smart Parisienne—HER TIRELESS ENERGY? Then you must do as she does—

... use this new French Body Lotion which instantly drives away fatique... stimulates and revitalizes you....

Do you go through the activities of your day, ever vital, radiant with energy and allure? Are you tireless, glowing with boundless vigor and youth, as is the alluring Parisienne? Or do you drag yourself through the hours, exhausted, fatigued, unable to enjoy the gaieties of life?

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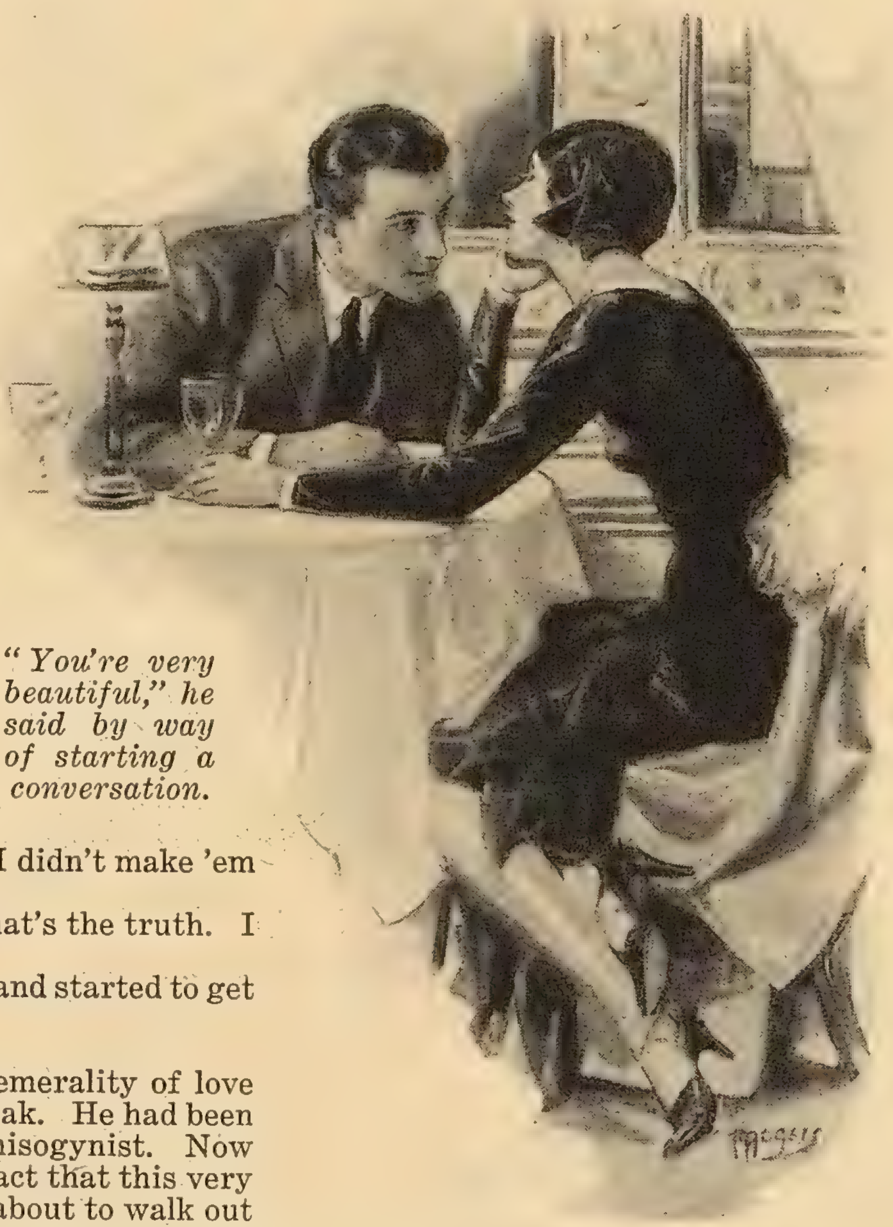
THE SHADES OF NIGHT
Continued from page twenty-one

"Yes. Your parents have been through it. They know what they're talking about. They know life. Everybody with any sense marries for money. If I were ever going to get married, I'd marry for money." His tone dropped again into one of reverence. "The girl I—I was—in love with—she married for money." Again he was the somber, disillusioned young man. "She was quite right. And lucky for me. I used to believe in love, too. Now I know."

"I think," she considered, "that that's quite nasty."



"You're very beautiful," he said by way of starting a conversation.

"Nasty, yes. Life is nasty. You'll find out. But I hope you find out before you go and risk your whole future on a lot of nonsense about love."

"You simply don't understand," she said. "You've had a bad experience. In my case—"

"Your case or anybody else's. Give it time. You're taking it too seriously. It isn't worth it. Love's worth one night of being unhappy, maybe, but not more. I'd forget it. And if this rich lad isn't a terrible wet smack, you'd better marry him."

"Oh, well," she said, gathering up her gloves and her pocketbook.

He threw some money on the check.

"Please don't feel that I'm a brute," he said. "It isn't my fault. I'm only telling you how things are. I didn't make 'em that way."

"No, but you only think that's the truth. I don't believe I like you."

She pushed the table away and started to get up.

"Well—but—" Bud said.

All his talk about the ephemerality of love had been balm to his heartbreak. He had been stating his new creed as a misogynist. Now he was confronted with the fact that this very charming young person was about to walk out of his life. That made a difference, for some reason. He supposed he wanted to save her from herself.

They were standing beside the table.

"I don't want you to dislike me," he said. "It isn't fair of you."

"But you say such horrible things."

"All right. I won't. But they were for your own good."

"Well, I don't want to hear them."

"All right. I'll promise . . . if you'll have lunch with me tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. I can't."

"Friday, then."

"You won't be horrid?"

"Cross my heart."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Half past one?"

"If that suits you."

Bud Dexter would not have cared to realize that his step, as he walked down toward the Yale Club, was jaunty.

IV

"LOOK here," he said as they seated themselves—at the same corner table, through his good planning. "You've been crying. You look awful."

She made a sad little mouth. "I feel awful."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Things just as bad? And you're still determined to marry this football-playing Princeton?"

"No!"

The waiter, standing by the menu, decided that they were a young married couple. He had heard the word "No" in various tones of voice.

"Oh!"

The waiter, in a way that waiters have, managed to intrude the bill of fare. They made quick selections and ordered.

They were alone again.

"So," said Bud, lighting her cigarette, "you're going to give up the great halfback." She nodded, her underlip trembling. "And then what?" he asked.

She spoke in a queer undertone that snapped each word short:

"I'm going to marry father's selection. I'll marry him, all right. And be damned to them all. And make 'em like it."

"Oh, *wait* a minute! What on earth's happened?"

WITHIN the limits of good table manners, she snorted. "Happened? Nothing much. Nothing at all, I suppose, by your way of looking at things. Only I found out that my true lover wanted to marry *me* for *my* money!"

"Your *what?* Oh, for the love of God!"

She rushed into the story: "I saw him at a party last night. I danced with him and we sat out. I told him how the land lay. He hadn't known till then. I told him if I married him I'd be cut off without a cent. I said I'd thought it all over and made up my mind. I said I wanted to marry him anyway."

She harpooned the half-gone cigarette into an ash tray. It smashed in the middle.

"And he . . ." said Bud to keep her from crying, if he could.

She bent her head far over and talked at her plate. Bud looked away. Her underlip was turning itself inside out, as a child's does after it has bumped its head. He could barely hear what she said.

"He said, oh, really, he didn't think that would be practical. He said he had rather supposed that father'd help us for a few years. He said it struck him as a little silly to get married and be disinherited." Her water glass clicked against her teeth. She plunged on: "And I said, oh, really, I hadn't known he was so sensible; I hadn't given him credit. And I said he could go to hell."

Bud laid his hand on hers that was clutching the cushion on the side seat they occupied. "Good girl," he murmured. "Good girl! Oh, swell!"

"Swell, yes," she said, pulling her head up and looking at him with shiny eyes. "Perfect. So now I marry father's partner's son and I wallow in wealth all the rest of my life. . . . And hate the sight of my husband!"

"Well, wait. I've been thinking about that, too. And I've decided you were right the other day. There are some people who shouldn't marry for money, and you're one of them."

"Oh, I see. So you think that after—after *this*—I'll

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

DO YOU EVER HURRY YOUR CIGARETTES?

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

marry for love. That just shows how much *you* know. I'm going to damn well marry for money, and I'm going to do it as soon as it can be arranged. I told mother this morning."

The waiter began to put hot plates before them.

"Have you seen that new show—what's its name?—the new one with the Gershwin music?" she asked.

"Listen," he said softly. "Really, you mustn't—"

She was fierce. "We have finished discussing that. We're going to sit here and talk about plays and books and society notes. We're going to make conversation."

What they ate between them, considering what he paid for it, cost at the rate of $36.50 a pound. They turned things over with their forks. They sprinkled pepper and salt. They drank water. And, as she had said, they made conversation.

When they rose to go, she had not allowed him once to return to the only subject of interest. Even as he walked out with her, he made one last attempt.

"Really," he began, "you're acting very—"

"Please," she cut him off. "And, oh, by the way—"

"What?"

"I don't think I'll care to see you any more. You see, as things turned out, you know much too much about me. I'd rather forget all that, so—thank you for being so interested, and for taking me to tea and luncheon. . . ."

"Oh, but—"

"And please don't throw anything more across the court. I mean what I say. I'll have to complain to the police if you annoy me with notes. . . . And I'll be more careful about my shades."

They had reached the sidewalk, and the doorman was opening the door of a taxi. The girl extended her hand.

"Good-by," she said. "And thank you again."

The door slammed.

"You wish a taxi, sir?" asked the doorman.

Bud Dexter jumped.

"No. No, thank you. Oh, no."

He walked south.

V

BUD'S heart wasn't broken again. He felt pretty sure of that. It couldn't be broken twice in such rapid succession.

Still, he found himself strangely unhappy that afternoon and that night and the next day, while he mooned about the streets and the Yale Club and his apartment. He tried reading. He tried, once more, to write the letter to Caroline Norman. He tried exhausting himself by physical labors at arranging furniture.

He even went so far as to write his father an informative, filial letter, the first of its sort he had ever composed when not urgently pressed for money. But time crept.

It was with relief, in fact, that he answered the telephone on Monday morning and found that Mr. Elliot had at last returned to the office and was ready to put him to work learning the business of the Dexter Cabinet Company, which was to be his life work. He put on a more sober cravat and had his shoes shined. He even deigned to ride on the Subway to the office, as befitted his new career.

Mr. Elliot was all right, too. He was an elderly man with a sunburned face and a clipped mustache that was almost blindingly white for the contrast with his brown skin. He shook Bud's hand warmly and gave him a comfortable chair. He offered him a cigar and explained what duties were to be delegated to the president's son at the beginning, and how these duties would contribute to the training he would use later on.

Mr. Elliot was of the opinion that it would be better for Mr. Dexter to come to work at nine tomorrow morning, to begin with a full day and get the habit. He was of the opinion that the office was going to like Mr. Dexter, and vice versa.

As another caller was announced, Mr. Elliot rose and extended his hand.

"Well, tomorrow you'll be an employee. Today you're just a friend. Won't you come to my apartment and have dinner with me this evening?"

Bud bowed and admitted that he'd love to.

"It's 821 Park," said Mr. Elliot. "By the way, where did you settle?"

Bud told him his address.

"Good!" said Mr. Elliot. "I hoped you would. That's right around the corner." They shook hands. "We'll see you at seven-thirty, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine."

VI

THE Elliots, Bud decided, did rather well for themselves. Theirs was one of those soft apartments—soft-treaded, soft-lighted, soft-furnished—reached by swift elevators which give upon tiny private halls.

Plump Mrs. Elliot appeared first. She, too, seemed glad to see Bud. She talked about New York and how it must seem to a young man from St. Louis. She spoke of the office and Bud's new job with tolerant flippancy.

Mr. Elliot came in, tall and sleek of manner and clothing. He wanted to know how Bud liked his new apartment. He said cocktails would be along almost immediately.

So when someone else came into the room from behind him, Bud naturally assumed that it was a butler with a tray of cheer.

He was surprised when Mrs. Elliot, opposite him, looked expectant and smiled and said:

"And this is our daughter."

He scrambled to his feet and faced about to bow.

The girl before him was Jeanne, who had preferred to be known as Park.

"How do you do, Mr. Dexter?" she said, but her voice was queer and her face was the red of a cooked lobster.

"Ug," said Bud, and bowed as low as he dared, not to meet her eyes.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Sidney Sutherland

starts another
series of

Ten Mysteries

similar to those published in
Liberty last year. As before

$10,000 *in* Prizes

will be offered for the best solutions of these problems from real life, and we expect the new series will prove as popular as that of last year, which was one of the most successful magazine features ever presented.

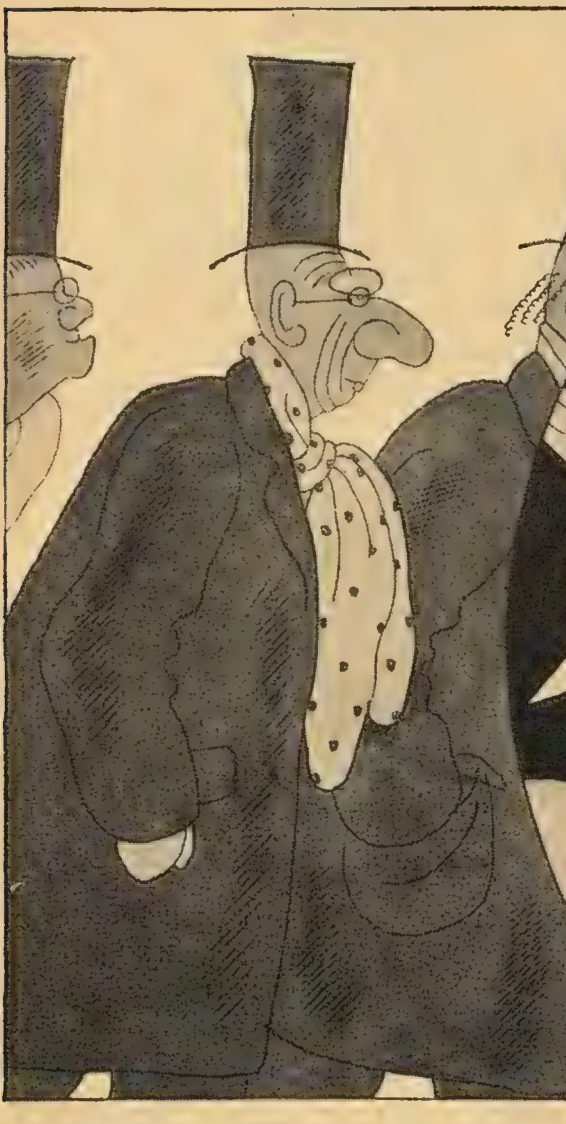
The first will be

The Mystery *of* Sacco-Vanzetti

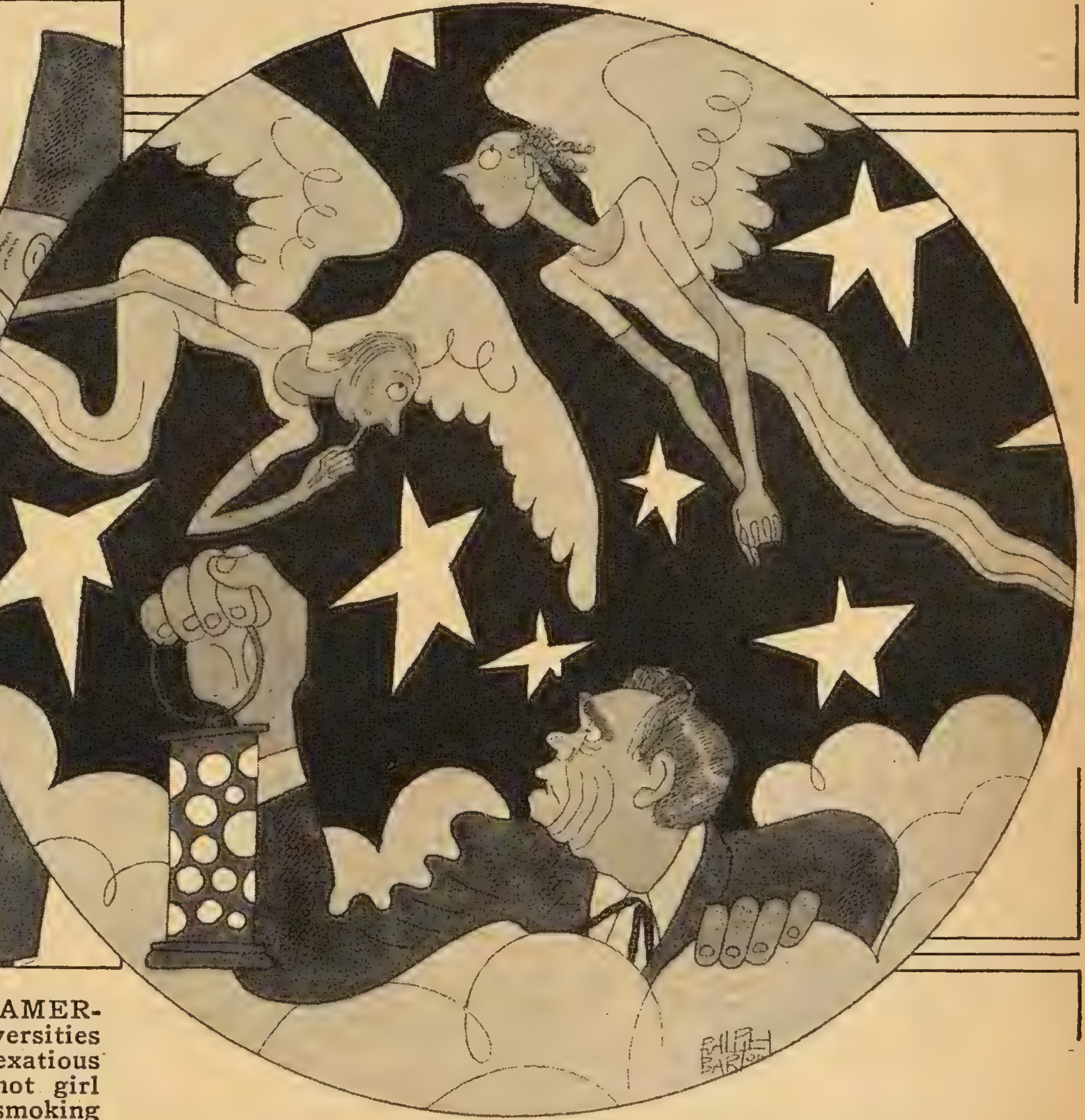
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

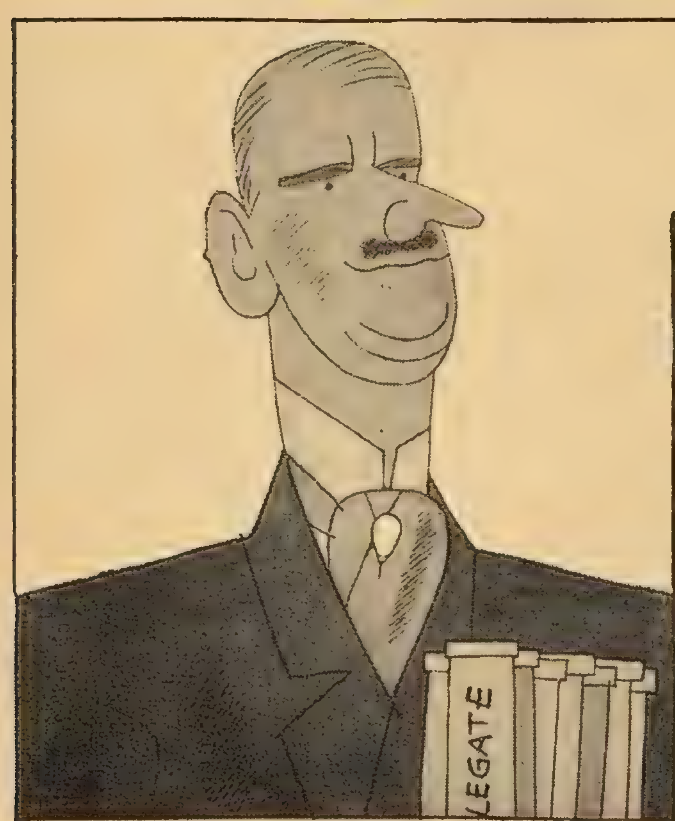
By RALPH BARTON



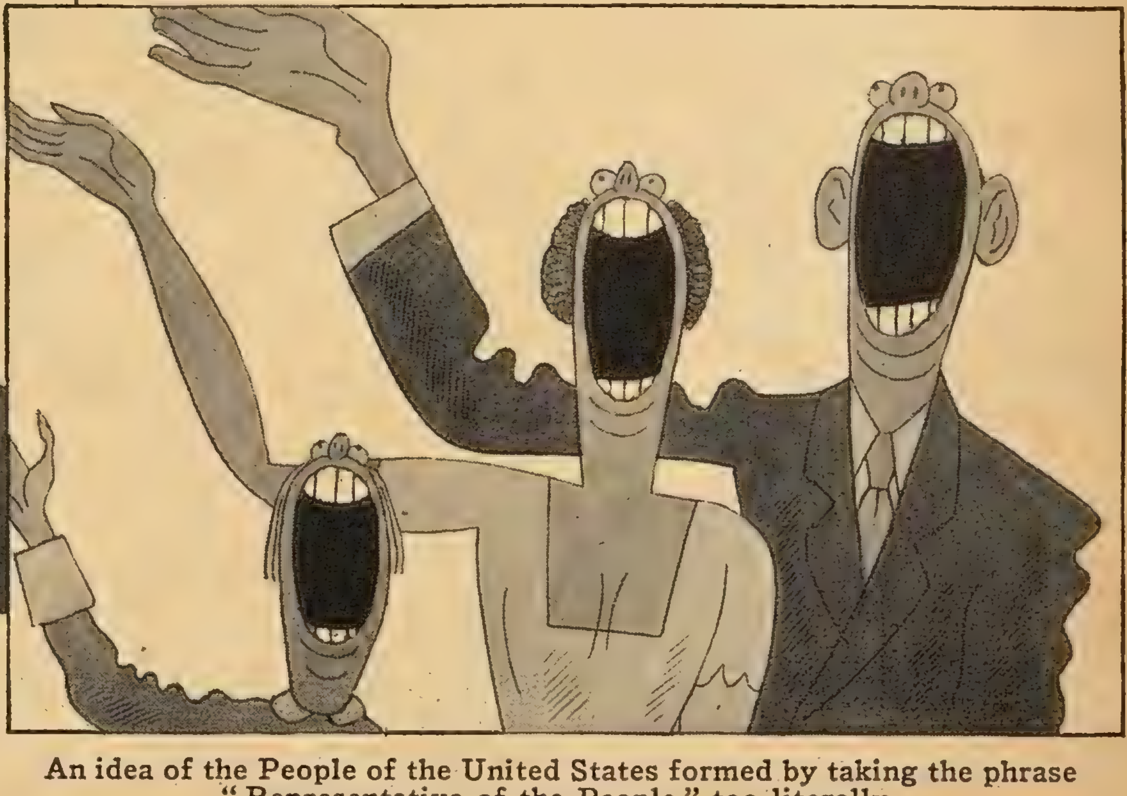
THE HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA. Faculty heads of the great universities attend a conference to consider the vexatious academic problem of whether or not girl students should be expelled for smoking cigarettes.



ANOTHER BRILLIANT IDEA. Senator Borah, having declared that Prohibition " will never be enforced with the present personnel from top to bottom," goes in search of a couple of hundred thousand absolutely honest and incorruptible men to fill jobs in the police departments, the Prohibition unit, the Coast Guard, the Customs Department, and the Department of Justice.



SOCIAL NOTE. The delegate who got more invitations in 1929 than any other man to peace conferences in various parts of the world.



An idea of the People of the United States formed by taking the phrase " Representative of the People " too literally.

The Art of Happy Living

An Interview with William Howard Taft

International photo

The famous Taft smile as the good loser of the Presidency wore it in 1913.

By

JAMES HAY, JR.

a former newspaper man of wide experience in Washington affairs, who traveled with Mr. Taft as a correspondent during his 1908 campaign for the Presidency and at various times thereafter, and has been his friend for many years.

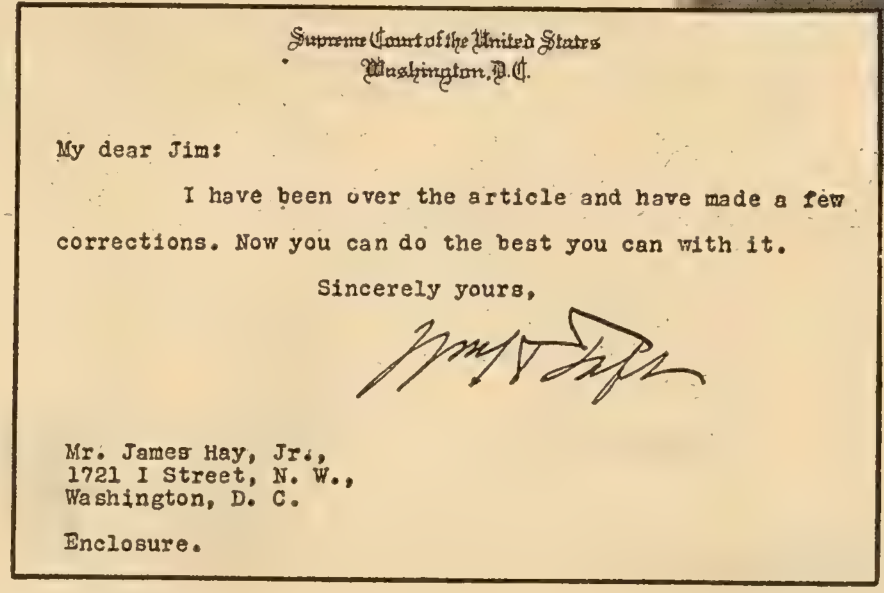
EDITOR'S NOTE—William Howard Taft is the only man who has been both President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He has also held many other positions of distinction, such as Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and professor of law at Yale. In the evening of a long and useful career he is asked what his interpretation of life is, and tells in this interesting article—an unusual one, since it is his rule not to give interviews. He believes in the old precepts which children used to be taught, but don't seem to be any more—that hard work, honesty, and courage get you more than self-expression, and that "living one's own life" is less important than the Golden Rule.

The interview, of course, was given before his recent retirement from the bench.

"WHEN a man gets along into the sixties or the seventies of life, he knows that he has enjoyed and does enjoy happiness in proportion to the degree in which he has made himself useful in the world.

"Happiness springs, first and foremost, from a man's home and family; and it is a happiness measured by his usefulness to those near him; not only the usefulness that is designated by providing the material things of life, but the usefulness that is wrapped up in inculcating in his children sound principles, good ideals, and a determination on their part to make themselves useful when their opportunity comes. All of which is another way of saying that the key to useful living is hard work, and by that I mean steady and thorough work."

The man who said that was William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.



Supreme Court of the United States
Washington, D.C.

My dear Jim:

I have been over the article and have made a few corrections. Now you can do the best you can with it.

Sincerely yours,

Wm H Taft

Mr. James Hay, Jr.,
1721 I Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Enclosure.

As somebody once remarked, "Taft has done everything, been everywhere, and had every sort of honor paid him."

He has been President of the United States, Governor General of the Philippine Islands, and Provisional Governor of Cuba. He has served as Secretary of War and as a special envoy to the Pope at Rome. He has traveled around the globe. He has been judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, Solicitor General of the United States, and circuit judge of the Sixth United States Circuit. He has been dean of the law department of the University of Cincinnati and Kent professor of law at Yale University. He adjusted affairs in Cuba following a revolution on that island, and he served as a member and co-chairman of the National War Labor Conference Board. He has written a book.

He took his Bachelor of Arts degree at Yale, standing second in a class of 121 students and being chosen as salutatorian and class orator; and two years later he graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, dividing the first prize for scholarship in that class. He has received numerous honorary degrees from universities in the United States, Scotland, and England, and he has served as president of many civic and legal organizations.

He is the father of two sons and a daughter. He has eleven grandchildren.

Furthermore, his name is a household word for geniality and smiling good humor. And the way he accepted his defeat for reëlection to the Presidency of the United States in 1912 endeared him to the nation as a sportsman, a good loser, and a lovable character.

Obviously his career has been such as to make him wise in the art of happy living.

" Of what does that art consist, Mr. Chief Justice? " I asked.

He sat at the great double desk in the middle of his study on the fourth floor of his home on Wyoming Avenue in Washington. Above the mantel behind him hung a large oil portrait of his father, Alphonso Taft, who had served as Attorney General of the United States and who, like the son, had been a wise and eminent judge.

The only man who has ever been both President and Chief Justice of this country leaned back in a characteristic attitude, his hands on the arms of his chair.

© Clinedinst

President Taft sometimes rode horseback.

" There is a statement about life," he said, " which is not invariably accurate, but which sums up the matter for the average man. It is that we get out of life what we put into it. The man who begins his search for happiness and success by any other system or theory is going to be mightily disappointed.

" That rule applies to every phase and facet of life. The individual gets from his job, from his home, from his every contact and relationship, what he gives to it. Give love, service, and brightness to others, and love, service, and brightness will be given to you. It rarely fails to work out that way.

Of course, happy living as we are considering it now means useful living, for unless a man is successful in his duties to his work and his duties to others he can hardly be regarded as happy.

" And no promotion, no reward, no so-called success will bring him happiness unless he feels that he has won it, that he has fought for it, that he has bought it with the coin of his hard, unrelenting, and conscientious labor. He can't cheat life. He can't buy anything worth while without giving something worth while in exchange for it. The type of fellow who thinks the world owes him great success merely because he is brilliant, or who blames somebody else for his failures, will never know lasting happiness until he changes his viewpoint.

" That is to say, the art of being happy is the art of being useful. When you are seventy-two years old, as I am, you perceive that in so far as you are useful you store up happiness for yourself. By being useful, I mean doing things that help others, things that your own conscience commends, things that you know to be decent and honorable and of service to a person or the community. Take usefulness out of any man's life and, I tell you, there is precious little left.

President Taft and, at his left, Secretary of State Philander Chase Knox, President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, and Charles P. Taft at a ball game.

" WHAT good can it do for a man to be a Senator, a member of the Cabinet, or a multimillionaire if he does not regard his position as a challenge to find many opportunities to do useful things? Amassing money is not an admirable thing simply because it gives one the chance to rake in dollar after dollar. It is a good thing only because it widens his power to do good, multiplies his opportunities to make himself useful. And every rich man worth his salt feels exactly that way about it.

Bain photo

His favorite recreation in his Presidency was golf.

" Naturally, the center, the wellspring, of every man's happiness is in his home and family. I have a wife, three children, and eleven grandchildren. I have two boys and a girl. Life has been kind to me, but what would everything I have had throughout all my years be worth to me now if I did not have the happiness that comes from those boys and that girl, and if I did not know that they are moved by the desire to make them-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Brown Bros. photo Brown Bros. photo Brown Bros. photo © Clinedinst Brown Bros. photo P. & A. photo

William Howard Taft at six stages of his career. From left to right: the Yale undergraduate, class of '78; the judge—before 1900; the Civil Governor of the Philippines, 1901-04; the Secretary of War, 1904-08; the retiring President, 1913; the Chief Justice of the United States, 1921-1930.

THE ART OF HAPPY LIVING
Continued from page twenty-seven

selves useful to others as best they can in their spheres of life?

"Every father derives a gratification that is worth everything else in the world from his realization that his children exemplify in their daily living the ideals and the philosophy of life which he in their earlier years worked hard to inculcate in them. In that case he gets back from them threefold, tenfold even, what he has worked to give them."

"That," I suggested, "brings us again to your statement that success in every phase of life is won by hard work."

"By hard work, and by that alone!" He struck the arm of his chair for emphasis. "When I review the long list of successful—that is to say, happy—men I've known, I am impressed by the fact that, whether they were merchants, lawyers, doctors, or what not, they succeeded by hard work, the day-by-day unrelenting hard work.

"There are clever fellows who can get by for a year or even a few years by spasmodic outbursts of work, but they eventually drop behind. The work that brings permanent happiness is thorough and continuous endeavor, the kind that implies steady application and preparedness, the kind which means that the job is handled so efficiently today that it will be handled more efficiently tomorrow, a continuous improvement which makes the individual capable of capitalizing every opportunity that comes his way.

"So it behooves every young man to go into the work he loves. To succeed, he must be able to throw into his job all his capacity, energy, and enthusiasm, because, if he doesn't, the consciousness of useful participation in life will be enjoyed by somebody else who is up on his toes all the time. And if he doesn't love his work, he will use up part of his energy in complaining and being dissatisfied.

"FROM my early boyhood years I wanted to be a judge. My father was a judge. I slept in a little room back of his law library, and it was my business to keep the books straight, to put them back on the shelves, and to hand them to my father when he wanted them. In this way I grew up in the atmosphere of the law and the bench, and by being with my father I acquired something of the ideals and ethics of the profession.

"I think we should make plain the fact that happiness is not measured by the bigness of one's job. It is measured by the way one handles the job and what one puts into it, no matter what the job may be. I remember that when I was appointed by Governor Foraker to the Superior Court of Cincinnati in my twenty-ninth year I told Mrs. Taft I would be happy and contented if I could spend my life on that bench, taking advantage of all the opportunities it offered for useful work.

"At that time, of course, as at all others in my life, I considered the Chief Justiceship of the United States the biggest job in the world, but, you see"—the famous Taft smile appeared at this point—"I had no idea then that I should ever be Chief Justice."

For a long time a story has gone the rounds in Washington that a few months before President Roosevelt went out of office he asked Mr. Taft, then his Secretary of War: "If you had your choice between the Presidency and the Chief Justiceship, which would you take?" and that Taft replied: "The Chief Justiceship."

I asked the Chief Justice if the incident had ever occurred.

"I don't remember," he answered; "but if Colonel Roosevelt asked me that, undoubtedly I said what I am credited with having said."

It was then that I commented on the sportsmanlike manner in which he had accepted his defeat for reëlection to the Presidency in 1912. The reminder elicited by way of answer the well known Taft chuckle.

"I HAVE always known," he said a few minutes later, "I knew early in life, that people never have any use for the man with a sore toe. Then, too," he added in a laughing drawl, "I had a father and a mother who were philosophers. They taught their children the value of work and the necessity of the absence of conceit.

"Have you ever noticed how many men there are who ruin their careers by not letting sore toes heal? They make the mistake of nursing their disappointments instead of going on to something else. A sense of proportion, I often think, is as valuable as a sense of humor in taking life properly. Perhaps they are synonymous."

"When you were in the White House, Mr. Chief Justice, everybody knew you disliked politics, everybody knew the Presidency had not been your chief ambition; and yet you seemed to get happiness out of the life."

"Of course I did!" he answered vigorously. "A man can't occupy such a position as the Presidency of the United States without finding a great many opportunities to do things which he feels are good to do, useful to his fellow men. Also, it is a peculiar and unrivaled opportunity to study human nature. And I was fortunate not to come out of the White House with the feeling that anybody had let me down or gone back on me. I had none of the feeling that is apt to cause a man bitterness. I was lucky in my friends—very lucky."

He was asked if he thought luck, chance, or fate played a part in one's rise to prominence and success.

"Unquestionably and tremendously!" he said. "Who could have said, for instance, that my going to the Philippines would be a step toward the Presidency and the Chief Justiceship? And yet, it undoubtedly was.

"Luck or chance does play an immense part in men's lives. It is ridiculous to say that any man can choose a lofty goal and win through to it despite all obstacles and opposition. That is self-evident. But it is possible for a man to bend circumstances to his will in some degree. He can do much by hard work. He can, by making himself useful, often tempt promotion to seek him out.

"Have you ever observed how a man grows on hard work? A youth who is a pronounced mediocrity starts out in life, and his associates instinctively consign him to the scrap heap of failure. But he is at his desk every morning ahead of time. He works long and hard and late. He works every day. He works conscientiously and thoroughly. And the first thing his associates know, he is moving up the steps of promotion. Hard work has enlarged his character, has increased his mental stature. And when a man like that has a stroke of luck, or, to use a slang expression, gets a few breaks, he is very likely to find what everyone, including himself, must admit is luck."

The Chief Justice was silent.

"No one can say that he has solved the problem of life," he resumed. "He can perhaps emphasize the factors that seem to enter into it. But there is so much change in it, so much variety, so much bad luck and so much good luck, that the problem seems insoluble. We can be grateful for what seems to be happiness and what gives opportunity, if we improve it. Those who suffer quietly and bear up under misfortune often exhibit a character that makes for heroes, without getting credit for it.

"If all of us knew the power of time as a healer and helper, we'd be happier. The art of happy living, I believe, must embrace the capacity for remembering that many things right themselves eventually if we give them the best we have and then take up the job next at hand.

"When I was President I used to worry over troublesome problems for weeks, sometimes for months; but I always found that, after more weeks or months had passed and I looked back on those problems, their importance had diminished. Not that they were unimportant at the time. What I mean is that we would worry less if, when confronted by trouble or difficulty, we could remind ourselves that in the long run, the final casting up, this trouble or that difficulty would not hold so much unhappiness for us. . . .

"IT'S not so complicated after all, is it?

"To know that happiness must come from one's heart and one's own attitude toward men and things; to know from the beginning that the foundation and the capstone of happy living are in one's family and what one can give to that family; to know that the only decent life is to be useful, useful to one's loved ones, useful to one's calling or profession, useful to one's community; and to bear in mind always that, to be useful, one must work hard day by day and year by year, work hard to train oneself and one's children to love the right—"

He smiled and flung out his hands, a gesture describing the full circle of human life.

"That sums it up, I think," he said earnestly. "We get out of life what we put into it. And the Higher Power measures with exceeding exactitude and fairness what we do put into it. Let a man give his family and his job all that's in him in the way of decency, industry, and idealism, and when his years are many and he is going down the western slope, he will find that his family and his profession and the world give him his deserts. He will find, too, that of all his rewards, the fullest, the richest, and the loveliest will come from his family, his children, and his children's children."

THE END

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What Price NOVELTY?

Four New Films that Follow Familiar Grooves

Reviewed by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ BEHIND THE MAKE-UP

THREE of Hollywood's most effective troupers and a tasteful production, yet Paramount's Behind the Make-Up does not ring the bell. Apparently the movie dictators were so shy about turning out another tone tome about breaking hearts beneath the grease paint that they pulled their punch all through Behind the Make-Up.

Hap Brown is a happy-go-lucky vaudevillian with no particular ambition. He meets and falls in love with a pretty little waitress at just about the time he befriends the down-and-out scion of the house of Gardoni, Italian pantomimists and stage artists for generations. The two tie up in an act and Gardoni promptly steals both the girl and the act's glory.

Hap is just a clown. Gardoni is erratic and irresponsible, fancying himself a genius. But between the slapstick of one and the subtlety of the other, the two go on to great success. In the end, Gardoni breaks everybody's heart—but I shall not tell you the tragic-happy dénouement.

William Powell provides a superbly drawn characterization of the volatile, brilliant scoundrel, Gardoni. Moreover, he is courageous enough to show Gardoni, fleetingly at least, in his moments as a female impersonator. Hal Skelly (who is back on Broadway after his rather short Hollywood invasion) is excellent in the rôle of the comic hoofer. Fay Wray is both sympathetic and attractive as the girl.

Behind the Make-Up, which is based upon Mildred Cram's The Feeder and had the making of a colorful drama, fails to break out of its shell because of its faint-hearted scenario and direction. It is too cautious to score.

William Powell as a female impersonator, and Hal Skelly, in Behind the Make-Up.

Alice White does some playing around in her newest screen vehicle, Playing Around.

★ ★ ★ THE BISHOP MURDER CASE

Another S. S. Van Dine mystery novel, The Bishop Murder Case, comes to the screen, this time from the Metro-Goldwyn studios.

Since its predecessors were made by the Paramount studios, which were unable to lend William Powell for the rôle of the crime dilettante, Philo Vance, Metro-Goldwyn had to hunt around for another actor to play the art-loving sleuth. The choice fell to the English actor, Basil Rathbone.

Rathbone's Philo Vance lacks the theatrical qualities of Powell's. It is intelligent, but it has none of the color of Powell's swanky crime hound.

Still, The Bishop Murder Case, which is a tale of wholesale murder, is excellently directed and holds the interest with a real grip. Unless you read the novel, I defy you to guess the real murderer. Suspicion is tossed neatly about from character to character.

There are several splendid bits, notably George Marion's playing of the half-mad hunchback and Charles Quartermaine's acting of the chess fanatic. But this production fairly shrieks for the familiar slow-thinking Detective Heath of Eugene Palette. It is no fault of James Dolan that he cannot follow that matchless character actor in the part.

★ PLAYING AROUND

Alice White's newest First National vehicle, Playing Around, isn't up to her recent films. Miss White depicts an innocent stenog who rejects the love of an honest soda dispenser for the flashier attention of a boastful young chap whose ways are mysterious.

The big moment comes when the stranger holds up and shoots an old store manager, who turns out to be our heroine's own father.

Every day they're losing lives in The Bishop Murder Case. Left to right: Alec B. Francis, Sydney Bracey, Roland Young.

It's a Great Life presents Vivian and Rosetta Duncan in their talkie début.

While a lot of the action unfolds in night clubs, Miss White's disclosures in this histrionic effort are limited to the winning of a knee contest. Under wraps, Miss White's acting doesn't seem so good.

Chester Morris, far less hysterical than usual, is the city slicker who almost leads her astray, and William Bakewell is the discarded wielder of chocolate and other flavors.

Playing Around is rather dull. On second thought, it is very dull. It takes entirely too long in getting under way and is full of extraneous material.

(No stars) IT'S A GREAT LIFE

The blonde Duncan Sisters make their talkie début in Metro-Goldwyn's It's a Great Life. And what a great big novelty it turns out to be!

Guess what. It is another film of back-stage life. Yes, indeed.

Two sisters, department-store salesgirls, make a hit in their emporium's annual show and go into vaudeville. One of them, Vivian, falls in love with the pianist of the act, while the other, the comic Rosetta, makes everyone miserable for reels with her jealousy.

All this is tedious, since the comedy is fearfully forced. There is a delirium " done in natural colors " —interesting news, indeed, to the neurological students.

Do you know that—

Dick Barthelmess is to make The Dawn Patrol, an air thriller, now that he has returned from his vacation in Europe? . . . Fay Francis appears opposite Ronald Colman in Raffles? . . . Mary Pickford may do a talkie of Peg o' My Heart?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

(A new list for your convenience in keeping track of current offerings)

Three stars—The Laughing Lady, Hot for Paris, Sally.
Four stars—Lummox, Devil May Care.

BAG in Cab

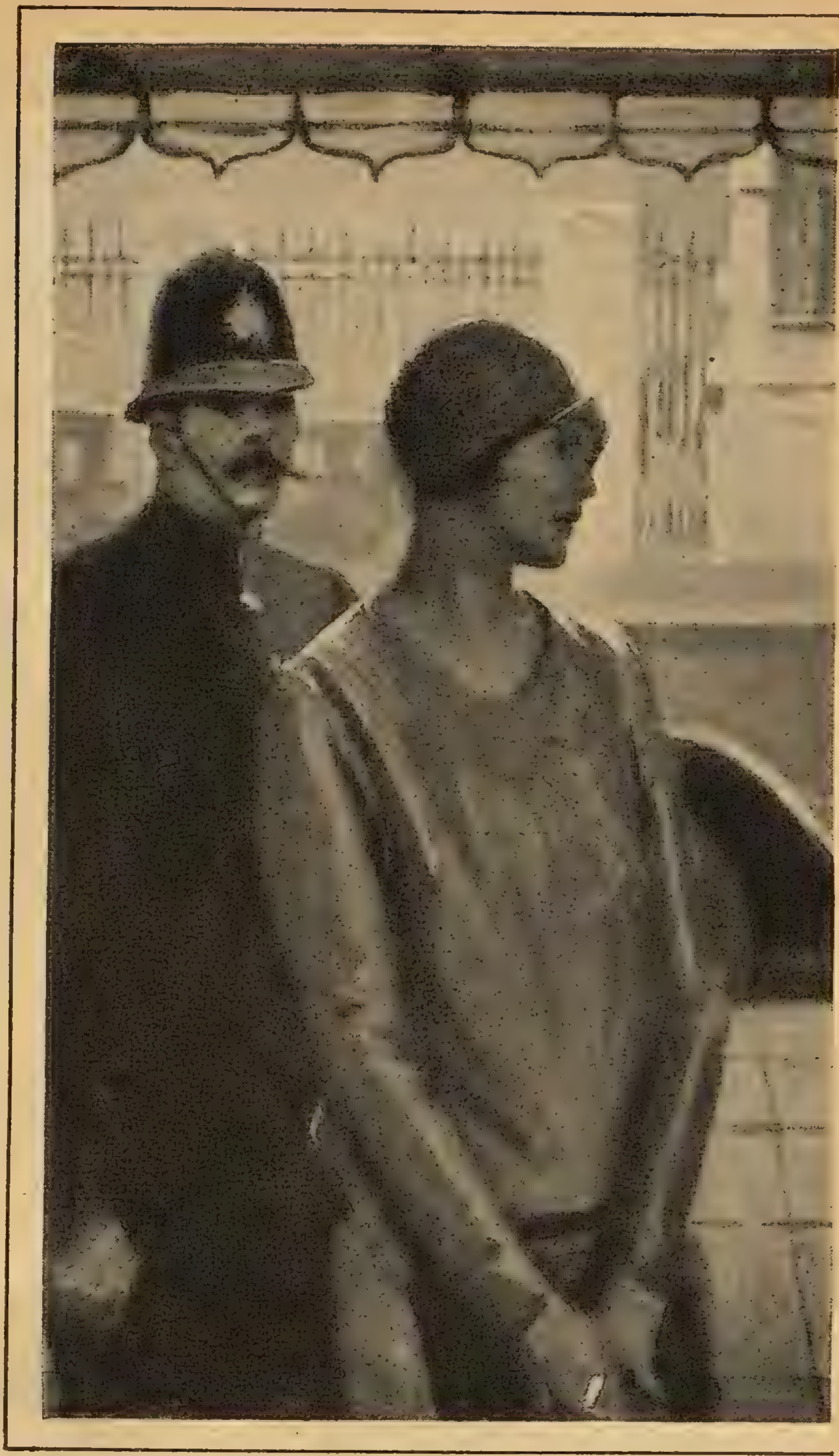
The Story of a Beauty in Distress

By

FERDINAND REYHER

who was born in Philadelphia less than forty years ago and who now lives in Brooklyn. From dramatic critic and war correspondent he "worked up to newspaper man," he says. Then the urge to write fiction stepped in and converted him into a widely popular contributor to a long list of magazines.

Pictures by GEORGE W. GAGE



A taxicab stopped. A scrawny lady erupted from it.

MISS SYBIL LESLIE, "The Pet of the Music Halls," currently featured at the Marylebone Palace at £250 a week, moved in a daze down the platform of Charing Cross Station on which the Dover Express had arrived fifteen minutes before. Dread sapped her strength and gave way to panic converging on desperation; a desperation which bordered on horror. Blum had failed her!

Like that train, the last twelve months roared through her mind. The nightmare agony of roulette at San Sebastian. The serial agony of daily races in which she had never placed. The numb, inexorable toll the dogs had taken of her, all winter and spring long, night after night after night. She had pawned, borrowed, and begged until there wasn't a penny out of that £250 a week which she could touch for six months, and there wasn't a person or place left to which she could turn for a ten-bob note.

Suddenly the mocking words of a song, sent to her a fortnight ago to try out, tinkled in her mind:

"Ladies must live! Ladies must live!"

My God, she had to have money! She would do anything in the world for it!

She moved forward out on the ramp and stood for a moment, undecided. A taxicab drew by and stopped a dozen paces beyond. A scrawny lady of fifty erupted from it with a spaniel under one arm, and a covered bag, a little larger than an attaché case, under the other. She was most obviously—and almost painfully—a lady; at the very least the wife of a general who was also a lord.

It was not only that air of high officers' quarters and the military clang of a voice which instantaneously evoked a fatigue squad of porters to the cab and yanked a haggard maid out of it, but the hard-riding manner of great country estates as well. To say nothing of a wild disregard for dress which none but an English lady of the highest degree would have dared to flaunt.

With dog and bag she dashed away, while a vanload of Bond Street luggage flowed out of the cab to the accompaniment of frenzied chirpings from the maid. Suddenly, like the conclusion of a music-hall vanishing act, maid, porters, and baggage disappeared. Sybil walked on past the cab as the cabby reached back to shut his door. She was halfway down the ramp when the cab pulled slowly by her. She turned and caught the cabby's eye; mechanically she raised her hand. He stopped and she opened the door.

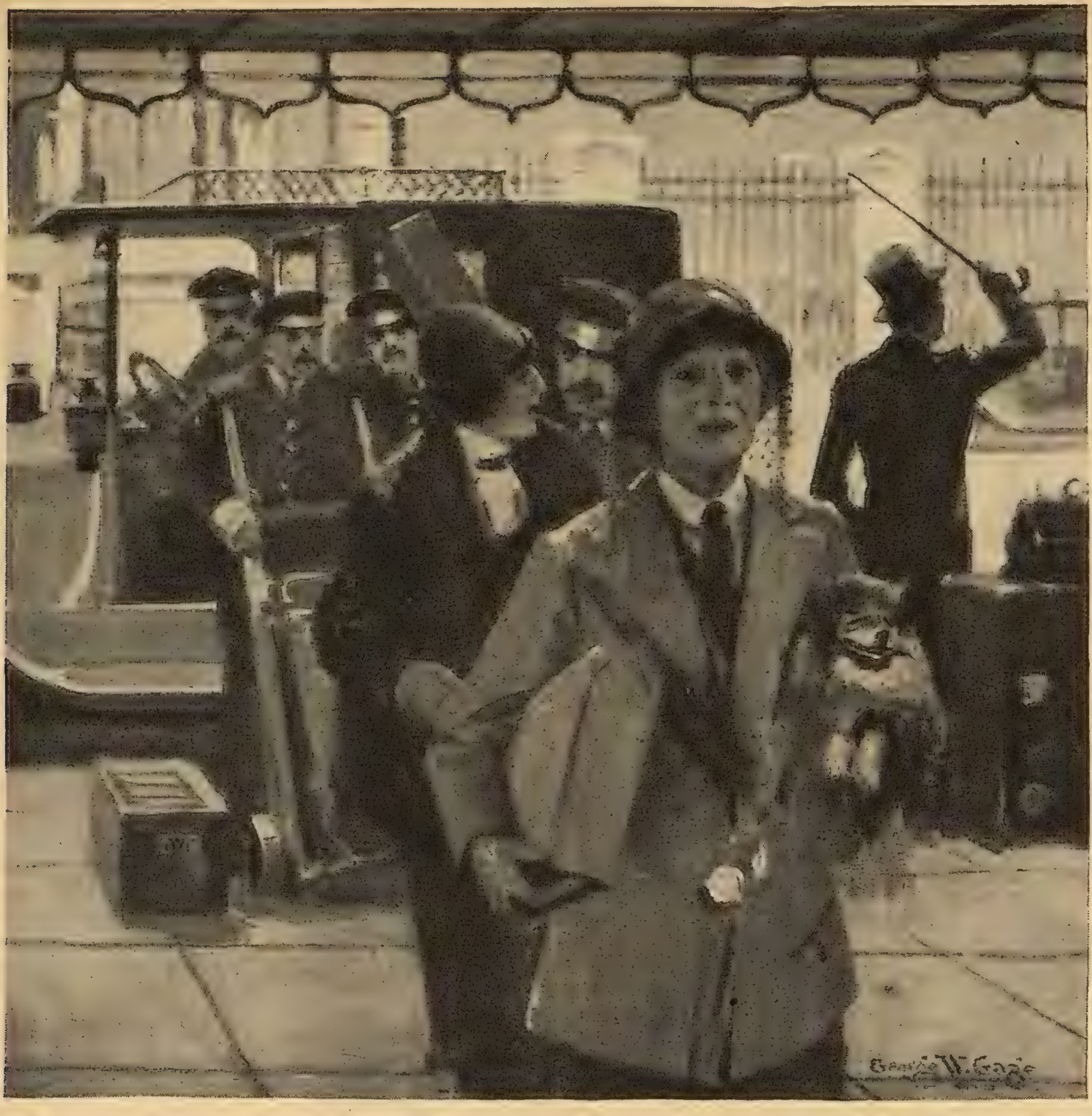
"Sixteen Wardour Street," she said, directing him to her home.

She stepped inside and sagged back into the corner, all the torment of her position flooding over her again now that she had ceased moving herself. The cab turned in the Strand, and veered off into Adelaide Street. She stared unseeingly into the black despair of her thoughts. At Chandos Street the driver jammed on his brakes as a truck cut in on him. The jar roused her and she sat up. They swerved into Charing Cross Road.

JUST as they passed the Alhambra a powerful shock ran through her. She caught her breath and sat rigid, staring down at something on the floor in the opposite corner. It was a bag. A bag covered with a fine purplish material in order to preserve an even finer leather underneath. A bag identically like the bag which that lady had carried into Charing Cross Station herself.

Almost without knowing what she was doing Sybil fumbled at the clasp; threw the lid back. Her breath caught again in an unbelieving gasp. The bag was fitted with what were obviously solid gold fittings, but she hardly saw them. What she saw was a box. A box 6 x 10 x 12; a box of exquisitely tooled leather; the kind of box which costs twenty-five or thirty guineas in Bond Street; the kind of box in which great ladies keep their jewels.

The music-hall artist touched the lid and the lid opened without a qualm. It was stuffed to the brim with jewelry.



With dog and bag she dashed away, while a vanload of luggage flowed out.

Not merely jewelry, but Jewelry! If she knew anything, Miss Sybil Leslie knew jewelry, but she had never handled jewelry like this. Pearls, amethysts, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds of the first and clearest water, gold and platinum! A low choked noise broke out of her throat. A hundred thousand pounds of wealth had been dropped into her lap in a taxicab.

She abruptly clapped on the lid. She realized she was on her knees. She jerked herself back on the seat and threw a frightened glance out of the window. They were on Oxford Street, already nearing Wardour. My God! Why had she told the driver to take her to 16 Wardour Street, her home? She lurched forward and rapped on the glass. For a moment she could not utter a sound.

"Chauffeur! Go to the Hyde Park Hotel."

SHE sank back in relief as they passed Wardour Street, and the next moment sat bolt upright again. Only two nights ago she had been at the Hyde Park Hotel on a conspicuous affair, and everyone there knew her. In heaven's name, why had she directed him to drive her there?

There might have been one possibility in a thousand that the driver would later on have failed to remember the first address she had given him, 16 Wardour Street, her home, but if there was one thing in the world to fix an address in a taxi driver's mind, it was to change it and redirect him at the very threshold of the original destination. Instinctively she leaned forward and tapped again.

"Drive through Hyde Park until I tell you to stop," she ordered him. Even as she did so, she realized it made her doubly conspicuous to him; one address and two changes. But there was no help for it. She did not dare to go to the Hyde Park Hotel, and she had to gain time to think.

HER first thought brought a new sinking of her heart as she perceived that driving through Hyde Park exposed her needlessly. It was so deserted that she felt herself lifted into the sharpest relief against its emptiness. She should have told him to stay in the city. There she could have remained hidden among a thousand other vehicles, but she did not dare to make another change now. She sat back in a sweat as the full difficulties and intricacies of her problem overwhelmed her.

The loss of jewelry of this value would cause an instant sensation and bring out battalions of metropolitan police and railroad officials. Every officer in the city would immediately pounce down upon taxicab drivers and offices. The man who was driving her was probably known at the station and had been recognized there by the porters.

It was also probable that his number had been noted, and it was absolutely certain that he would remember the other woman. That lady could not move the width of a room without making herself conspicuous, and the amount and kind of her luggage, her maid, and all her eccentricities, which had been exaggerated by her hurry this morning, would have fastened themselves in his mind. Moreover, she presumably had an address as prominent as herself, with butler and footmen. At the very least, some hotel major-domo had been dispatched to call her a cab, and it was a habit of this buttoned and braided fraternity to take note of such trifles as taxicab plate numbers.

It was inevitable that he would be picked up by a policeman, or, as soon as he heard a broadcast of the missing jewels, surrender himself. The moment this happened, the net would inexorably tighten around her.

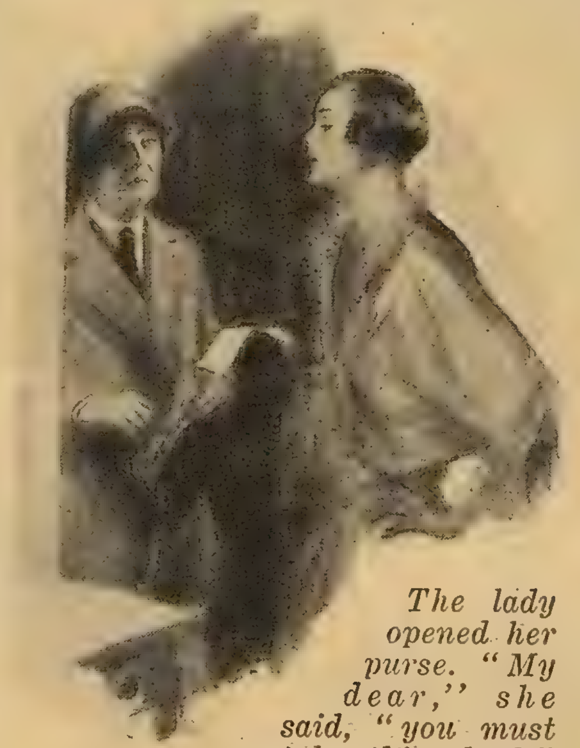
He would be called upon to account for every moment of his time: the time he had reached Charing Cross Station; the time that had elapsed until he picked up his next fare; the time he had spent driving this next fare; the time this next fare had dismissed him; the time elapsing until he had made his report to Scotland Yard. And every detail, important or unimportant, which had punctuated this record of time would be dragged out of him: where his next fare had ordered him to drive; to what address she had changed; just where they had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BAG IN CAB
Continued from page thirty-three

driven around in Hyde Park, and where from there. And when she had told him to drive to 16 Wardour Street, she had given him her own address, and then fixed it in his mind by changing it twice. If he could not forget that lady whom he had driven to Charing Cross Station, it was equally certain that he would never forget herself whom he had picked up immediately afterward and driven to 16 Wardour Street, only to have this destination changed when he had all but reached it, and been asked to drive to the Hyde Park Hotel, again to have this destination also changed for an aimless drive around Hyde Park itself.

She saw herself thrown into blinding prominence against his memory, made supersensitive to impressions already by that other woman this morning. She foresaw a Scotland Yard man arriving at 16 Wardour Street to comb that house—to comb every apartment in the house. Inevitably he would locate her; inevitably everyone there but herself would be able to furnish proof of having been anywhere in London but Charing Cross Station that morning. Inevitably the telegram to Blum which presaged her presence in Charing Cross Station this morning would be brought to light. Inevitably her maid would be grilled and from her would be wrested the information that she, Sybil Leslie, had gone to Charing Cross Station to meet the Dover Express, and that she had been in Charing Cross Station at the time that she had been in Charing Cross Station.



The lady opened her purse. "My dear," she said, "you must take this check."

The driver might have even noticed her particularly, although she did not believe he had. He did not seem to look hard at her, but she herself could get accurate pictures of people out of the corner of her eye. He might have noticed that she had no bag with her when she entered the cab, but one with her when she left it. Somebody might have recognized her at the station. Several men had looked intently at her. Men always did, whether they knew her or not, and she had a well known face. God, if she had only given some impersonal address, a restaurant, hotel, store, or any place else but her own address. My God, she had to think this out.

What else could she do? She could swear the jewels had not been in the cab when she entered it. But how to get rid of them? Now—now she was getting somewhere.

Her first thought was to take them out, secrete them about her person, and dispose of the bag. If she dropped it out now and it was not seen, it would eventually be found, reported where found and when, and the driver, when he was picked up, would report that he had driven her over that place, and again it would be traced to her. Where could she drop the bag? Jam it in under the seat? The cab would be searched immediately after it was brought in, to its tiniest crevices. Direct the man to drive across the bridge, and fling it into the Thames? It would float.

SHE shrank instinctively away from it. She hated it. It was like a body—she could not get rid of it. She shrank still further away from it, as though it were indeed something dead and accusing. But her mind dashed back to it. Conceal the whole thing? But how to get out unseen and unsuspected without arousing the driver's suspicions?

It suddenly occurred to her that the driver himself was the key to the situation. Everywhere she turned, he blocked her. A new idea occurred to her. Take him into her confidence. She glanced at his dirty foreshortened profile. He might have experience in this sort of thing. But supposing he felt he could not get away with it and to cover himself would insist on returning it at once? She could laugh and say that she was only testing his honesty. Pretty thin, that! She had a vivid image of the knowing sneer which would part that great lady's lips when she heard that The Pet of the Music Halls had driven around a couple of hours to discover a way to test a taxi driver's honesty. But if he did care to take a chance, then what? She would have to divide with him. This thought hurt her worse than any other. Moreover, it would throw her into a repulsive intimacy with him for life. Give him an eternal hold on her. She had seen that sort of thing before. She shuddered and felt besmirched. An insane wave of hatred swept over her. She studied his foreshortened profile with a maniacal intensity, hating him to her toes. A burning idea seared her brain. She had to get rid of him somehow, didn't she? The only witness against her—then that was the answer. Get rid of him! She leaned forward, rigid in the intensity of her wish to obliterate him.

Just as she was about to tap on the glass, she sank back, spent, frustrated. But how to get rid of him? Get a revolver—where? She couldn't buy one, and even if she could it would label her forever. Get him up to her apartment and leave that cab standing outside like a signpost? He might get suspicious and not come up. Flirt with him and feed him poison—and her maid there all the time? And if she got rid of her maid, how long would she keep her mouth shut? And the elevator man, and whatever other tenants might be around.

ANOTHER thought grew. Order him to drive out to the country—something began to form in her mind. Something that had to do with covering woods, thick hedges, and still, deep water. She leaned forward again to tap on the glass—and again sank wearily back. The alarm was out all over London at this minute. That was as sure as the fact that she was circling Hyde Park like a caged squirrel. It might be hours before one cab could be isolated out of the thousands of cabs in London. But the second they passed out of London, this cab with a London number on it would be held up by the first constable who saw them.

She put her hand to her forehead. It was dripping wet. She wiped it off on her sleeve. In doing so, her eyes caught a glimpse of Marble Arch, and with a start she realized they had already made a second circuit of the park. At the same instant her eyes caught those of a policeman. It seemed to her that he had been staring at the cab unusually hard. She turned cold all over. What a bungling fool she was!

"For God's sake, get a grip on yourself!" she kept repeating mechanically. "This is a gift from the skies. This ends all your troubles if handled right. It can be handled right. There is a way. There always is a way. Think, for heaven's sake, think! You used to be pretty cute. Now get a hold on yourself and think. Think it out!"

A thought broke on her blindingly. Why, it was as simple as that! All she had to do was to drive to a station, any station but Charing Cross—Euston, Paddington, Liverpool, Victoria. Take the first train out as far as the few shillings she would have left in her purse would take her. Then take a diamond out of its setting and get enough to carry her on, on across the channel, into France, down to Marseilles, thence to India, or perhaps over to Italy, and from there to America.

A grinding little laugh issued from her lips. It was not the thought of leaving this life of hers here in Londontown where she had been born that blotted out this vision. God knew there was little enough pleasant in her memories of London of late that she could not bear to part from. It was the clear perception of what life would be afterward. Life with £100,000 worth of stolen jewelry. The unending tortuous crawling after her by day and by night of all the agencies of pursuit that £100,000 of jewelry could set into motion.

Police agents, detectives of insurance companies, and the unascertainable agents of private agencies, all stalking her by day and by night, seeking a face known to a million people. What corner, what crevice of what rock could she hide herself in without being discovered? The joint headlines of the missing jewelry and the missing Sybil Leslie, The Pet of the Music Halls, flashed across her mind's eye. And most important of all, within another hour every channel port would be watched, and even now every train out of London was being scrutinized.

Then, as she discarded flight, her mind groped out and clutched at another idea. She was cool now. She must go to a prominent hotel in the heart of things, even risk going through the Strand again if it meant getting to the Cecil or Savoy, but there were the Ritz and Park Lane nearer at hand. Drive there, pay off the taximan quickly but casually, and move swiftly, if unostentatiously, inside. Retire into a room, the ladies' room, and loot the bag there in secret, dispose the jewels around herself, and then and there dispose of the bag.

FOR the third time she reached forward and tapped on the glass.

"Driver," she said, "go to the Ritz—drive along Oxford Street to Davies Street."

They had hardly swung into Oxford Street before a scene began to flicker on a screen at the back of her mind. She had been trained to think in terms of scenes.

She was sitting in a room, waiting; in a room, her own room, waiting; in her room in her apartment at 16 Wardour Street. Waiting. What was she waiting for? She started at a sound. There! It had come. She had been waiting for the sound of her bell in her apartment. She rose and listened to her heart beating. She didn't want to open the door, but she knew she would have to.

She walked noiselessly over to it. At the door she stood listening. There was no sound on the other side. She wet her lips and trained the lines of her face into flitting grimaces to test her control of her features. She took a deep breath. She steeled her heart, for she knew that when she opened that door Ordeal would enter. She took another deep breath, only it went but halfway. She suddenly had a terrible dread of hearing that bell ring again, and she opened the door.

When she opened the door, a man stood there—a man who seemed to sway slightly toward the opening; a man whom she had never seen before. Just a man. She didn't know whether he was slightly above middle height or a very short man. If he were very short, his eyes would be black and penetrating, his face would be thin, and his voice filing and penetrating. When he made a gesture the gesture, too, would be penetrating.

If he were above average height, he would move with an oily noiseless-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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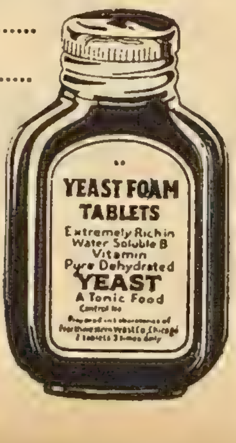


BAG IN CAB
Continued from page thirty-five

ness, a falsely genial noiselessness, and there would be a false geniality around his mouth. His eyes would be large, but gray—icy gray. They would not look at her penetratingly on the surface; on the surface they would be genial. It was the backs of those eyes that she would shrink from. She preferred him to be the small man.

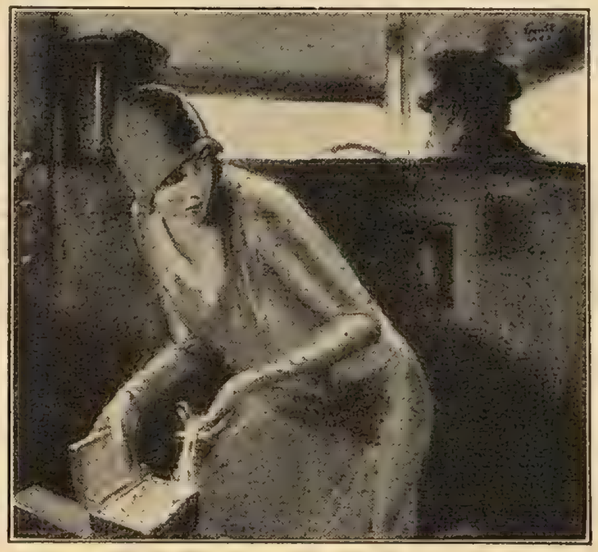
The man spoke.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you," he said, "but I should like to see the owner of this flat for a moment."

All along he knew she was the owner of this flat.

"I am the owner of this flat," she replied.

"Then," said the man, and his eyes lighted, either penetratingly or with an assumed gleam of genial flattery, "you are Miss Sybil Leslie?"



She had never handled jewelry like this. Pearls, amethysts, sapphires, rubies, and diamonds!

All along he knew she was Miss Sybil Leslie, The Pet of the Music Halls.

"I am Miss Sybil Leslie. What can I do for you?"

"Awfully sorry to bother you, Miss Leslie. You see, it's like this." He spoke rather more quickly now. "There is a slight formality which has to be gone through with. We are trying to trace some one who lives here, trying to trace them merely in the way of routine, you understand? We have already checked up on everybody else here in the house except yourself."

"Routine? I don't believe I do understand." She was doing the best acting of her life.

"Well, you see, it's this way—do you mind if I come in?" the man said suddenly, putting his hand on the knob.

"I certainly do mind," she said, gripping the knob on her side, "until I understand the nature of this business."

Damned fine acting, if she said so herself.

THE man took a step nearer and pulled his coat aside.

"Scotland Yard," he whispered briefly.

An icy wind swept through her, but her eyes only opened in a beautiful exhibition of naïve wonderment. God, what a swell actress!

"Come in," she said simply in just the right tone.

He entered and shut the door behind him.

"I am awfully sorry to disturb you," he said briskly, and not in the least sorry, "but this thing has to be done. A lady got out of a cab at Charing Cross Station twenty-three minutes after eleven this morning and left a bag in the cab. About a dozen yards from where she left the cab, another passenger, a lady also, hailed the cab and asked to be driven to 16 Wardour Street.

"The driver particularly remembers the address because, when he got to the top of Wardour Street, the lady directed him to drive to the Hyde Park Hotel. Halfway to Marble Arch she redirected him for the second time, asking him to drive around Hyde Park. He drove around Hyde Park twice, when she ordered him to drive to the Ritz Hotel. At the Ritz she got out and dismissed him. She was carrying a bag.

"THE driver was picked up in Albemarle Street by an officer five minutes later, having picked up no other fare in the meantime. He has been thoroughly grilled. He says—*he could recognize that passenger*. Er—he's downstairs now.

"We have questioned all the tenants in this house, Miss Leslie. The contents of the bag were such as to warrant it. Every one in this house that we have seen has been able to prove that they were not in or near Charing Cross Station this morning. Undoubtedly, you will be able to prove the same thing. Were you at Charing Cross Station this morning, Miss Leslie?"

What was there to say? Always there was that telegram to Blum. Always there was her maid in the background, vulnerable as any maid would be. Always there was the elevator man who had taken her down in the morning. Always there was the elevator man who had taken her up in the afternoon. And always and forever there was that driver downstairs who said he could recognize her.

A gust of panic almost lifted her out of her seat. They were passing Selfridge's, crawling along by the curb, hemmed in by omnibuses and other taxicabs. The cabby's whole attention was concentrated on the traffic.

She could open the door and jump out. She gripped the handle of the door, but again her artist's insight into people held her back. A London cabby might conceivably forget an address to which he had driven £100,000 worth of jewelry belonging to somebody else, but never in the world would he forget where he had been told to drive by any one who had cheated him out of a ten-shilling fare. She had to make sure. She leaned forward.

"Driver," she said in his ear, "where did I tell you to drive to the first time?"

"Sixteen Wardour Street," he said promptly without taking his eyes off the traffic.

She sank back beaten. One hundred thousand pounds worth of jewelry in her lap, a gift from the gods, and no place to go. Up a blind alley.

"Oh, my God, my God!" she wailed to herself. "Haven't I gone through hell enough, that you've got to put me through this one, too?"

There must be an answer. Nobody in the world could tell her that there was not some way to beat this.

All of the black terror of her terrific need for money swept over her again, and racked her with an anguish to which was added the torture of Tantalus. Everything became a vivid jumble in which every detail and part of her necessity was scorchingly clear. The things she could do with this wealth were crucifyingly apparent, and in the very midst of this fiery hell of torture the solution came to her. She reached over and tapped on the glass for the last time.

"Driver," said Miss Sybil Leslie to the taxi driver, "drive to the Bow Street Police Station."

She sank back on her seat, drained, but she was not so drained but that another scene began to flicker on the screen at the back of her mind, and she had been trained to see things in terms of scenes.

"My dear," she heard that military great lady saying to her, "I offered one thousand pounds reward for the recovery of these jewels. You must take this check."

Miss Sybil Leslie, The Pet of the Music Halls, drew herself upright and met the great lady's eyes look for look.

"As one lady to another," said Miss Sybil Leslie, "you must realize that for me to take this check from you is impossible. Might I even point out that in a similar case I should expect you to do as much for me?"

ONLY the lady was not in Bow Street station house when she arrived, and the officer who gave her a receipt for the jewelry looked peculiarly at her as though he deciphered everything she had contemplated. She drove home and gave the cabman her last half crown for a tip. She went up to her apartment. The maid was not in. She cast herself exhausted on her couch. She was burned out. Her eyelids burned. She heard the maid return, but did not stir.

"Telegram came for you, miss," said the maid.

She did not stir for several moments.

She thought, "Boles has another sure horse for me. Sure horses!"

Then she put out her hand for the message. She opened it. She stared at it, lying very still. She sat up and stared at it. For a long time she said nothing; made no sound or movement; just sat staring at it. At last her lips moved.

"Thank God!" she whispered softly. "Thank God! So help me God, I have laid my last bet! A thousand guineas a week for three months. Will I take it? 'Draw on us.' Will I draw on them! Oh, yes—I'll bet this one on tick—a thousand pounds—and if I lose I'll have to welsh."

The apartment bell rang and she opened the door herself, not waiting for the maid. The lady of Charing Cross Station stood before her.

"You are Miss Sybil Leslie?" she said as though defying her to deny it.

"I am," said Miss Leslie quietly.

The lady opened her purse and took a slip of buff paper from it.

"My dear," she said as though she, too, had rehearsed this, "I offered one thousand pounds reward for the recovery of my jewelry. You must take this check."

"As one lady to another," said the music-hall artist, with the thrill of being line perfect, "you must realize that for me to take this check from you is impossible. Might I point out that in a similar case, madam, I should expect you to do as much for me?"

THE END

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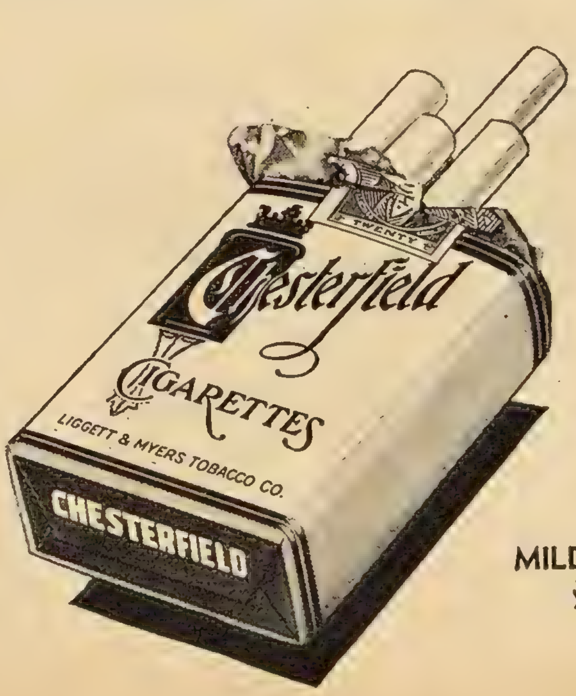
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MILD, yes . . . and
yet THEY SATISFY

The Northern Light

A Chronicle of a Valiant Race

By RICHARD CARROLL

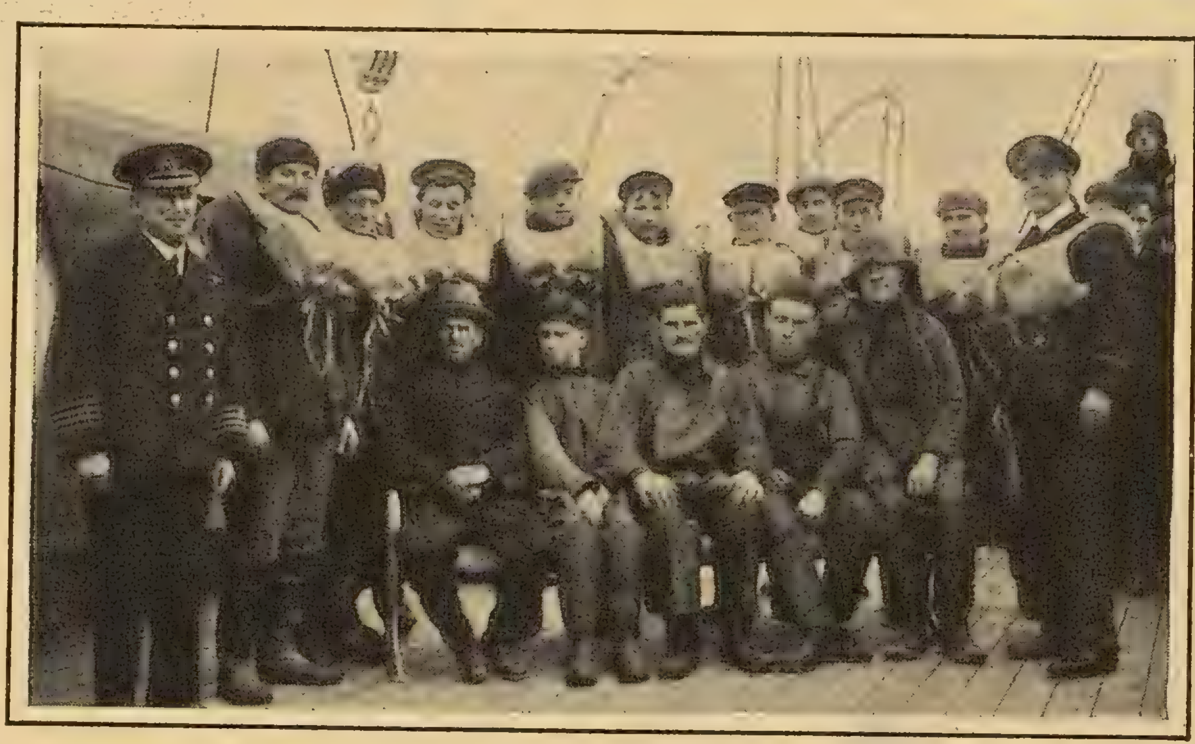
SKIPPER PARSONS could tell this story a lot better than I could. That is, if the sea had left him a voice. Two days' battle with an Atlantic gale; a boy drowned under his eyes—and that boy his own son; sickness for sleep and exhaustion, and he a small man no longer young—well, it was asking too much of him to stand up under all that and smile.

When the Baltic of the White Star Line pulled into quarantine I went down to the customs tug to meet Captain Davies and Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, who had wired from the ship that there might be a good story for Liberty in the Baltic's rescue of the crew of the schooner Northern Light at the height of a gale. I didn't much believe that until I met Skipper Parsons. Wrecks and rescues at sea were oft-told tales. But the meeting with the skipper changed my mind.

The world's introduction to the adventure was when Captain Davies of the Baltic wired his office on shore that he had picked up the little schooner's crew 400 miles off Cape Race, Newfoundland. It was the laconic, seaman's version of a rescue:

> Baltic. 9.30 E.S.T. Lat. 45.54 degrees N., Long. 42.32 degrees W. Schooner Northern Light, bound from St. John's to Bonavista Bay, owners Job Brothers, St. John's, abandoned in sinking condition and dangerous to navigation. Out of crew of six we rescued five by Baltic lifeboat. One seaman, Rex Parsons, aged twenty, was drowned. Baltic lifeboat was cast adrift near derelict. Weather bad, whole gale and very high, dangerous sea. Signed, Davies.

Yet that message, though Captain Davies himself did not sense it, contained a story 400 years in the making, a story that goes back to the beginnings of America, that takes in the march and the vagaries of progress—back before the Puritans and the comparative comfort of the Mayflower, before Raleigh and Virginia to the close of the sixteenth century when 10,000 fishermen from Brittany, England, Ireland, and Scotland rode the stormy Banks of Newfoundland, built their rude shacks along that island's savage coast, and established the first definite commerce between the old and the new worlds.



Rescued and rescuers of the Northern Light, photographed on the deck of the Baltic. The rescued crew, in front, are, from left to right, Skipper Parsons, his son Peter, Fred Wiseman, Curley Holloway, and Richard Russell. Captain Davies of the Baltic stands at the left end of the line of the rescuers, and Third Officer J. H. Walker, who skippered the lifeboat, performing "a good piece of seamanship," at the right end.

PARSONS and his crew are the direct survivors of that all but forgotten age. Their fathers and fathers' fathers before them, when the rest of the world turned to the mainland, stayed on. Their sons fight as brave a battle today as in the days of Drake and Baltimore, Kirke, Whitbourne, Gilbert, and the Virgin Bess.

Some understanding of these men is necessary as a background for the story of the Northern Light's last voyage. What manner of men are they? Newfoundland itself crops up infrequently in the news. Generally it is misspelled or misplaced on the map. Americans think it is part of Canada—picture it as a barren, desolate wilderness. Among the most ancient, if not actually the most ancient, of the new world's first settlements, it took the most modern means to make its name heard again.

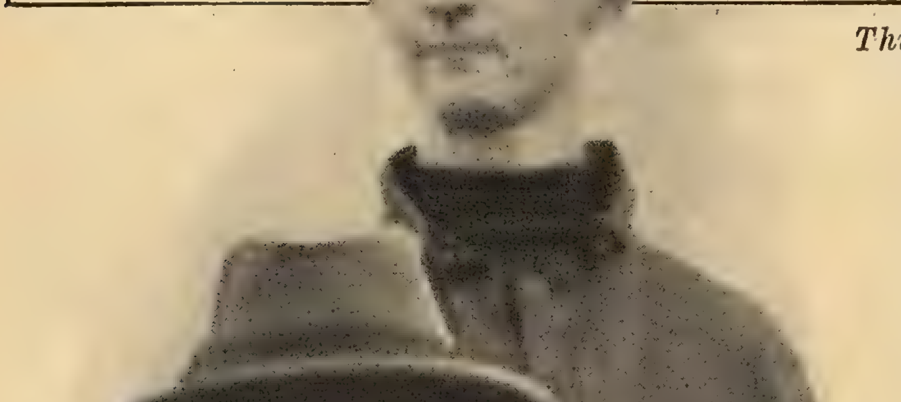
The first Atlantic flyers, Alcock and Brown, took off from there. Lindbergh, on his way to immortality, flew over it and gave it mention as his last sight of land before Europe. Most of the ocean flights start there, or, coming the other way, make it an unreached objective. Once in a while some disaster brings it to the fore. Last November a tidal wave, started by an earthquake in the Atlantic's bed off Nova Scotia, swept over Burin Peninsula and carried away homes and stores and swept the inhabitants to death in the sea.

Newfoundland is sparsely settled. Much of the island, the tenth largest in the world, has never been explored. Although in 1590 it had a roving population of 10,000 and its possession led to the long-drawn battle between France and England for supremacy in the new world, today, 340 years later, there are but 260,000 inhabitants scattered along its ragged coast lines, their homes anchored to the rocks.

Some of the villages during the winter are completely out of touch with the rest of the world. In these remote hamlets, ancient manners and customs prevail. Few foreigners ever find their way there, or, finding it, are content to remain. Students of the Chaucerian era will find in isolated villages the language of the old master spoken as he first wrote it. The people themselves—forgive me if I grow tender—are the finest in the world. They are simple, honest, intelligent, generous, and God-fearing, taking their politics, their religion, and good Jamaica rum with equal seriousness.

Skipper Parsons—I have a feeling he would not like me to call him captain—tells a story as old as the hoary hills of Newfoundland, of wreck and rescue at sea—too often only wreck. Captain Davies in his message stated that the Northern Light sailed from St. John's and that she was owned by Job Brothers. After my mother died in Boston and when I was only five, I was sent down to St. John's. Vividly I remember stealing fish from Job Brothers' Cove.

This is the rescue itself, as it looked from the Baltic, with the lifeboat pulling away from the Northern Light.



Skipper Parsons and, behind him, his son Peter, younger brother of Rex, who was drowned.

The capital of the island is built on the side of a steep hill, rising immediately from the water's edge in a landlocked beautiful harbor and up and over to sprawl on the plateau behind. It is a city of wooden houses, of unpaved streets which in my time were filled with the long carts of fishermen in for supplies.

FIRES have destroyed St. John's, and blizzards at sea have taken the lives of Newfoundland's best men. I have myself seen the frozen bodies of hundreds of once mighty fishermen stretched along the snow-covered wharf awaiting their women's moan of recognition.

My father was a fisherman—not one of your kind who piddle along the shore, but a Grand Banker. He died from injuries received at sea a few months after I was born. He sailed out of Gloucester, Massachusetts, when that town was a Newfoundland colony transplanted to America. I didn't know much about him, of course, but survivors of his age tell me that in his way he was a bit of a hero. Everybody's father naturally is. He went to sea when he learned to walk and at the age of seventeen captained his first schooner out of Gloucester, the youngest captain ever to sail from that glamorous port on a major sea voyage. He took his own ship and a cargo of fish across to Spain. With him was his closest pal, Joe Bonia, a cousin. Joe was afterward lost at sea when his schooner sank in the Pacific. The two were known as the Two Vals, and whenever one hove in sight the other was sure to be in the offing. My father's name was Valentine. Their first exploit was to smuggle a cargo of rum into Placentia from St. Pierre, when Placentia needed the good liquor and money was missing to buy it. They were then twelve, but old hands at handling a sail.

What amazed me most when I met Captain Parsons was his size. He was a small man, tough enough, God and the Atlantic know, but small for all that. My own ancestors were big men, as were most of the old fishing generation. My cousin, Richard Wise, was all of six foot six. My father was well over six feet. So was Joe Bonia. My grandfathers were as large as their children. And the womenfolk were big women. My old aunt, at present in Placentia, Newfoundland, always gave me the impression she could mother half the world, feed them, and wash them. I wonder in this day how she managed it.

We were people of large families—five, six, and seven and up to fifteen. Paddy Feehan, I remember, had sixteen children, all of them kept in good health by Mrs. Feehan, and all of them raised on an average income of seven dollars a week—not a day, mind you, but a week. One good fishing season bought the village children shoes and clothes, a few barrels of flour, and a meal or two of fresh meat, and left a few pennies over for the church.

Of course there were no radios to distract Mrs. Feehan's attention from the young Feehans. Nor had she a Ford. If I remember rightly, she had never heard of bridge. The garden, the washing, and the children took up most of her time. The rest she spent knitting. My aunts and uncles averaged seven children a family. We didn't do so well, as both my parents died in their youth.

The menfolk were gone from home for long stretches, whether at the fisheries or taking their cargoes across to foreign markets. Then the lives of the women became

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced.
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[THE NORTHERN LIGHT
Continued from page forty-one]

hard. Scarce a voyage that did not bring in news of the death of some loved one. But they were loyal people, loyal to the sea that fed and robbed them.

Winter nights were glorious nights, with the snow piled ten, twenty, or even thirty feet in the drifts and sometimes making it necessary to get out of the house by the upper windows. We had to get out at times to get the dogs and bring home sledloads of wood for the kitchen stoves. We never lit the one in the parlor until one of the family died. I don't think the snow falls so heavily now. Maybe it didn't then and it was my own size that enlarged it.

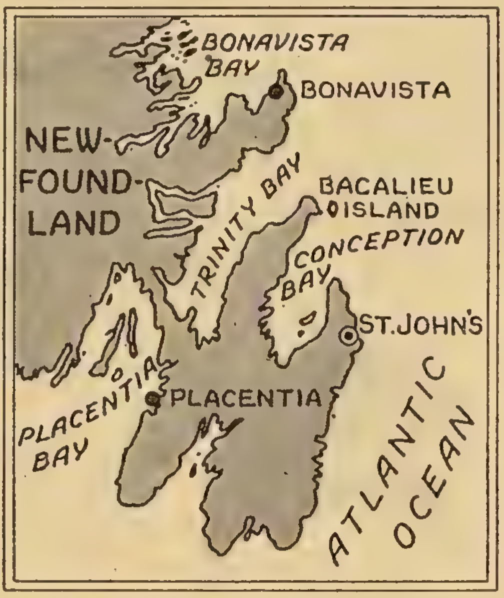
Skipper Parsons was going home for such a winter and bringing with him supplies for the town and toys for the bairns for Christmas. A long winter was ahead and these supplies might easily be the last available. The harbor of St. John's was filled with craft like the skipper's. All of them were taking supplies to their outport homes. On the fatal morning before the storm eleven schooners with their crews put out to sea. Two of them are reported sunk with all hands and the German liner Bremen reported finding the wreckage of another. The ships were generally owned and manned by members of one family and a few friends and neighbors.

THE skipper was down from Bonavista with his crew of five. They were his two sons—Peter, aged seventeen, and Rex, aged twenty—and Fred Wiseman, forty-eight; Curley Holloway, thirty-four; and Richard Russell, twenty-three. The Northern Light was already loaded and the last to go aboard was the supply of toys. Christmas was around the corner and a child of faith knows that snows and storms at sea cannot halt the coming of Santa Claus. They were not expensive toys. Woolworth's in New York has better. But they meant a lot to the children just the same. The men themselves, on their longer voyages, had fashioned some of them.

On November 9, the Northern Light got up sail and dropped out of the Narrows for the run around the coast, across Conception Bay, past Bacalieu, across Trinity Bay, and around the head into Bonavista Bay to Bonavista town. It was to be a short trip and a merry one.

Let Skipper Parsons tell the rest. And remember that it is not alone the story of the fate of the Northern Light, but of every Newfoundland schooner that ever breasted a tempest, endured with less fuss than accompanies a two-inch snowfall in New York, and with far less fear in the crew than afflicts the passenger list of a sight-seeing airplane over the flatlands of Long Island.

"We left St. John's at five in the evening. The wind was southwest and moderate. It held that way for two hours; then it shifted slightly. We were steering nor'-nor'east and making for Bacalieu. The wind in the southwest started blowing up until it increased enough for me to order the fores'l reefed. The wind steadied a bit and we let the fores'l out again. A heavy squall almost put us on our keel* and we reefed again and I ordered my son Rex to haul in the longsail. By that time we were eighteen miles from St. John's.



Newfoundland's east coast, off which the Northern Light fought the gale. She was bound from St. John's to Bonavista Bay, less than 100 miles, and was blown 400 miles out to sea.

"WE went along under close reef until the wind veered again, this time coming from due west. The sea was already running high and we were shipping a little water. All the men were on deck save my second son, Peter, who was acting cook.

"At midnight, after we were all tired out fighting the gale, I saw a light on the port bow. That must have been Bacalieu. Now she was blowing up hard and I told the boys to take in the mains'l. Peter came up on deck after the water leaking into her had put out the fire in the galley. We were still steering nor'-nor'east and I told the boys that if we could make Bacalieu we'd put her in the bay by eleven o'clock next morning. I changed her course nor'east by east by drift, and forced on, thinking the wind would go north. By seven o'clock next morning, after reefing and unreefing all night, we were off Catalina and the wind was coming stronger. Peter was taking a hand, but my Rex was feeling sick.

"The sea was running heavier all the time and by midday we were taking in a lot of water. The men shifted between the sails and the pumps. After midday it was blowing a full gale and getting worse. I told the boys then that our only salvation was to force on north because if we tried to turn back we'd pile up on the rocks along the coast. We had a single reef fores'l on her. My boy Rex was ill of pneumonia and wasn't acting right. The rest of the boys were all tuckered out. Rex's sickness was making him hysterical. The waves were pounding in over the deck and the wind was howling so we couldn't hear each other. It was cold, bitter cold, and Rex was wet through to the skin like the rest of us. I didn't feel right myself, always having had a little trouble with my stomach, and now, being a long time without food, it was turning up on me.

---

* Newfoundland for "threw us on our beam ends."

"Early in the afternoon the mains'l carried over the side, nigh taking two of us with it, and we were going under bare poles. But she was a good ship, and although the smash of the waves made her timbers shiver a bit, she could hold up under worse. The water was rushing into the hold and the men never left the pumps. We lashed the wheelsman to his post to keep him from going over, each man making fast his relief. The Northern Light isn't a big boat, about seventy tons in all, about forty-seven foot long and eighteen in the beam, and in a big sea she doesn't show up much. We were carrying distress signals, but I guess no one saw us.

"ON the early morning of Friday, the second day of the storm, we had given up hope of saving the ship, and the boys, when they got a moment free, knelt on the deck and prayed. We could only work to save life. Rex wasn't himself at all. The fever had got him. There weren't nothing I could do for him, and Peter, that's my youngest boy, was keeping an eye on him with me. We thought we were off the Funks, but couldn't be sure.

"After a bit we gave up the pumps, as we couldn't keep up with the water coming in, and were all clinging to the spars. The wind kept coming harder all the time instead of slackening. Thursday night we had veered ship again and headed southeast by east, half east, and although our poles were bare we were making fast time. Fred Wiseman got sick now from exhaustion and lack of food. He had been suffering with a cold before we left St. John's, same as my boy, only Rex was much worse. I tried to get Peter to take Rex below, but the water was deep in her and the fires had all gone out long ago, so it wasn't much good there. I didn't think my Rex would live to see the end of the ship.

"Our stores, most of which had been swept away, were all thrown overboard to lighten her. Last to go were the toys we had for the children.

"We saw no ships until the S. S. Baltic caught our distress signal and hove to in our win'ard. We gave right hearty thanks to the good God when we saw her lifeboat put out for us, and I might say here, young man, if you'll print it, that I want to thank the captain of that ship and the young officer, Mr. Walker, who skippered the lifeboat. That were a good piece of seamanship.

"When my Rex saw that we were getting help, it were too much for him. He hadn't aminded so much when we was alone, but the fever was running wild in him and we couldn't manage

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

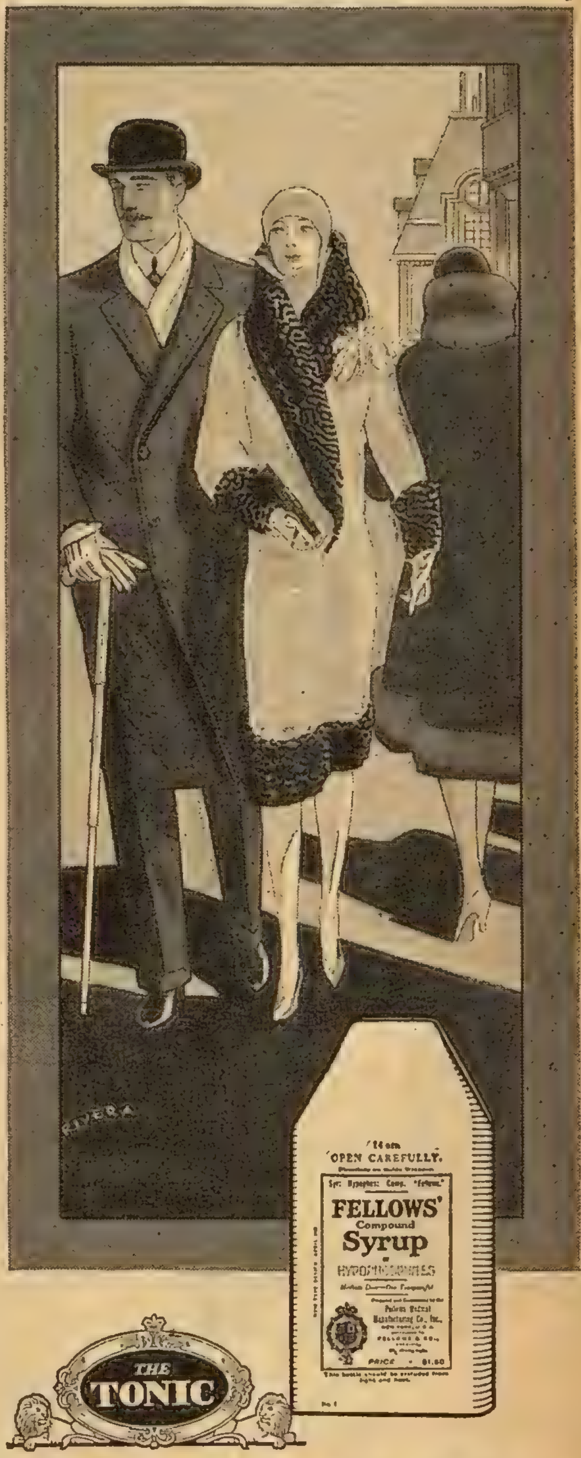
A Tonic to put you Back on your FEET

IF your cold or any winter illness hangs on, doctors warn you of the danger of a dragging convalescence. They know how apt the system is to contract other ills when the natural powers of resistance are low and gaining too slowly.

For its efficient strengthening and reconstructing benefits, doctors in 58 countries prescribe this fine old tonic. For more than half-a-century they have paid high tribute to FELLOWS' Syrup for putting patients back on their feet, *literally.* After illness or in run down condition, it replenishes the body's vital mineral elements. The entire system responds to its additional dynamic ingredients. Appetite is revived, digestion is righted, nerves are eased. The normal balance of physical energy returns, bringing a new-found zest for work and play.

FELLOWS' Syrup is uniform in potency because it is compounded with exceeding care and skill, directed by years of clinical experience, with each laboratory process rigidly controlled. Take FELLOWS', confident that it will markedly contribute to your health and well-being. Ask any physician.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.



FELLOWS' SYRUP

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Liberty will run a new series of Real Murder Mystery Stories by Sidney Sutherland. And Liberty will pay $10,000 in cash prizes for the best solutions to ten of the most famous murder mystery cases of recent years. . . . Even if you don't read these new stories with a view to winning a prize you'll enjoy this fascinating game of crime detection. . . . Look for details and *the first story*

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It's so easy—chew this delicious pepsin gum that Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion!

For over 30 years, millions have enjoyed the healthful effects of it —and the pleasant flavor of it . . . and the smooth-as-velvet texture of it . . . for Beeman's is every inch as delicious as it is healthful.

BEEMAN'S

PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

THE NORTHERN LIGHT

Continued from page forty-three

him. He was laughing and dancing on the rolling deck and wouldn't take off his heavy oilskins so he could jump into the lifeboat when she pulled alongside. You see, we had to do that because it took a lot of handling to keep near us at all.

"You know the story after that. Rex, God have mercy on his soul, fought with me when I tried to loosen up his big boots which I knew would carry him down if he jumped short of the boat. I tried to hold him back, but I'm not a strong man and Peter couldn't help, either. The boys had to hold themselves on or they'd be swept overboard. Rex was bigger and heavier than me and his brother and when he jumped for the boat he missed it and went down. That was the last sight of him I'll have on this earth."

After that, Skipper Parsons would not speak another word. He had told his story, and indeed, it was enough. I could picture for myself the storm-weakened father on the pitching deck of his schooner, struggling with his fever-maddened son to save the boy's life. I could see the struggle fail and feel a little of the old man's agony as the waters closed over his boy.

All through the skipper's tale I could see, for the waters were in my blood, too, the six men alone on an angry ocean fighting to keep a battered ship afloat, water gone, food gone, hope gone, and raging heavens above them. I could see these men on their knees, after doing all that men could do, praying to God for the help that came, and could remember those who on that same day, and not many miles away, fought and prayed in vain.

Skipper Parsons will go home and get him another ship and with his living boy sail the seas again. The steamship Republic will speed her gallant crew to some new rescue. The Bremen will sight another fragment of wreckage left by the ocean to carry a tale of its triumph. The liner Baltic, throbbing her powerful way across the Atlantic, will reach down for the crew of some tiny craft whose like braved the seas before herself was dreamed of.

The skipper can do nought else. It is heritage. And when the tourist season is on and Americans visit that quaint frontier town of his to find him on the fish flakes drying his catch of cod, let them take a tip from me and not ask him about it. Save that he lost his son on the voyage, he will have forgotten all about that particular trip of the Northern Light.

THE END

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All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

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Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—How many states does Maine border?

2—Who was goddess of the morning in classical mythology?

3—What is a quatrain?

4—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *pro tempore?*

5—What is the difference between interstate and intrastate?

6—What is a minuend?

7—What is an oviparous animal?

8—What is the period between bells in marking time on shipboard?

9—What is a cenotaph?

10—What is a pogrom?

11—What South American nations are known as the ABC Powers?

12—What is a fetish?

13—What is a metronome?

14—Where is Baluchistan?

15—What does fulsome mean?

16—What is an arpeggio?

17—What is meant by tempering a metal?

18—Between which of the Great Lakes is Niagara Falls?

19—Who was Hygeia in classical mythology?

20—Which extends farther north, Maine or Minnesota?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

His Father's WAGON

A Short Short Story

By

JIM TULLY

who has been in his thirty-odd years laborer, tramp, circus roustabout, professional pugilist, reporter, tree surgeon, chainmaker, poet, and fiction writer. He lives in Hollywood and writes about it—novels such as Jarnegan.

Picture by J. WELCH

THE wagon was loaded with watermelons. They shone with dark green luster under the southern sun. Hitched to it was an old roan team. Patiently they waited in front of the sun-scorched house. Now and then they looked around for their master. At last he came and gave them each a withered apple. He climbed upon the seat and the slow journey began.

The horses looked neither to right nor left. They walked slowly, heads down, tails unmoving. Green flies buzzed around them. The wagon creaked. The wheels wabbled.

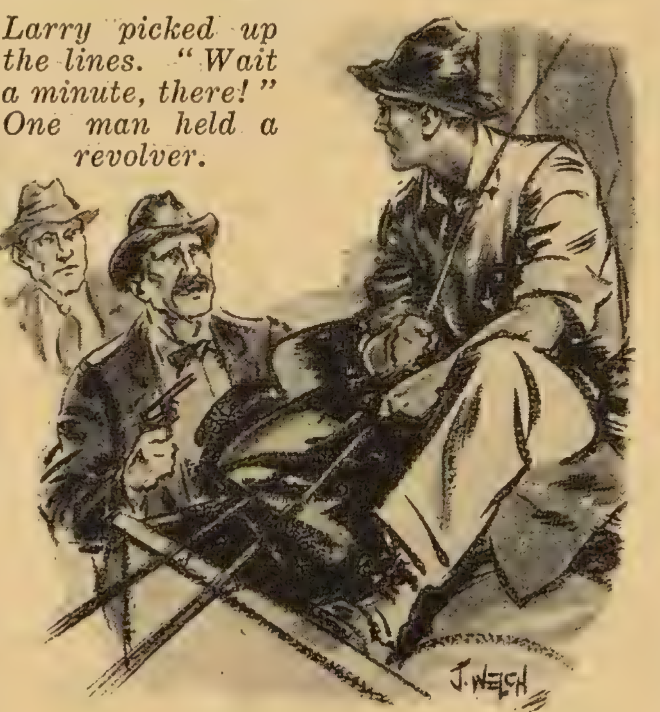
The driver sat moveless. His faded blue eyes squinted. His brown army shirt was open at the throat. His feet were perched on the dashboard. The leather of his shoes was worn brick-red. His heavy hand held the lines loosely at a point where they had become thin by long contact with his fingers.

His face was finely chiseled—a face inherited from inarticulate generations of mountaineers who lived sparsely on scantily yielding soil. His eyes alone gave softness to his weather-beaten face. They were the eyes of one who gave withered apples to tired horses.

He was seemingly unconscious of the beauty around him. It was, nevertheless, a part of his life. Every spring he planted a geranium bed in the corner of the timothy lawn. It remained green long after the grass turned yellow.

His mind was filled with many thoughts. They centered about Ora. He had known her all his life. He had dreamed of marrying her when they were both children.

She went to normal school; he went to the war. Now he was soon to marry her.



Larry picked up the lines. "Wait a minute, there!" One man held a revolver.

THE boy stopped in front of the village store. He wrapped the lines about the whipstock and wiped the horses' shoulders with a piece of burlap.

The village store was also the post office. The proprietor sorted a meager mail. He glanced anxiously at two strangers who gazed out of the door as Larry entered with a large melon. Long years in the hills told him they were "revenoors."

"Excuse me, please," Larry asked pleasantly as he edged his way past the two men in the doorway.

"Certainly," both exclaimed, as they stepped back from the door and looked at each other.

"Well, here's somethin'll make you happy," the postmaster said to Larry. It was a long government envelope. "You're acomin' up in the world. This is from the old Uncle hisself. See—it says, 'Penalty for private use three hundred dollars.'"

Larry opened the envelope and pulled out something. It resembled a Liberty Bond, but had more yellow and green on it.

Martin exclaimed: "That ain't so bad—your bonus insurance." He looked at it more closely. "Got it made out to your people, too. That's a fine thing of the old Uncle, now, hain't it?"

The two men looked at Larry.

"Well," he said, "it's not so bad—but I've got to die to git it."

The men followed him outside.

"What you got in that wagon, young feller?"

"Watermelons."

"I know you got watermelons, but what else?"

Larry climbed into the seat and picked up the lines.

"Wait a minute, there! Not so fast. Answer us first. Whatcha got in the wagon here?"

"I told you what I had in the wagon."

"Yeah, we heard you the first time, but we're a bit doubtin' 'bout wagons in this neck o' the woods. We'll take a look ourselves."

One man held a revolver. His partner tumbled the melons about.

The man climbed down from the wagon. His face bore an expression of puzzled disgust. Relieved, Martin walked toward his store.

Larry took up the lines once more.

ONE man looked at the end of the wagon. He yelled to Larry, "Wait a minute, there!"

To his partner he said, "Listen, Mike! The tail end don't come to the bottom. She's got a 'possum belly."

The man jumped into the wagon and began throwing melons out. They fell on the dusty road and broke open.

Martin stood in the doorway, his heart with Larry, his head with the government he served.

A quick yank revealed the false bottom.

Piled in straw were jugs and bottles which gave the odor of burned oatmeal.

The man laughed. "Corn licker, eh? Where'd you make this and where you takin' it?"

Larry made no answer.

"Well, we'll find out. You take him to the county seat, Mike, and I'll stick aroun' here and see what I kin see."

Larry called to Martin, "Say, Mart, will you git someone to drive the team home and tell dad?"

"Sure I will," answered Martin confidentially. He knew that no real man of the hills ever told on another one.

"Why, don't you know we take the horses an' wagon, too? It belongs to your Uncle Sam now. It's confiscated for transportin' licker—in the name of the United States."

"But it's dad's wagon. It's all he's got. You wouldn't take his only team an' wagon, would you?"

His whip curled over the team.

They dashed down the road.

One of the men fired twice.

Larry crumpled. His jaws were clamped tight. His eyes were open to the downward-going sun.

A bullet had pierced through the left pocket of his army shirt.

The storekeeper picked up the green-and-yellow paper.

"It's his insurance," he said. "You know, he fought against the Germans."

"Did he?" asked the men in unison. "That's too bad."

THE END

Vox

Missionaries in China

Baltimore, Md.—I feel particularly irritable tonight. Frederick Palmer's article, "Christ and the Soviet in China," is responsible for this.

I want to say right in the beginning that I consider myself a God-fearing Christian gentleman, and have the greatest respect for the majority of the church members of this country. It is the spineless, incompetent, inefficient "sky pilot," wasting children's pennies and grown-ups' dollars on foreign missions, that riles me.

If the people of this country that are indirectly responsible for the conditions of which Mr. Palmer writes would read his article (they won't, for they are the caliber that never read what they don't want to know or believe) and realize that the missionaries of all the different sects are and have been the cause of 90 per cent of the Chinese troubles, maybe some of the $50,000,000 Mr. Palmer says is being spent by foreign missionary boards would stay in the United States. Here it could do some good, other than supply jobs for a few hundred educated incompetents.

Mr. Palmer was not entirely correct when he said that many of the so-called Christian Chinese were "rice Christians." He should have said all of them.

About two million people in the United States are responsible for this condition, and they are the same ones that are trying to cram prohibition down the throats of about twenty million others. (The balance of the population doesn't care if the country is wet or dry.)

I would like to sign my name to this, but the same forces that keep the American consuls from reporting facts as they see them prevent it. They would have my commission within a week.—*Naval Officer.*

St. Columbans, Neb.—The article by Frederick Palmer entitled "Christ and the Soviet in China" has come to my notice.

I have no desire to criticize, even indirectly, the non-Catholic missionaries in China. But I wish to make it clear that some of the author's statements about "missionaries" refer to non-Catholic missionaries exclusively.

The Catholic missionaries receive no salary. They have no relatives with them. They do not spend every sixth year on leave at home.

"Eight thousand missionaries found refuge in the treaty ports. Five hundred stuck to their stations." These figures are of non-Catholic missionaries. According to Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, a Baptist minister, former mission worker in China and now Professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale, there was, in 1927, "an exodus of Protestant missionaries, while the majority of the Roman Catholic missionaries remained at their posts."

The revolution has not reduced the number of Catholic missionaries in China. They are increasing steadily. Therefore, when your contributor writes: "Meanwhile mission forces have not yet been recruited back to their prerevolution strength," he is writing of the non-Catholic missionaries only.—*(Rev.) Patrick O'Connor.*

Vallejo, Calif.—After taking up the slack in Palmer's article, I says there is one hombre whose top hamper ain't carried away by a lot of bloody old back wash of sentimentality.

He's got true bearings on the missionary situation in the Orient. As a sailorman who went out with Whiting on the Monadnock in '98 and stayed on them smelly old Chink rivers for twenty years, I know that brass hat, Palmer, is shaping a course for truth when he sounds off as he does.

The coolie is a low degraded mangy derrlick of an unreggeneratedable specie of baboon as what ain't got no redeeming features, none whatever.

So instead of wasting good descent American dollars stuffing good chow into there craws, I avocate machine guns the very minute they even look like they want to get tough. What does a man what don't know discipline or the nonneclature of a Springfield know about government, I ask you. You can't drive pigs with poetry but you can sure as hell do so with a kick in their rudder posts frequent.

These Soviets, Chinos, and college bred monstrawsities think they got the whole bloody Orient by the tail on a down hill pull. But I inform you they ain't. Probably a lot of mealy mouth parlor house guys with there half a fathom of bildge water brains will say the Chinks is there equals. But I knows different. The rice is the mane issue with them.

I've seen them in Hankow and Changsha in German English and Frog concessions. I know them hombres and they hate our livers.—*Pat Egan.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—Curiously, when this page went to press no letters had been received presenting a Protestant missionary viewpoint on Mr. Palmer's article.

Oh Yeah?

Los Angeles, Calif.—After reading Liberty for several weeks while ill in a hospital, and under observation in the psychopathic ward, I have been declared unbalanced. There was a fellow, too, in the ward by the name of Bert Green who was writing stories all the time.

I don't know whether he is the "Interior Decorator" or not. But even though your Bert Green should become suddenly insane and continue to write for Liberty, no one would know the difference.—*Nat Waller.*

We Say It's a Good Piece

San Diego, Calif.—In reference to Mr. Edward Doherty's story, "The Diamond Eye," permit me to remark that never before have I known such trashy matter to be published by your magazine, and I've been an ardent subscriber for some time.

That style of story might, though I find it difficult to conceive of, appeal to extravagant-minded and ignorant people; but will you admit that even a small part of your magazine is devoted to the furtherance of cheap reading matter?

Am waiting impatiently for you to resume your even keel.—*D. B. T.*

New York, N. Y.—I would like to express my opinion on the serial you are now running in your magazine, namely, "The Diamond Eye." It is the finest and most exciting mystery I have read for a very long time. If you keep on publishing modern stories of this sort, you will find me a constant reader of your publication.—*E. Wohlleben.*

And Then What?

Washington, D. C.—Give us more war stories. Something with a kick in it. Something like this: "He poked his dome above the parapet, and almost at once a machine gun started up!"—*L. O. F.*

Constructive Criticism

Madison, Wis.—Beatrice Grimshaw, authoress of "The Angel of the Palms," has "penetrated to many spots never before reached by a white woman," so your introduction to the story says.

We agree—she must have traveled pretty far to pick up the ideas she put in this far-fetched romance of the South Seas.—*Ruth and Laura.*

Articles vs. Something to Read About

College Station, Tex.—After reading Liberty ever since it came out, with the idea of better magazines for a five-cent piece, I haven't found a thing to gripe at until lately.

Anyone reading Liberty for the first time this week—January 25 issue—would think that it was trying to push the article magazines out of their fold. In that issue you had just exactly thirty pages of articles and only a measly twenty-two pages of something to read about.

Great guns, man, I can read about battleships, etiquette, Russia, Japan, and all of the other sorry articles you've been putting in a good magazine, in the newspaper. What's a newspaper for, anyway?

Let's go back to the time when newspapers was newspapers and Liberty was a dern good magazine.—*R. F. D.*

Pop

Should Canada Annex the United States? We Still Don't Know

DETROIT, MICH.—What's the matter with Liberty, supposed to be 100 per cent American, talking about us being annexed to Canada? If you want to be high-hatted just go over there without money.

Why do you suppose so many Canadians are living over here? It's because their own country doesn't suit them.

How would you like to live where you can't buy ice cream on Sunday unless you smuggle it out of the drug store under your coat?

Talk about the feeling between the north and the south here—we would have it plus if either country were annexed to the other.

Why, the high paid mechanic here lives as good as the well placed business man there.

If you want to live in a hidebound country, move over there.—*One who lived there and is gladder than glad to be back here.*

OHIO, ILL.—Allow me to express sincere admiration of your editorial, "Should Canada Annex the United States?"

It suggests a sadly wanting remedy for a badly disrupted and doubly corrupted nation.

Canadian sanity would quickly end fanatical desires and dominance by nonproducing, greedy, professional regulators of honest citizens—citizens who were honest, hard-working patriots until the brand of felon was placed on their Christ, their ancestors, their family, and themselves.—*P. F. Anderson.*

TYLER, TEX.—I wish to heartily approve of your courage in proposing the annexation of the United States by the Dominion of Canada. It would solve many of our problems such as the murderous crime wave, prohibition, provide Federal regulation of marriage and divorce, and give the will of the majority in the Congress more power to control the government.

When Premier W. L. M. King, in Canada, fails to maintain a majority in Parliament he must resign, but our presidents hold on even after a decisive defeat.

Yours for the alliance of all English-speaking peoples.—*James V. Sinclair.*

DWIGHT, KAN. — Your editorial, "Should Canada Annex the United States?" is O. K.

Touring Canada last summer I found many a "Canuck" who felt we must stick together and that our international line was in reality only a boundary that should be meaningless. Wipe out the line by mutual agreement, leave the gun and sword at home, and meet with extended hands!—*Will Zurleucken.*

Inside Dope for a Vicious Editor

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—Your editorial, "Give a Thought to Russia," was the most subtle and vicious thing since "The Red Napoleon."

The public does not know the real conditions and facts about Russia. The money powers control newspaper and magazine publishing, and publish only what will benefit their own interests. You will hide and distort the facts as long as you can.

Why has not a country the right to experiment with its internal affairs and moral problems without outside interference?

Is the owning of private property the steam that runs our social system? What is that system run for? The happiness of the majority or the wealth of the minority?

Our own social system refutes your arguments. The average man works for a large corporation, lives in a rented house or apartment. Why are the chain stores so successful? It's not private ownership. How many landowning farmers have brains enough to make good profits farming? The corporations will take over farming as everything else.

The average person owns little private property. The question is, who will control the property—big business or the government?

What would you do in this "inevitable" conflict with Russia? You would sit in your office and write nice "patriotic" articles to help the "great" cause. The people who make the wars are not the ones who fight them.—*Donald Peart.*

Huh

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Give Ralph Barton a bouquet. He's the cleverest of your staff. That sounds like faint praise, I know, Ralph, but it really *is* meant to be a compliment.—*Helen L. Fletcher.*

All Right. See Page 50

LANCASTER, PA.—A few good boxing stories or sport stories of almost any kind would put Liberty back on the pedestal where it once rightfully held sway over all other mags. Yes, give us some good sport stories but complete them in *one* issue.—*Franklin.*

For General Reilly

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—I am eager to be among the first to congratulate you upon presenting Brigadier General Reilly's splendid article, "In the Next War—Battleships or Airplanes?" to the readers of Liberty. You were wise in the selection of a well versed, clear-minded author to illuminate the question.

Despite the incessant howlings of editorial propagandists who advocate the destruction of "obsolete" battleships and the substitution of airplanes and submarines in their stead, I am quite content in the defense the present naval policy holds for America. I would take my chances without fear with the present fleet built around battleships should an encounter ever occur between it and the mythical one of the propagandists.—*Charles M. Lumm.*

CLOVIS, CALIF.—The Battle of Jutland was fought nearly fourteen years ago, but it remained for Liberty to write the story so everyone could understand it.

You and General Reilly have performed a noble public service and it is my fervid hope that it will not be your last.—*C. V. Stirling.*

No Sir! No Sly Experiments for Us. Integrity Is Our Motto

CHICAGO, ILL.—At last you have written up one of the movie stars so that a father or mother can point to that actor's record as one to emulate. I refer to your article on Ronald Colman, by Adela Rogers St. Johns. If industry, business, and governmental activities were directed mainly by men of Colman's type the world would be a better place to live in.

You know, some of us Nordics are weary and disgusted to read of almost nothing but sex, cigarette-smoking, whisky-drinking, and loose-moraled girl heroines. We know that such people in real life are the exception, not the rule—thank God! Strong men, and decent, are still exerting their influence for the good of all; lovely and virtuous girls, noble women in plenty are still inspiring men to do their best.

Why not make a sly experiment? Very cautiously and surreptitiously publish here and there a really clean and inspiring story or other article that will exalt, rather than debase, the mind and soul and watch the reaction from your readers.—*Frank Starr.*

Well, He's Back This Week

CAIRO, ILL.—In your issue of January 25 I noticed that you had the goat butting Sandy off of the front of your interesting weekly. This is something that I have wanted to see ever since you have been putting Sandy on your cover. I never did like that little man with his little mustache.—*J. H. Moore.*

How Do You Mean Interesting?

WASHINGTON, D. C. — I see your "What Is Beauty?" series has ended. I read all the articles in it, and now know a little more about beauty. A little more —not a heck of a lot more.

And now, if you want to make life interesting for yourself, start a new series and call it "What Is Beauty in Women?" and watch the fur fly.—*F. J.*

Your whiskers can't resist them

The fiercest scraggiest bunches of whiskers that grow, haven't a fighting chance with a Radium Blade.

Super keen, wide beveled, doubled edges of this blade do a 100 per cent shaving job 365 days a year.

No matter how rough or tough your beard, its all off when it bucks up against this champion chin cleaner.

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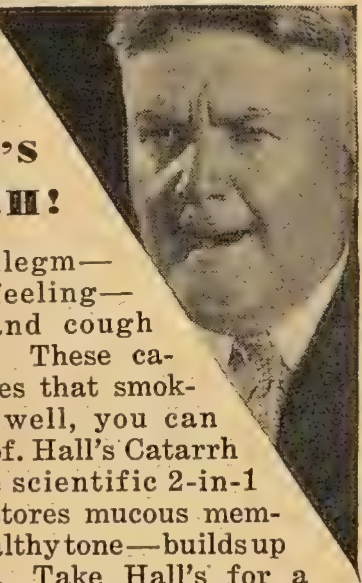
Made of finest razor steel in the world by Radium Cutlers—past masters of the art. Leading Drug, Hardware, Sporting Goods stores sell five for 38c or ten for 75c or send to Otto Roth Inc., 15 E. Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger Ltd., Distributors, New York.



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Annoying phlegm—stuffed-up feeling—hoarseness and cough—bad breath. These catarrhal troubles that smokers know so well, you can easily get rid of. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, the scientific 2-in-1 treatment, restores mucous membranes to healthy tone—builds up resistance. Take Hall's for a short time; then know the added pleasure of smoking without throat irritation!

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Ingrown Nail Turns Outward —NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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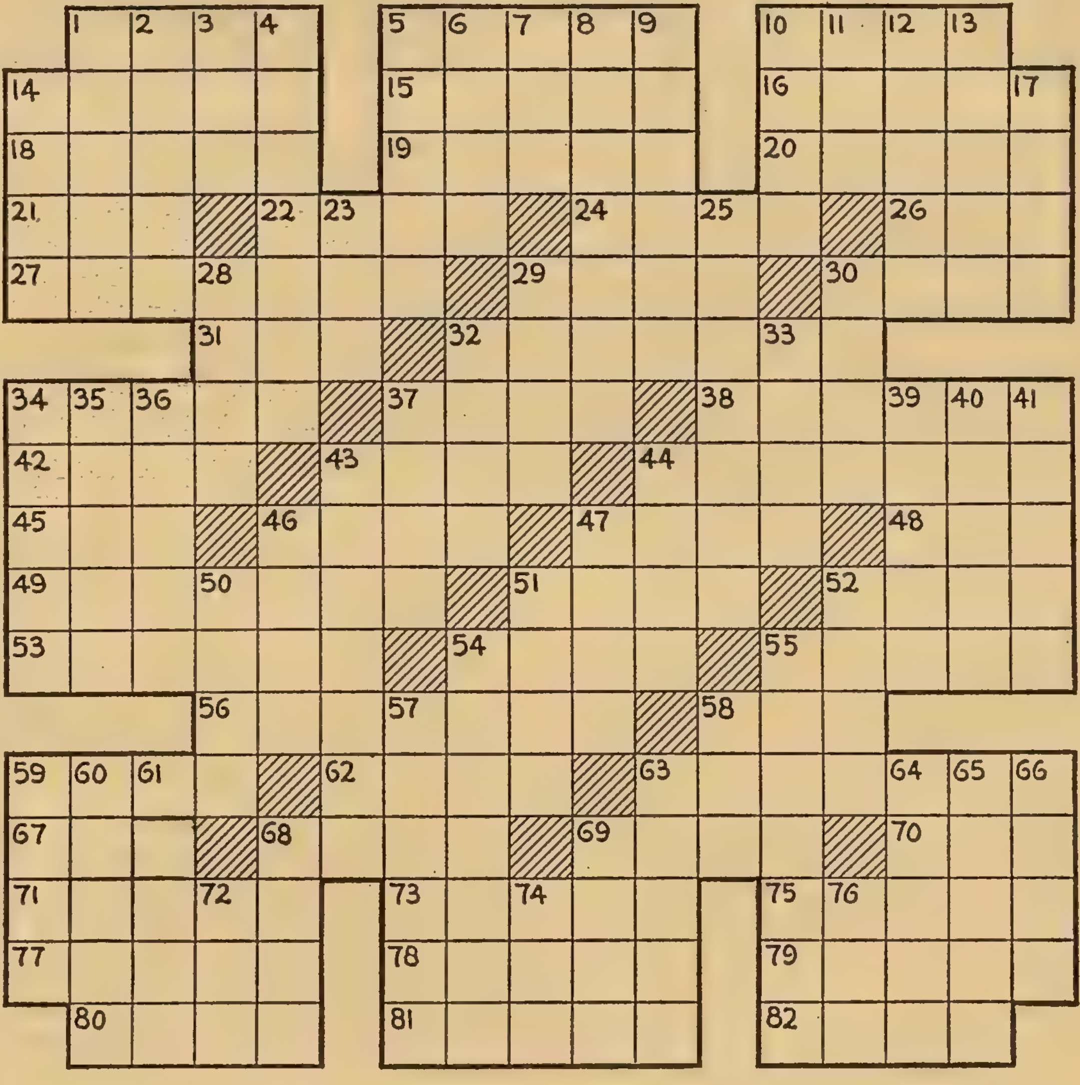
Lucky Tiger Corrects Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request. *At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

Liberty's Twin

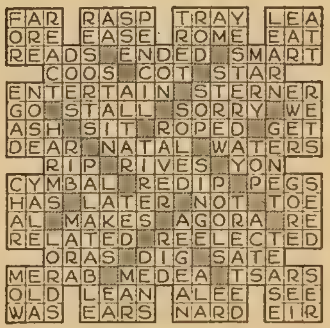


HORIZONTAL

1 Point that stands backward in an arrow
5 Leaf of a calyx
10 Genus of trees
14 Animal of South America
15 To await
16 Fragrance
18 Woman's name
19 Commence
20 One of the Apostles
21 Stray
22 Rent
24 Part of the head
26 Cardinal number
27 Heart contraction
29 Good promise
30 Mohammedan of the Philippines
31 In addition
32 Keep back; withhold
34 Boxes
37 Existence
38 Leased
42 Endure
43 Gone by
44 Titular character in a Shaw play
45 Viper
46 Step
47 Agreement
48 Noise; confusion
49 Barren; unfruitful
51 Such and no more
52 Large bundle
53 Wading birds
54 Clew
55 Vales; valleys
56 Compensation
58 By
59 Painful
62 Point of the compass
63 Irrigator
67 Exist
68 Sums up
69 Kind of johnnycake
70 High priest who trained Samuel
71 Of the Pope
73 Species of loon
75 One of the legendary founders of Rome
77 Cubic meter
78 Dens
79 Move smoothly
80 Otherwise
81 Growing out
82 Devoured

VERTICAL

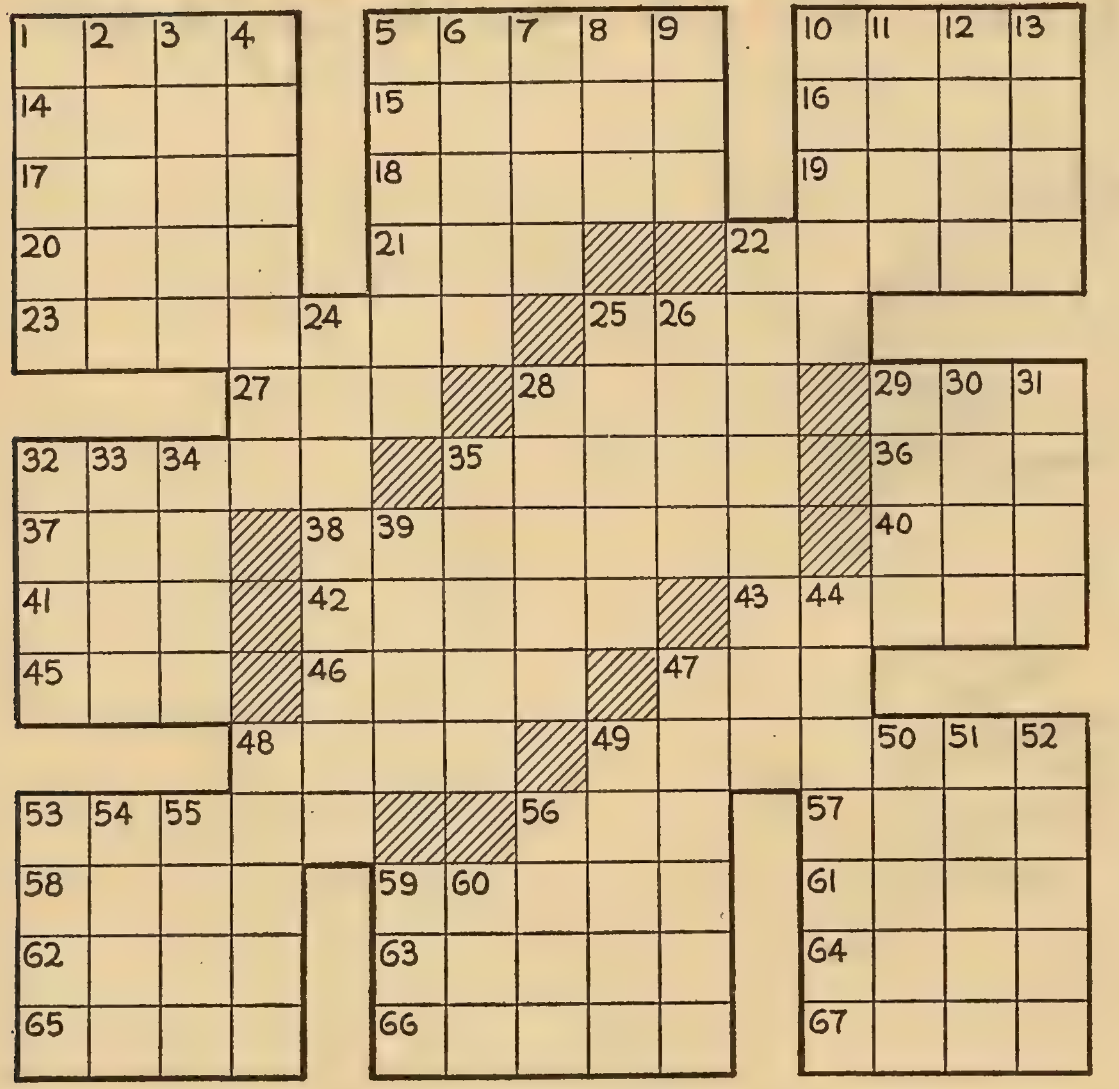
1 County in Michigan
2 Imitators
3 Japanese coin
4 Natives of Bretagne or Brittany
5 Swordlike weapon
6 Man's name (contraction)
7 Swine
8 Fatty
9 Indian of an Algonquian tribe
10 Sleeveless garment
11 Crude metal
12 A game
13 Mohammedan noble
14 Binds
17 River in Italy
23 Aged
25 Raised platform of earth
28 Sour
29 Raise aloft
30 Repair
32 Ascend
33 An opening
34 To cut by sweeping strokes
35 Imitation gem
36 Turkish coin of small value
37 Net fabric
39 Pertaining to tides
40 Roman magistrate
41 Scandinavians
43 Paralyzed; shaky
44 A vehicle
46 Liquid measure
47 Hang as if balanced
50 A flower
51 Aromatic plant
52 Denuded
54 A mercenary in the Revolutionary War
55 Cleanse; purge away
57 Propel, as a canoe
58 Cooking utensil
59 Undermines
60 Declaim
61 Repulse
63 In poorer health
64 Forgive
65 Evade
66 Ascended
68 On or toward the sheltered side
69 Saucy
72 Areas ten meters square
74 By way of
76 Highest note in the scale of Guido



FAR RASP TRAY LEA
ORE EASE ROME EAT
READS ENDED SMART
COOS COT STAR
ENTERTAIN STERNER
GO STALL SORRY WE
ASH SIT ROPED GET
DEAR NATAL WATERS
RIP RIVES YON
CYMBAL REDIP PEGS
HAS LATER NOT TOE
AL MAKES AGORA RE
RELATED REELECTED
ORAS DIG SATE
MERAB MEDEA TSARS
OLD LEAN ALEE SEE
WAS EARS NARD EIR

Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Inquires
5 The favorite pupil of Socrates
10 One of the sons of Noah
14 Begone!
15 A style of type
16 A state of profound insensibility
17 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
18 The goddess of peace, daughter of Zeus
19 To throw or give out or off
20 Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
21 The pieces used in chess or checkers
22 Anoint
23 Bench with a high back (plural)
25 Bathe
27 Attention
28 Tear
29 A mass of anything soft
32 Peruses
35 To clothe, as with a mantle or cloak
36 Cloth woven from the hair of camels
37 A morsel left at a meal; a fragment
38 Those who use a certain garden tool
40 Usual or fixed practice; regular course
41 One of a branch of the Tai race
42 Rowed
43 Angry
45 A tree
46 Within
47 Deer
48 Stake in the game of poker
49 Social conduct
53 Sharp pain
56 Forbid
57 King of Sweden (1560-68)
58 Companions
59 Take a particular course or direction
61 Interlaced into a fabric
62 City in Pennsylvania
63 Articulated joint, as of a bivalve's shell
64 Paradise
65 To last under use
66 Penetrate
67 Small hollow

VERTICAL

1 Equine quadrupeds
2 Succession of ascending and descending steps and degrees
3 Measure used to indicate fineness of gold
4 Restricted to a scant allowance
5 Either of two sizes of type

```
MARE TALES STAB
ELIA ANILE TINE
RAPT PILAR RANT
ESSAYIST■■CERES
   BORE■BROW
STALKS■MEANNESS
THREE■TEARY■ATE
EROS■THANE■TROD
POM■BRADS■SIENA
SWALLOWS■WARDEN
   OATS■WALE
CREST■■MOLESTED
RODE ABIDE OOZE
AVER SAMAR MORE
WENS SHINS ELAM
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

6 Space between the eye and bill in birds (plural)
7 Word of solemn ratification
8 Color shade
9 Pronoun
10 Division of a drama
11 Domicile
12 Masculine personal name
13 Companion
22 Repugnance
24 Roping
25 Existed
26 To declare in a positive manner
28 A round-up
29 State in Brazil
30 To be contiguous
31 A fruit
32 Assumed part
33 Pertaining to a period of time
34 Minute particle
35 A position in thrusting or parrying (fencing)
39 Desire earnestly
44 Resumed
47 Scurf on the head
48 A genus of typical geese
49 Skin disease affecting domestic animals
50 Wear away
51 To be split or rent asunder
52 Perfume
53 Vomit
54 A weed
55 A bone of the pelvis (plural)
56 Crooked
59 Definite article
60 Japanese coin

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"
"No; *I Learned it* in 6 WEEKS!"

HER employer laughed aloud. "*Six weeks!* You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her note book.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A B C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' used is a letter you already know—one that *your hand needs no special training* to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters.*

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Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system, which may be taken down with a pencil or on a typewriter; can be learned in a third of the usual time needed to master any other system; is more accurate, and can be written with amazing rapidity.

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Heavyweight

A Study of a Sentimental Sailor

By

PAUL GALLICO

International photo

Jack Sharkey with his daughter Dorothy after his visit of faith to the cemetery in Malden.

A TORRENTIAL rain whipped by a biting northern wind fell over the grave of the Rev. Patrick Power where the good and holy father, many years deceased, lay resting in Holy Cross Cemetery at Malden, Massachusetts, a short drive from Boston. It chilled and drenched the hordes of the miserable. With their plodding and, very commonly among them, twisted and crippled feet they churned the cemetery paths into muck.

P. & A. photo

Pilgrims praying in the rain at Father Power's grave in Holy Cross Cemetery, Malden, Massachusetts.

On the path's edge would appear long, wavering lines made by dragged crutches and sometimes little holes where the supplicants had rested. At the slab's side wretched men and women smeared mud they deemed holy on their faces or stopped and prayed until the impetus of the ever forward moving line pushed them away to the accompaniment of the metallic voices of policemen who cried, "Move on! Keep moving! Come on, come on!"

Outside the cemetery in an automobile with his family and two friends sat Jack Sharkey, the heavyweight prize fighter, returning from a trip into New Hampshire.

"Just rubbernecking!" was the way Sharkey put it.

Mrs. Sharkey left the car and went into the cemetery chapel. Sharkey sat in the car with his oldest daughter, Dorothy, aged four and a half, on his lap. A birth injury had left the girl practically blind in her left eye. Sharkey's life is wrapped up in her.

The fighter watched the endless line of miracle seekers with his strange light-colored eyes. He saw a man on two crutches with bent legs propelling himself forward with a dreadful gyrating effort. Weeks later, he mimicked the man's gait for me with such horrible truthfulness (strange that all heavyweight fighters I have known should be able to mimic) that one could form a clear picture of how tremendously Sharkey had been impressed.

As the fighter watched, the cripple reached the grave and halted. His right crutch fell from beneath his armpit. A policeman recovered it and offered it to him, but Sharkey said he saw him refuse it and then with a tremendous effort draw himself erect on straightened legs, and with but one crutch go stalking laboriously down the path.

SHARKEY put down the child and quit the car. The rocking figure of the man with the single crutch fascinated him. He followed him a way and then watched him until he was lost in the folds of the descending rain. When he returned to the car Mrs. Sharkey was there.

"Did you say a prayer for Dorothy?" he asked roughly.

His wife nodded.

"Wait here a minute," said Sharkey. "I'm going to the grave. It can't do her any harm." He picked the girl up and set her on his shoulder and entered the cemetery and took his place in line.

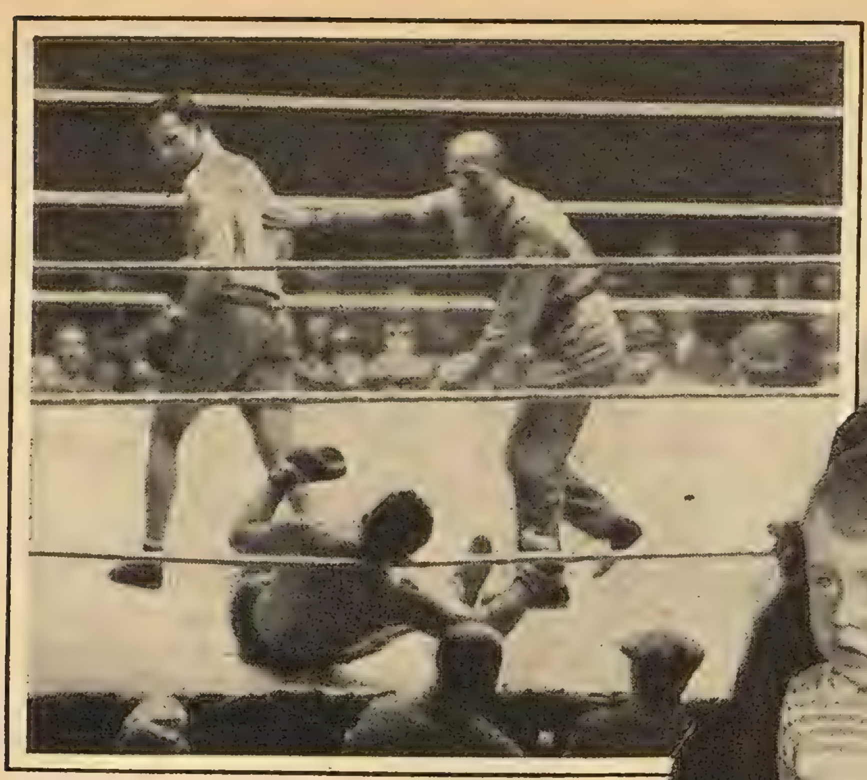
As he neared the grave, a reporter in a streaming slicker, the water running from the soaked brim of his hat, stepped out of a little group that stood to one side.

"Hello, Sharkey. Did you come out here espec—"

"Listen," said Sharkey. "I don't want no splash on this, understand? I don't want any publicity on this. I'm here. That's all. I guess you know why I'm here. . . ."

Then he moved on to the grave, and when he reached it he stopped, the man of brawn and muscle, of strength and savagery, who got his living by the injury he was able to inflict on other men under the proper auspices, and made his petition to a power that he did not understand but that he feared and trusted, and somehow hoped would notice him for a moment. . . .

As he turned from the stone, a photographer leaped forward like an agile monkey and rattled his black box at him and leaped back again. The prize fighter glared at him for a moment and then moved away without comment.



P. & A. photo
Sharkey knocks out Maloney. The referee is Lou Magnolia.

Back in the car, Sharkey placed his thumb over Dorothy's right eye. He held his handkerchief up before her.

"What is this?" he asked.

She raised her chin a little higher. "Your handkerchief."

"And what's this?"

"A glove."

"And this?"

"Your hat."

Sharkey wept.

They drove on back to Boston and home.

P. & A. photo
The Sharkeys at home in Chestnut Hill, with their son, Jack Junior.

SEVEN years ago, on a murky yellow Boston January day, a fat little man pulled up a funeral hack he was driving in front of Kelly and Hayes' gymnasium and climbed wheezily off the box. His name was Buckley, he drove the lugubrious chariot for a living, and on the side his hobby was fighters. He had a small stable of one-punch-and-out prelim boys.

He waddled up into the sweat-laden air of the stuffy gymnasium, where his little eyes came to rest upon a big Litvak with a shock of wet black hair tumbling over his brow and making him look like a Japanese doll, who was sparring with a gangling, yellow-haired partner. Over in a corner were piled bell-bottomed pants of dark blue, collared blouses, pea-jackets, and flat hats. All this Buckley noted before he began to apply himself to the behavior and carriage of the fellow with the black hair.

Now, any man who has ever had anything to do with fighters will tell you that there is a certain something about a heavyweight prospect. It's hard to describe it; maybe it is the way he moves or the way he carries his head, or the look on his face; anyway, whatever it is, you somehow know. And in his fat little bosom Buckley felt a terrific professional yearning for the big roughneck who was clowning around the practice ring. He went downstairs and assumed an attitude of great indifference and nonchalance against the doorpost. Pretty soon the two gobs came out.

Wide World photo
Mrs. Sharkey and little Jack, in the car, have been pacing big Jack as he did his road work.

Buckley poured honey and molasses into his voice.

"Hello, boys! What ship you off of?"

"Who the hell wants to know?" said Sharkey.

"Now don't get sore, sailor. I'm just askin'. I just seen you in there. I thought I'd ask you what ship you was off of."

"It's none of your blankety blank business," said Sharkey pleasantly. "We don't know you. How d'ya like that?" And he and his buddy went away from there.

But not before the little black eyes of Buckley had read the gold lettering on the ribbons of their flat hats: U. S. S. Denver.

The next day Buckley drove his somber vehicle down to the Boston Navy Yard. There he began to woo the big Litvak. His persistence finally won.

The fat Buckley is still the manager today, although there are certain individual interests. Every once in a while the rumor gets around that Sharkey and Buckley have split. It happens this way:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HEAVYWEIGHT Continued from page fifty-one]

Sharkey will be sitting on the rubbing table upstairs in Toland's gymnasium, where Sharkey trains in Boston. The cadaverous Palozzolo, his trainer, who looks like the Grim Reaper, thumbs and kneads the long, pliable muscles. Buckley is standing around smoking a fat brown cigar.

Sharkey will say in his rasping voice:

"Hey, Buckley, when you going to pay me that twenty-five you owe me?"

"What twenty-five?"

"Yeah! What twenty-five? What twenty-five?" Sharkey sits up and leers malignantly at the round little man. "What twenty-five! The twenty-five you owe me, stupid. . . ."

"Owe you for what? What for twenty-five? I don't owe you no twenty-five. What do I owe you for?"

"The bet! The bet! Are you gonna welsh like you always do? Last week on Callahan! What do you owe me for!"

"Oh, that bet. I don't owe you nothin'. I paid you that. . . ."

"What?"

"Sure, I paid you the money. Whosis was standin' there—"

"You did *what?*" Sharkey is again erect, and in his voice are such menace and cold fury that Buckley shrinks one full size.

"I paid you, didn't I? Wasn't Whosis there when I gave you the money? May God strike me dead if I didn't give you that—"

Sharkey is off the rubbing table and his enormous fist waves under Buckley's little nose. His voice has risen to an angry roar. "You paid me, eh—you so-and-so and so-and-so! That was for the other bet. That was the one you lost the week before. . . . Why, you dirty this-and-that . . . *paid me!* Do I have to take it off you? Do I have to get it off you, huh?"

Downstairs, the rappity-tappity, rappity-tappity of the light bag suddenly ceases as some pug wishes to hear better the terrific quarrel going on above. Through the thin wood partitions of the gymnasium the roaring, menacing, whining voices pierce. Trainers, managers, fighters tiptoe upstairs and peer cautiously into the room to be in on the murder.

But Sharkey is grinning at Buckley and Buckley is laughing at Sharkey. They have been amusing one another in their own tender way.

The Chestnut Hill home to which Sharkey retires for solid comfort after his fights.

WHEN the big fights in New York are over, while the workmen are still dismantling the ring and the boxing writers winding up their stories, Sharkey climbs into the driver's seat of his big car, his wife at his side, and they pull away from the Yankee Stadium, head up the Concourse, turn down Fordham Road, and then scuttle away up the Boston Post Road, Boston bound. Sharkey is going home.

The average citizen who reads of this precipitate flight is prone to inquire, "What is it, an act?" His suspicions have foundation in his experience with prize fighters who have found it profitable to play the home-and-mother gag to cover certain unorthodox departures from the straight and narrow. I myself recall being jolly well sold by one child of nature who loved the green forests, the lakes, the pines, the mountains, the log cabin on the shore, and the little lady in it. He was a rum hound and appeared for a great many of his fights dead drunk. But who would have thought it?

But I will stack what I know of the psychology of sailors on Sharkey's sincerity, his love for his home and his family, because I think he has found there such beauty and comfort, such peace and tenderness as he never dreamed would exist for him—never dared to dream, in all probability.

Sailors are queer creatures. They lie in their swaying hammocks at night and think of the time when they will own a little farm somewhere which will be inhabited by a starry-eyed counterpart of some hank of hair encountered during their years spent prowling the corners of the globe—a good woman. She will wear an apron; and usually they see her pulling browned biscuits out of a piping oven while little children surround her and ask for crusts.

What tenderness a sailor knows is purchased in scented and highly decorated parlors. His meals ashore are bought in grubby beaneries. For beauty he must look to the shining mechanism of his twelve-inch rifle and the straight outward thrust of its gray barrel, or to some fleeting moment when an equally lonely lady of the night confesses that she "likes him better than anybody she ever knew before."

He is a sentimental animal. Kindness and sympathy more than likely unnerve him. Tenderness to children is something he is a little ashamed of, and conceals.

P. & A. photos

Sharkey beside the swimming hole that he has had built on his place for the children.

Now, that was not meant to be a picture of Sharkey. It merely was an attempt to define some of the characteristics of a group to which Sharkey belonged for enough years to acquire their outlook. Even before he joined the navy, Sharkey had been a wanderer, a jack-of-all-trades, a restless one—shoemaker, laborer, truck driver, concrete mixer, dairy milk-bottle washer, glassworker, dishwasher, stevedore, roustabout, or what job have you. When he crossed the Brooklyn Bridge in New York on his way to the navy yard to join up, he walked because all he had in his pants pocket—the one that didn't have the hole in it—was a ten-cent piece.

If these things are understood it is possible to understand and accept in a less cynical manner Sharkey's love for his home, a lovely mansion on Chestnut Hill, Boston's exclusive residence section, and his delight in his children, his wife, and his friends—in short, in the realization of something that was perhaps only a rosy glow that might at night surround his slung canvas hammock in the bowels of a battle wagon.

I have the feeling that Sharkey rushes to his home almost as though he were afraid that it might not be there, or that when he arrived strange people would be occupying it and it would not be his. Too, it is there that his strange, restless spirit finds peace and contentment.

Sharkey's house is a low, rambling, English-type place of red brick and heavy timbers with a roof of colored slate. It stands on a large, grassy corner plot behind a low brick wall that steps down toward the garage. In one corner Sharkey has had built for his children a little concrete swimming pool, fed from a pipe concealed naturally beneath a large rock.

On the lawn in the summertime are slides and swings and playthings. Behind the house is a little stockade with a lean-to shelter where some day the children will play pirates. The grounds are well groomed and cared for, and the place fits in well with the rest of a rather worried community on exclusive Chestnut Hill. When the sainted citizens of that restricted neighborhood heard that a prize fighter was moving in there, their blood pressure mounted, and one worthy tried to outbid him.

But no lop-ears are ever seen slouching about the quiet, dignified place, no whoops of revelry issue from the interior after hours, and the worst that has happened has been the casual intrusion into the section of a newspaper man or two on a visit to Sharkey. His neighbors are beginning to like him a little. Anyway, they have quit worrying.

P. & A. photo

Sharkey comes home.

THE interior of the house gives one a distinct shock.

I realize that this comes under the head of a movie magazine sob-sister reaction, but I still must confess that I was not prepared to find the home of a Litvak-prize-fighter-ex-gob furnished from cellar to garret with some of the loveliest early American antiques I have ever seen. There isn't a piece of junk in the place. It is Mrs. Sharkey's taste. And Sharkey is acquiring it.

The dining-room set is Duncan Phyfe with graceful shield-back chairs. I admired them. "They ought to be good," said Sharkey. "They cost eighteen hundred. My wife's got me going on this stuff. Everything's got to be antique."

In the living room were wing chairs and a fine old secretary. Off the dining room was a smaller room with a deep fireplace. It was roofed with oak beams and the walls were of oak and unfinished—"except they're stained lightly and waxed," Sharkey pointed out with pride and passed his fingers gently over the surface. "After a while they get that natural look, sort of fuzzy."

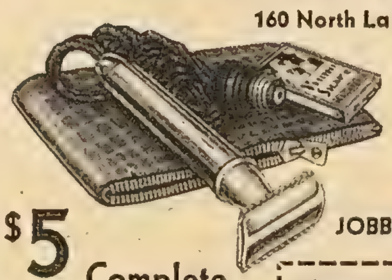
At one end was a bookcase built up to the ceiling. I am always a little nervous in the presence of books around a fighter after harrowing experiences trying to keep track of the literary tastes of Gene Tunney. There were good ones in Sharkey's library. I borrowed one of them, Cagliostro, by Johannes von Guenther.

But Sharkey soon put me at ease about that. "Mrs. Sharkey reads 'em," he said with a wave of his hand. "I like detective stories mostly."

There were big pewter dishes on the colonial mantel and pewter candlesticks. The chairs were rush-bottomed and ladder-backed. The bedrooms were furnished with great four-poster beds with period counterpanes, white and tufted. There were highboys and chests of drawers in maple and cherry. The closets were cedar-lined. Only the bathrooms struck the modern note, in colored tile with built-in, glass-inclosed showers. In the nursery were little child-size rush-bottomed chairs.

Down in the cellar were the playrooms for man and child. The main space was given over to a pool table. The walls of this room were lined from top to bottom with pictures of Sharkey—his whole pugilistic career. This

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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HEAVYWEIGHT
Continued from page fifty-three

place belongs to the men. When the managers come on out they go below where they can talk and smoke and track ashes and use the words that men use when the occasion calls for them. There is an entrance to the garage, and in it three cars are lined up. If you dig into the rumble seat of the roadster you will find, like as not, a couple of guns, shells, fishing tackle, hunting knives, rain jackets, boots, and so on. When not in training, Sharkey smokes thick cigars.

Herbert photo

In these circumstances, Jack's happiness is complete.

He got his crinkly nose not from a punch in the ring but when he played football on the All-Navy team. He was a fullback, and he prefers the ring to the gridiron on the theory that in boxing he has only one man to watch. One of his favorite jokes is to say, "Here, I'll play you a piece on the piano." He goes through all the virtuoso motions while the electric piano renders the selection. Then he will get up while it is still playing, as though he had forgotten. But underlying this is a rarely expressed longing to be able to play.

He owns more than twenty suits of clothes, but his favorite outfit is a red hunting jacket and a pair of corduroy pants. He is a talented mimic, and his imitation of Tommy Loughran is convulsing, as is his impersonation of Jimmy Maloney or a Polish wrestler in the gymnasium. This mimicry extends not only to the facial expressions of the subjects but to their boxing styles, as Sharkey is an attentive student of fighters' methods.

His distractions are hunting, fishing, and playing checkers. When there is a fight in Boston he buys a couple of hundred tickets and distributes them to the policemen he meets along the drive to town. He drives at a high rate of speed but with the utmost care and a nice judgment of distance coupled with faith in his brakes.

THERE is a $100,000 trust fund for his family, and his house and property costing in the neighborhood of $87,000 is paid up. He is a jealous husband and is deeply in love with his wife. But more than anything he loves his children, of whom there are three—Dorothy, Marilyn, and Jack, Junior, twenty months. The boy is a towhead and has his mother's ultramarine eyes. When Sharkey waves his big fist at him sometimes he will cover up with both arms, sending Sharkey into roars of laughter. In the next breath Sharkey will vow that at the first sign of his becoming a fighter he will take him out into the back yard and wring his neck.

Dorothy has first call upon his tenderest love; Marilyn, who inherits her father's weird sea-green eyes, is his show-off pet. It was Marilyn whom he put through an earnest catechism for my benefit one afternoon after he had bashed Tommy Loughran so violently in the face in a public ring that Tommy, utterly slug-nutty, wandered over, laid his head on Lou Magnolia's manly bosom, and asked for a chair and a bit of tea.

Sharkey placed one of his big paws under Marilyn's chin and asked her the questions to which she replied in a shy, husky voice.

"Who are you?"

"Marilyn Sharkey."

"Where do we live?"

"Chestnut Hill."

"Who am I?"

"Jack Sharkey."

"What do I do?"

"You fight."

"Who'd I just fight in New York?"

"Tommy Loughran."

"What did I do to him?"

"You knocked him out."

Sharkey has no contempt for his trade. He is proud of his ability and he loves to win.

MRS. SHARKEY is an attractive brunette who dresses beautifully and likes to play bridge. They employ a chauffeur and a cook. They are suckers for no salesmen. Sharkey will not buy stocks. He believes in trust funds, and that is that. His golf game is between 88 and 92 (the way he tells it), but the thing he is proud of is that he has never had a golf lesson.

Sharkey has not yet fought his best fight. He will turn this in some day when he is matched with some foreigner and assigned the task of keeping the heavyweight championship in the United States of America. For the big fellow is the George M. Cohan of the prize fighters. Intensely patriotic, a flag waver, a lover of his country, Sharkey, who fights best for a cause, will some day cut loose with his full complement of weapons, and when he does his opponent will have to be swept up.

His emotionalism springs from his nationality. Although born in Binghamton, New York, he is of Luthuanian extraction, and comes from a people who have never found the need for concealing their feelings or bottling their emotions. There is no self-consciousness in Sharkey. Sports writers will tell you that he cries more readily than any other fighter in the business.

The Englishman, and hence the American, feels that it is not quite sporting to make a show of victory. The thing to do is to step quietly to your opponent and say, "Sorry you had to lose, old man."

None of that for Sharkey. He cele-

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brates his victory with wild wavings of his arms, he cavorts about the ring, he makes fake passes at his retinue, he turns his face up to the glowing lights and pounds his right fist into his left glove. He does, in a word, carry on.

I do not know the national characteristics of the Lithuanians, but I do know that Sharkey is what might be known as the crusader type. Give him a reason for winning a fight that appeals to him and he becomes the most devastating instrument in the ring today. Sharkey at times has boxed like a fourth-rater—well, perhaps not that badly, because a man with his technical equipment always retains a certain amount of grace and skill in avoiding punishment, but in his own words, " I look like a fine big bum sometimes, don't I? " Without going back into the records, his bad fights invariably have been made when he didn't have what might be called a rooting interest, such as his intense local rivalry with Maloney, his notion that it was up to him to remove what was laughingly known as the Black Menace, old Harry Wills, from the paths of ambitious but timid white heavyweights, or his bottled-up anger at the disparaging articles about him appearing in the Evening World from time to time, signed by Tommy Loughran and, *mirabile dictu*, actually written by him.

Sharkey, who knows his ghosts, wouldn't have minded if some newspaper man had been writing the sneering pieces for Loughran. But the fact that Thomas was preparing these slings and arrows with his own lily-white hands made Sharkey boil.

He boasts that he can always lick an Irishman and, with the exception of Jack Dempsey, he has. Here you can get an insight into the Sharkey nature. It all dates back to his feud with Jimmy Maloney, also of Boston. Now, Sharkey can lick every side of Maloney, and frequently did. And every time that he splattered Maloney on the deck, the Boston Irish, with their stubborn sentiment for one of their own, would love Jimmy all the more.

But Sharkey wants to be Boston's hero and Boston resents made-over Irishmen. He was born Josef Cuckoshay and took his fighting name from his two heroes, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sharkey. Maloney has Irish writ all over his sweet, good-natured pan.

AND so, strangely enough, it has been the sedate and refined city of Boston that has stirred and fanned most of the flame of combat that has of late burned so brightly in Sharkey's breast. He is wooing the Hub City, and the diadem with which he hopes to catch her austere and frigid and even hostile eye is the heavyweight championship of the world.

Today he has everything but the title because there isn't a better fighter living.

Sharkey's equipment is one of the most perfect that any heavyweight ever boasted. It was only recently that he tamed his right hand, his only weakness, from a looping throw, like a man pegging an indoor baseball, to that short, lethal jolt that begins with the right hand held at the chest and travels no more than a foot.

There are no more than eight real blows to boxing. There are the left jab, the left hook to the head, and the left rip to the body. There are the right cross to the chin, the straight right to the body, and the right uppercut. You might add, if you wish, the left and right inside uppercuts. Few heavyweights can strike them all, and none that I know except Sharkey can deliver each in the most effective way.

Sharkey's left jab is no flick like Loughran's. It is a good, solid, cutting blow with the shoulder behind it. Tunney had it. But Tunney never had Sharkey's whizzing left hook which can knock a man loose from his senses as quickly as his right. Sharkey steps in with his right under the heart the way Tunney did, but the ex-champion wouldn't take that chance with the right cross to the chin, and Sharkey does. Tunney preferred to reach with the punch. It was safer. The time Sharkey fought Christner in the Garden he was getting licked the first four rounds. The awkward, plunging rubber puddler was no target for hook or jab. There was only one thing that would stop him. In the fifth round

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

When the Army Stood a Life on its Head

THERE'S a lot about the writing job that isn't so good.

So we were told at any rate by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

HEAVYWEIGHT
Continued from page fifty-five

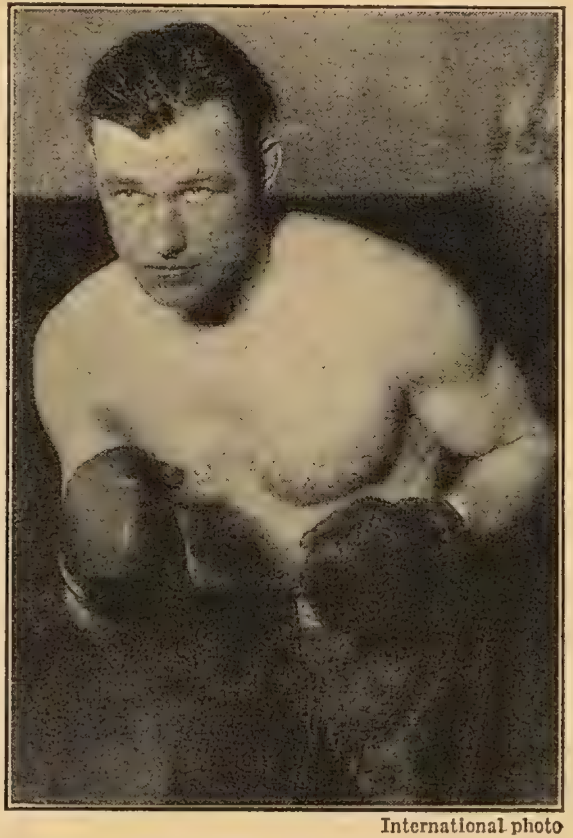
Sharkey produced it—a right uppercut. He won.

Among the more absurd legends concerning him is that he tries to hypnotize his opponents with the glare of his weird, light-colored eyes. He doesn't. He just gives them a good looking over to see what he can find out about them that will help him in his work. (He looked at Loughran's chest and saw his heart kicking against his ribs. "Oh," he said to himself; "this guy doesn't feel so good about this thing. . . . .")

He moves his head around with a funny twisting motion before the bell to loosen his spine and relax himself to withstand shocks better. He says that the happiest moment for a boxer is when the referee says to go to the corner, await the bell, and come out fighting, and he knows that he need wait no longer. He talks to himself during a scrap, criticizing his own actions most vehemently: "Blank blank you, Sharkey, you ought to know better than to lead with your right that way. You ought to have your block knocked off. . . ." He is inclined to become hysterical when winning by a knockout. You never know when the sucker is going to try, but Sharkey himself says, "You can always tell. When I come out hooking it's going to be a fight. If I just let a little jab go—not so good. Sharkey isn't feeling well."

He takes violent likes and dislikes to fighters and people.

It isn't a good idea to match him with a fighter he likes. He is contemptuous of drunken newspaper men. He is suspicious and does not make friends easily.



International photo

Those "hypnotic" eyes of Jack's as they look in the ring.

SHARKEY is as keen a student of boxing as Tunney ever was. The two resemble one another in this respect—one of the signs of a champion. Once, before Tunney was ever heard of, he was in some Jersey camp training for a minor engagement. The camp mob went to the movies but Tunney went over to the neighboring town where there were some fights going on.

Sharkey goes to fights all the time, especially when there are heavyweights on the card. He has no use for the fighter who disdains watching his future opponents work. The more Sharkey knows of their styles the better he likes it and the more effective he figures himself to be. He practices blows and blocks by the hour, the way a golf professional goes out with a sackful of balls and by the hour hits shots. He looks best when he is winning—but then, who doesn't? The only time I ever saw him on the floor he stayed there for ten—when Dempsey put him there. I do not know how he would act if floored and able to get up. He came from behind to beat Christner.

Having constructed a species of warrior with undentable armor, I am open to your quick question, "What about Sharkey's cheesy exhibitions against Heeney and Risko a couple of years ago when he was held to a draw by one and licked by the other?

I ASKED Sharkey once about that Risko fight. There was a crack at Tunney for the title at stake. He said: "Dumb, that's all! Just dumb! Did you know I murdered that guy up in Boston a couple of years before? I thought he was a cinch. I didn't train. Can you imagine me not figuring that maybe a guy would improve?" He tapped his head with his forefinger. . . . . "Smart guy, Sharkey, what?"

And for the rest, it was indifference that softened him. Sharkey's frame of mind was not always as it is today. The public was sour on him, he was sour on the public. "The hell with 'em," he said in the dressing room once, while the auditorium without still rang with jeers. "Let 'em boo! I've got their dough."

He had their dough, he had automobiles, he had comforts, and he wasn't hungry. He was content to clown through ten rounds, avoid injury, and collect his swag. And he deserved everything that was written about him at the time except the legend that he was boastful and a blabbermouth.

Recently he expressed himself as being sorry for that attitude. He told me he realized that he had been wrong and foolish. His ambition is to win the heavyweight championship of the world.

I don't mind going on record as saying that I do not know who there is around today who will keep him from it, but I would like to make the reservation that it takes just one good punch on the chin. I know it, and so does Sharkey.

THE END

For the Sagging Jawline

By

EILEEN BOURNE

A stroke in time saves nine.

A GRAY hair and a sagging jawline—and the reign of terror is upon a woman!

The sagging does not happen all of a minute. The tone of the cheek muscles has been lax for some time past. It is around thirty-five, really, that the flesh starts on its aging landslide. After the flesh has once gone over the cliff, it is the very dickens of a job to get it back in place again, unless it be tucked, pulled, and sewed back with a cosmetic surgeon's needle. And often, in this last resource, the jaw survives the operation too badly exposed for beauty.

Without being able to verify its authenticity, but believing firmly in the tissue-bracing, face-lifting power of ice, a story comes to me of a screen celebrity, no longer young, whose jawline had to be propped for every camera appearance. The feat was accomplished with an ice pack. The ice was wrapped in a bandage, pressed hard along the line of the jaw, and the bandage tied in a tight knot on top of the head. When the ice was melted, it was a signal for the screen martyr's release.

It sounds almost funny—except that a similar process of flesh-lifting is performed in some of our miracle-working beauty establishments. An astringent is either patted in along the jawline, or a bandage is soaked with it. Then, when the bandage is tied securely, the jawline route is run over and back, over and back, with a good-sized lump of ice.

WOMEN who have the nightly massage habit are not exposed to the sliding-cheek menace. They have been firming the muscles of the cheeks with those up, out, and backward strokes, and if they have added astringent help, they are almost bound to have a fine, firm jaw.

Tissue-bracing is what has to be striven for after the relaxing once becomes evident. Try the ice pack. You do not have to leave it on until your face is frozen. You can take one of two ways. Either chop the ice fine, laying the small pieces upon a bandage so that the area from ear to ear will get the benefit. Any piece of old cotton or linen will serve. Or you can wring a towel out in cold water, protect the hair with a rubber cap, tie the towel on tightly, and rub ice back and forth over the drooping area as long as you can stand it.

Another tissue-bracing trick is to turn your cold-water spray on the jawline from underneath, playing it back and forth until you can stand no more. You will have to wear a bathing cap to protect the hair.

Then, for good measure, massage the tissue with firm pressure and palms well greased with cream, finishing off with an astringent.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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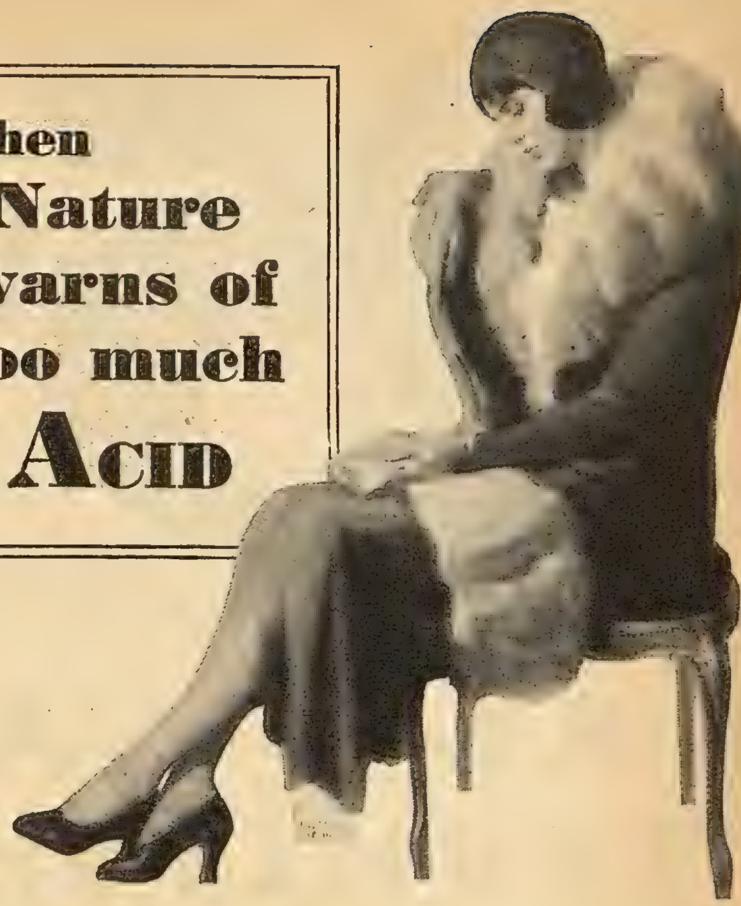

When Nature warns of too much ACID

AUTHORITIES have warned us so often that today almost all people know about the dangers of a diet too rich in acid-producing foods. Dietary experts say the ideal menu would consist of about three-fourths fruits and vegetables—the alkaline producers—to one-fourth of those which produce acids; the meats, sweets, cereals. But knowing this, how many can avoid an occasional touch of over-acidity?

Of course, when pain and sourness about two hours after eating, heartburn, headaches, gas or nausea, warn of too much acid, we can diet our way out of the trouble. But that takes time. And there's no use of suffering when Nature has provided in magnesia such a quick, harmless means of relief. Doctors everywhere are united in favor of just one form of magnesia. For fifty years, they have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It's a practically tasteless, milky-white liquid; magnesia *in perfect suspension.* It is in the form pronounced most effective by the U. S. Dispensatory. A spoonful in a glass of water and every trace of any over-acidity soon disappears. In five minutes you are smiling and happy again. Its action is thorough, yet nothing could be more soothing to an ailing stomach.

This perfect anti-acid has gentle laxative properties. It cleanses and sweetens the entire digestive tract without any of the disturbance common to the stronger cathartics. It has many important uses in any household. Full directions well worth your reading, come with every package.

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"You and Who Else?"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"WHAT are you doin' to me kitchen floor?" the cook yelled at Gwendolyn. "It looks like the south pole in summer." And she pointed a stirring spoon to the lakes of melted snow that dotted her linoleum.

"The snow stuck to our shoes," Gwen said. "We couldn't help it. We came in to get warm and"—did she dare say it?—"eat cakes."

"Eat cakes?" The cook's fat frame shook as she planted her fists on her hips. "You'll be sick. Then you can't go to kindergarten."

"Kindergarten?" Gwen laughed. "I hope I get measles an' mumps." She kept her mouth open and grabbed a shell-shaped chocolate cup cake.

"Where's my cake?" Ulysses whined. He was standing in the middle of the linoleum, looking forlorn.

"Here it is," Gwen told him. "The frosting is busted, but that won't spoil the taste. Sit in a chair. You look like a statue.

"Now, act nice. Tess will make you some cocoa." The cook had decided to feed these infantile Epicureans, push them out into the snowy yard, and take her usual four-o'clock snooze hunched over the kitchen table.

This week's cover picture.

"Thank you, Tess." Gwen smiled sweetly. "I will be good for a week. I won't spill on the tablecloth for a month. I won't put snowballs in your bed—"

"Eat!" Tess yelled, pouring out the cocoa.

They ate. They got raisin seeds between their teeth. They burned their tongues. They stuffed.

"You'll bust," the cook warned them. "Little children shouldn't gobble like pigs in a pen."

"Pigs in a—" Gwen began. It sounded like *blop-blop.* "Maybe I'm a pig. But I'd rather be a pig than a wolf. He's a wolf!" She poked a chocolaty finger at Ulysses and exercised it right under his cocoa spoon.

"I ain't no woof," he whimpered, dipping a cake in his saucer.

"Woof!" Gwen shouted. "See who's nearly two years old and still talks like a sissy!"

"Don't fight." Tess wiped U.'s messy mouth. "Go out in the snow again and play."

"Yes, let's play!" Gwen ran out of the kitchen door and dived into a fluffy snow mound. Little U.? He followed with his shorter legs, sat down beside her, and waved his arms the way he did at home in the tub.

"Ow!" she suddenly shrieked. "You hit my eye with a icicle. OW! OW! You hit a girl with a icicle!" She flew at him in a fury, showered snow in his face, and yanked his blue cap over his eyes.

"Ow-ow-OW!" he cried. *"I'll tell daddy!"*

"Ow-ow-OW!" she cried. *"I'll tell daddy!"*

Now, every wise parent knows his child's voice. Sandy opened his front door. Mr. Smithers opened his front door. They sprinted toward the battlefield. They rescued their respective belligerents.

"That tough girl of yours will kill my boy!" Sandy shouted. "I'm comin' back to knock the stuffin's outer you! I'll clean you up! I'll—"

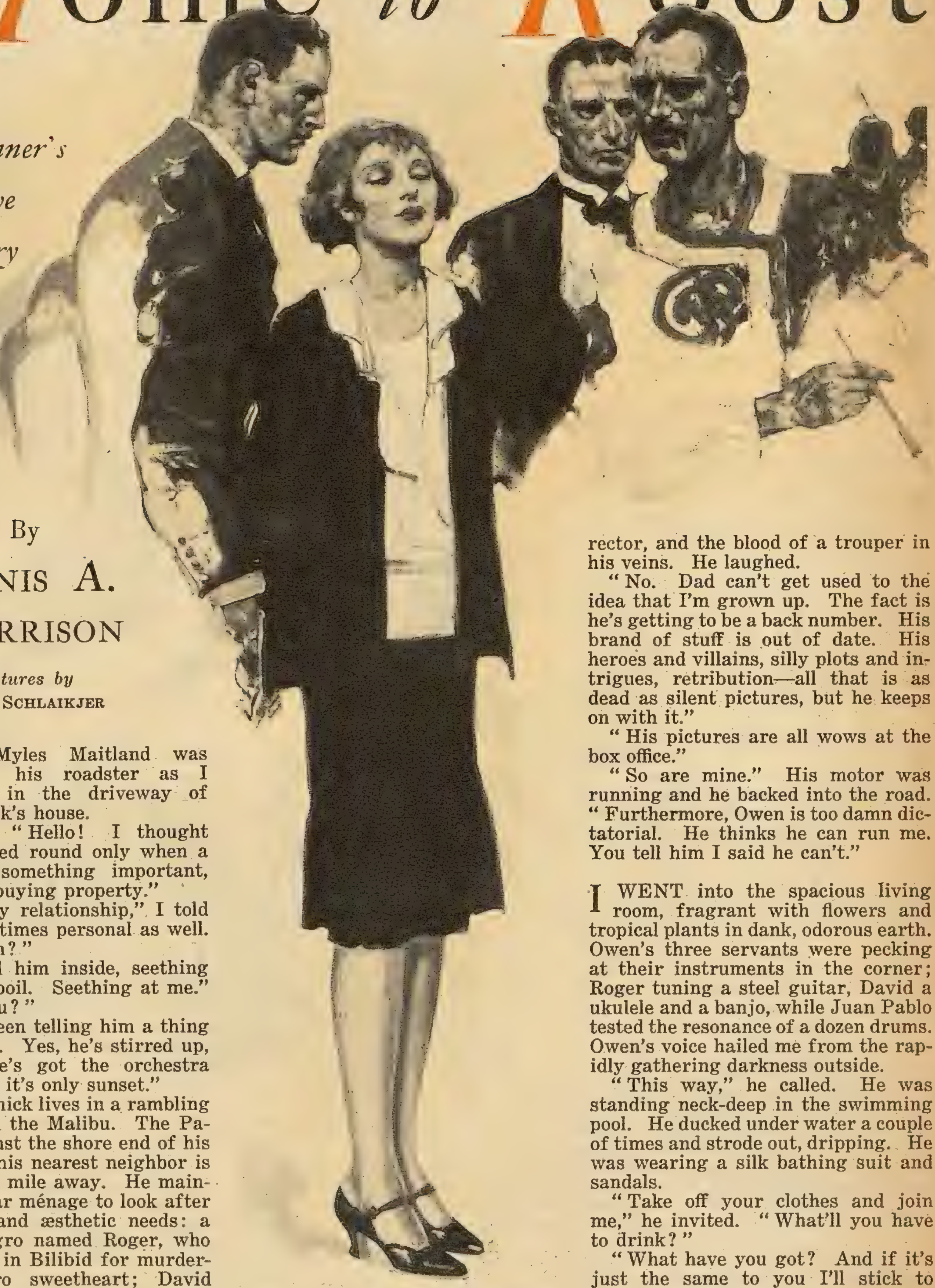
"Yeah?" Mr. Smithers drawled with an ugly expression on his pasty face. "You and who else?"

(Next week's cover adventure: Fishing)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

Home to Roost



A Sinner's Love Story

By

DENIS A. MORRISON

Pictures by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

Claire swayed toward her husband. "I was born there. She had her baby in the prison hospital."

YOUNG Myles Maitland was starting his roadster as I stopped in the driveway of Owen Dominick's house.

He cried: "Hello! I thought lawyers dropped round only when a man's doing something important, like dying or buying property."

"A fiduciary relationship," I told him, "is sometimes personal as well. Where is Owen?"

"You'll find him inside, seething like a spring boil. Seething at me."

"Why at you?"

"Oh, I've been telling him a thing or two. . . . . Yes, he's stirred up, all right. He's got the orchestra tuning up and it's only sunset."

Owen Dominick lives in a rambling patio house in the Malibu. The Pacific laps against the shore end of his property and his nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away. He maintains a peculiar ménage to look after his personal and æsthetic needs: a Kentucky Negro named Roger, who once did time in Bilibid for murdering his Moro sweetheart; David Keliipio, a gigantic Polynesian, once bodyguard to Queen Esther of Tonga; and a Papago Indian from Arizona named Juan Pablo.

"Perhaps," I told Maitland, "it's only the doldrums between jobs that weighs on Owen." Maitland is very young to carry equably the adulation that comes to a rising movie star with the face and figure of an Apollo, a foster parent who earns a thousand dollars a day as a director, and the blood of a trouper in his veins. He laughed.

"No. Dad can't get used to the idea that I'm grown up. The fact is he's getting to be a back number. His brand of stuff is out of date. His heroes and villains, silly plots and intrigues, retribution—all that is as dead as silent pictures, but he keeps on with it."

"His pictures are all wows at the box office."

"So are mine." His motor was running and he backed into the road. "Furthermore, Owen is too damn dictatorial. He thinks he can run me. You tell him I said he can't."

I WENT into the spacious living room, fragrant with flowers and tropical plants in dank, odorous earth. Owen's three servants were pecking at their instruments in the corner; Roger tuning a steel guitar, David a ukulele and a banjo, while Juan Pablo tested the resonance of a dozen drums. Owen's voice hailed me from the rapidly gathering darkness outside.

"This way," he called. He was standing neck-deep in the swimming pool. He ducked under water a couple of times and strode out, dripping. He was wearing a silk bathing suit and sandals.

"Take off your clothes and join me," he invited. "What'll you have to drink?"

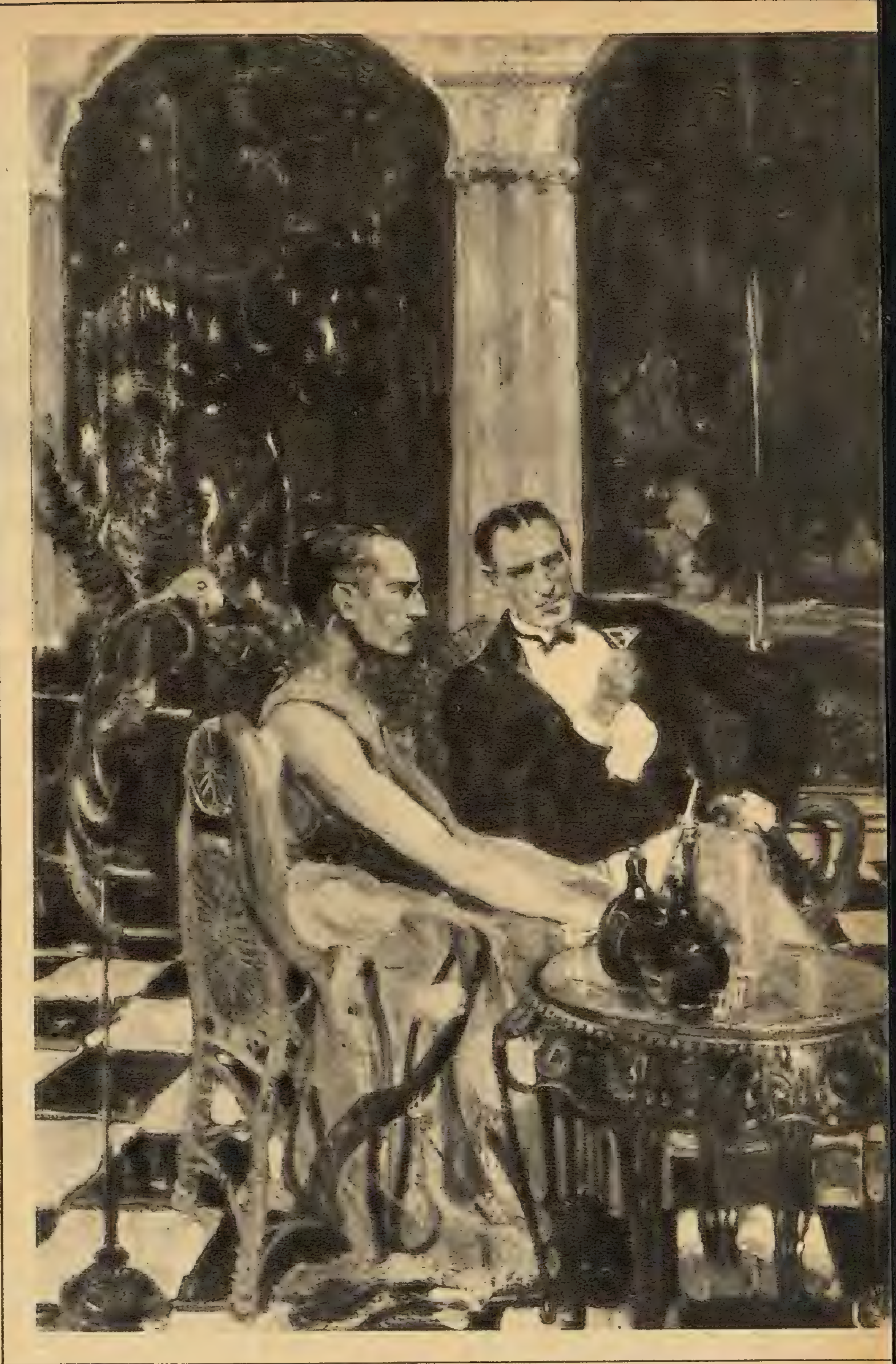
"What have you got? And if it's just the same to you I'll stick to civilized garments."

Owen sat down in a wicker chaise longue, a brightly colored thing that he had brought from Siam. A parrakeet perched behind him uttered a guttural squawk of disapproval. Roger had put down his instrument and now hurried in with glasses, cracked ice, and a siphon.

"I recommend Roger's bourbon," Dominick said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOME TO ROOST
Continued from page fifty-nine



He sat with brooding eyes while the barbaric rhythms wailed.

"He's had a keg anchored out in the surf for six months and just brought it in. I sampled it and nicknamed it Pol Roger at once."

"Sounds good to me."

"Or, if you prefer *okolehao*, David always has a supply on hand. I have a bed of *ti* transplanted from Hawaii and we make the mash with ti root, which, of course, is the only proper way to make okolehao. And a clean copper still to run it through. It's much better than prewar gin, I assure you."

"I haven't a doubt of it."

"I mustn't forget Juan Pablo's *tequila*. He makes it with juice of the *maguey* plant which I also grow in my back yard. Don't slight Juan Pablo's tequila if you desire a really potent beverage."

"I'll be glad to have a bourbon highball," I said. "Your costume looks comfortable."

"You ought to try it. Keeps the periphery cooled to the proper temperature. Neutralizes the effect of alcoholic combustion; that burning within. . . . Play that New Hebrides funeral march I taught you, Roger." He lit a cigarette in a foot-long bamboo holder.

I watched him narrowly as weird noises emanated from the finger tips of his virtuosos, trying to divine his mood. Young Maitland had been right; he does not send for me often. When the New Hebrides funeral march had sent its eerie vibrations through the ether Dominick sighed with satisfaction, finished his drink, and took another turn through the pool. He asked for the Dance of the Head-Hunters. "The Dyak drum for that one, Juan Pablo." He sat with brooding eyes while the barbaric rhythms wailed. And drank meditatively, dripping salt water and sweat.

HE said without preamble: "I want you here to help me stop that boy from making a fool of himself.

"He's been giving me advice on how I ought to make pictures. Bellyaching about what they want him to do down at the studio. The sweet thing! Some day he'll know that I made him what he is, but just now he thinks he did it all himself. Great kid, though, ain't he? Like my own."

"You shouldn't be too hard on a youngster for feeling his oats."

"He got over big in a couple of these milk-and-water things where he has to look pretty and exhibit his sex appeal, and now if anyone shows him a script where he has to get his face dirty he bellyaches. That's what comes from working with sissy directors. He comes to me—him hardly twenty-three—and says, 'Life ain't like this or that.' Imagine him telling *me* what life is like or what it ain't like!

"And tells me there ain't any villains or heroes in real life. No menaces, no poetic justice. My kind of pictures ain't honestly real—just thrillers for lowbrows!"

"One of the tragedies of maturity," I said, "is to find oneself outlived. Like a stale phrase. We get outmoded." He turned on me.

He said: "A man's never outlived by living, only by vegetating, and I'm no vegetable. I'm an animal, by God! . . . Myles says he's going to get married."

"Ah, that's it! Well, why not? Just because you haven't?"

"You know that has nothing to do with it."

"He's got everything. Youth, talent, prospects—"

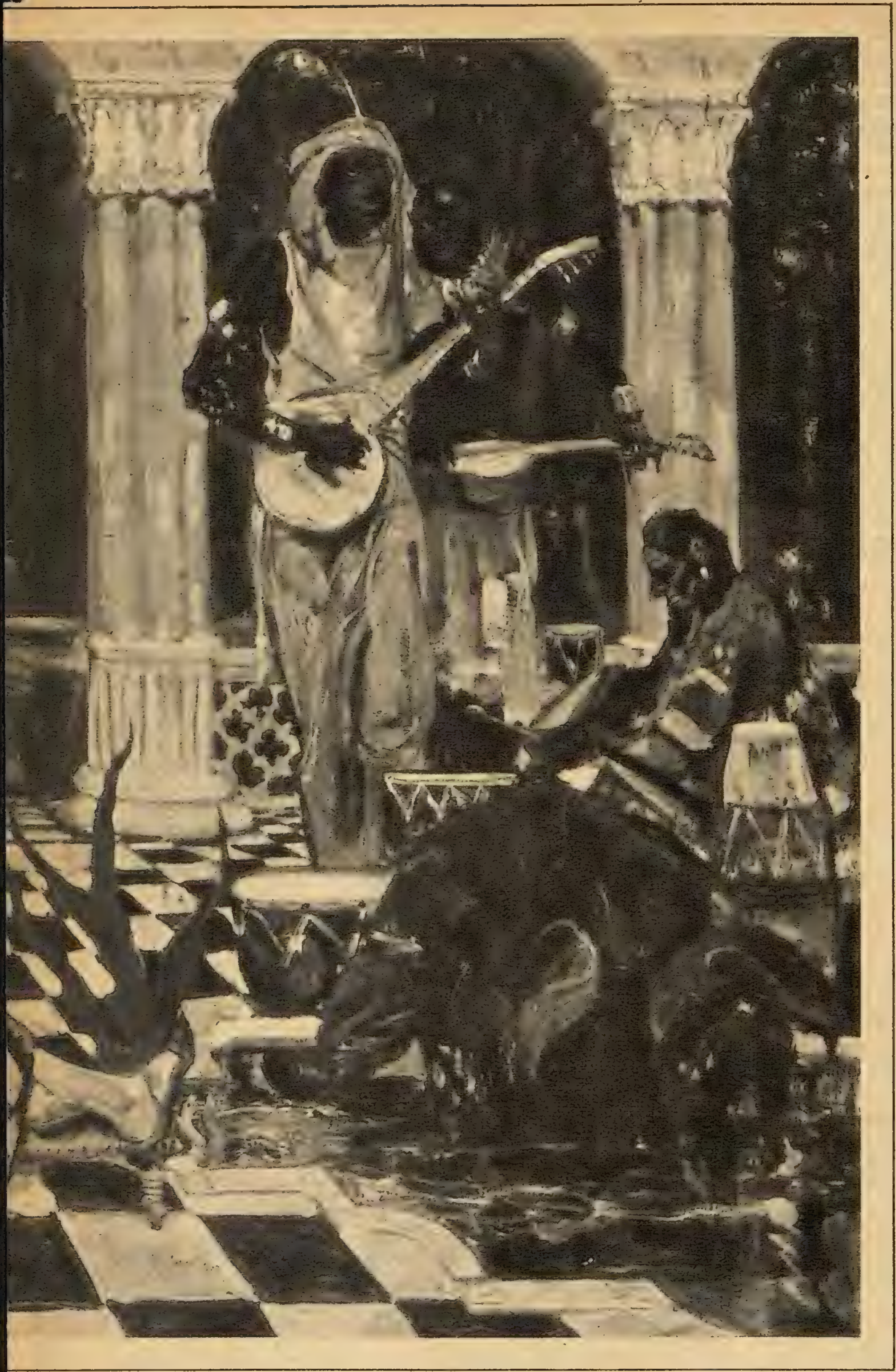
"Listen, I could tear him down just like I've built him up. He's my handiwork, all of him. And I didn't make him for some prospecting female to stake a claim on, not even if she was a star. . . . We'll make this skirt a proposition right here, tonight, you and I."

"She's coming here?"

"She'll be here. I've phoned Delapp to let her get away. He used to be my assistant. He gave her a bit to do because the boy asked him to slip her a chance. . . . I'll whittle her down to size."

"If she's only an extra girl you ought to get off cheap."

"In two or three years, when Myles has got dry behind the ears, he can do as he pleases. But he's at the point now, after a little success, where he can be ruined. I told



And drank meditatively, dripping salt water and sweat.

him to take the girl and live with her a while if he wants to. The damn fool nearly climbed me. Do her good. Do 'em both good if they only knew it. Let 'em find out what sex is all about. Get drunk on it. And then interpret it."

A man grows cynical. "How long did you bat around the world yourself, Owen?"

"Since I was old enough to carry water to the elephants. I was a circus kid. Did everything. Lied, cheated, swindled, fought. Traveled with tent shows from here to hell and gone all over the world. Burlesque. Tank vaudeville. Medicine shows. Tom shows. I've done everything short of murder and arson, and I've found out that nothing is all good or all bad."

"Not this girl, either?"

"Of course not. Why blame her? She's just some small-town beauty queen on the make. But she can't make my boy. Not with official documents to show for it."

"You think a lot of Myles, don't you?"

"Why not? I raised him. Pat Geohegan, his old man, was killed in a wreck when he was only a tike. Mother was dead. We had teamed together, Pat and I, and he gave me the kid when he was dying and I was all bunged up myself with my face half smashed in. I looked after him. I got him some schooling—too much—and showed him his way around. He's like my own kid."

"You did a good job. A natural parent like you should have married."

"I never had time. Once I was close to it—a long time ago. But her people knew I was a disreputable bum. . . . At that . . . at that, she did Pat and me a good turn, that little girl did. . . . Fill 'em up, Roger.

"SHE took a long chance for us," he said. "It was funny. We were stranded flat in the little jerk-water place where she lived. One of those crummy villages down in the Ozarks that nobody can find but the postman. Which was luck, because one day we got a letter from Seattle where an old buddy of ours was starting a carnival for the season. He was too broke to slip us transportation, but offered us a good spot if we could make the jump.

"We were a great team, Pat and I. He was nuts on religion. When we'd hit a town he always chummed with the clergy and the Salvation Army while I drifted with the bartenders and madams. We were lower in funds than a ladies' aid society on a cannibal island.

"Pat gave the preachers the first whirl and couldn't raise a nickel. It was up to me then, but there were only three or four chippies in the town and they could hardly make a living for themselves. So I told the little girl about the fix we were in.

"She was strong for me, all right. I was better-looking before the railroad caved my face in on one side. She knew her old man had taken in some money that day and kept it hidden under his pillow. About midnight I was hiding behind a tree outside the room where he and the old lady slept. The girl woke them up and said she had seen a nigger in the chicken coop. The old man grabbed his shotgun to spray the nigger and the old lady went with him. While they were out of the room the girl got the roll and slipped it to me. Pat and I strolled out of town the next day and caught the train up at the junction.

"My luck got better from then on. The next fall we wintered in Los Angeles and I drifted into the picture racket. After Pat was killed I decided to stick around and watch Hollywood grow."

The wheels of an automobile crunched in the gravel.

"I should have paid the girl, but, hell, you forget those things," Dominick concluded.

"I suppose your conscience bothers you sometimes." That seed of irony fell on stony ground.

"Not a bit. I've always taken women where I found them. Still do. But at that, she was a good-hearted little dame, wasn't she? . . . If it's a lady, Roger, I'm expecting one."

The caller was a lady, but when Dominick saw her he elevated his brows questioningly. She looked about fifty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOME TO ROOST
Continued from page sixty-one]

Her hair was stringy and gray, her face dejected, her manner hostile, suspicious, defiant. Dominick said, without rising: "You've got the wrong place. I never employ female help." She stood her ground.

"You're Mr. Dominick, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes."

"Then I haven't made a mistake. I came to see you."

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you about my daughter."

"Do I know your daughter?" I edged toward her. When a man "takes women where he finds 'em" anything can happen.

"Yes, sir, you do. Claire Vaughn is my daughter."

"Oh! So you're Claire Vaughn's mother? . . . David, why in hell don't you bring me a robe and clear out? . . . Sit down, won't you? We're not used to ladies here." She found a straight chair. She looked timorous and prim. Determined, too. Her determination was strangely out of character with her old-ladylike diffidence.

"So," Dominick said, "Claire thought her mother could drive a better bargain and sent you here instead of coming herself. This affair is getting easier to see through."

"I didn't know you had arranged to see Claire. She don't know I'm here."

"She don't know, eh? Don't tell me funny stories."

The old woman said: "Mr. Dominick, all I want is my daughter's happiness. I wish you could understand how a mother feels."

"I know how to cure a mother's feelings, which is better. I'm willing to pay. I've got my lawyer here to look after that. But all the mother talk in the world ain't going to hornswoggle me beyond my price. Get me?"

"I don't know what you're driving at. I came to ask you to help me save my daughter's happiness. She's so crazy about your boy. She's lost her head over him."

"I can't help that. She's your responsibility. The boy is mine." He paced the room and sat down again. "Just another movie-struck girl and her mother prospecting for pay dirt. Lousy parasites. Why, I wouldn't let my boy marry your daughter if she was the only white woman in the world."

"You mean—do you mean that you're opposed to the marriage?"

"You heard me, and it goes. He's too young. He ain't twenty-one, no matter what he says. And if he marries her he don't get a red dime from me. . . . But I'm willing to be held up for my own price. I'll stand for no highway robbery."

SHE brightened, even smiled a little. "You don't want him to marry her, then? Oh, Mr. Dominick, I'm so glad! So glad!"

"Glad? Why?"

"I think it would kill me if she married him."

That stopped Dominick. The train of his ideas was momentarily derailed and he had to reassemble it on another track.

"Oh," he said, "so that's how it is! Well! Maybe you think he ain't good enough for her."

"He seems to be a good boy. But he's an actor."

Dominick laughed, relieved. The old puritanical prejudice was coming to his rescue, doing him service. The woman went on:

"I've raised my girl to be sweet, but there's something in her I can't control. I'd rather see her dead at my feet than married to your son . . . or to any actor . . . I would."

"I'm glad you and I feel the same way about it." Dominick, a little abashed, was also exultant and inclined toward magnanimity. "What have you got against actors?"

"I—I was married to one, if you want to know. I reckon that's what's the matter with Claire. Her father's mark is on her."

"You picked a bum, eh? You shouldn't hold that against all of us."

"He was a skunk. Before I'd let my girl go through what I did on account of him I'd see her dead at my feet."

"You got a tough break. But you're shooting square with me, ain't you?"

"About Claire, you mean?"

"And my boy, yes. You don't act like a gold digger."

"I'm not a gold digger. I don't know anything about that kind of women."

"As long as you're not trying to hold me up I'd be glad to do something for you. To make everything right. My lawyer will give you his card. You go see him tomorrow."

"I don't want anything from you. Just keep Claire from marrying your son and I'll do anything you want me to."

"I want to do what's right."

"All I'm asking for is my little girl. I've kept her pretty and sweet—"

"You'll get her. I'll see that she leaves Hollywood and everything is taken care of. By the way, did you come here in a taxi?"

"An automobile brought me from the station. The man charged me a dollar for just a little ways."

"Roger! Get the limousine and drive this lady where she wants to go."

"I don't want you to go to all this trouble for me, Mr. Dominick. I can walk back to the car line."

"No trouble at all. I don't want you to have a bad opinion of actors. You're a good mother and the sooner you get your daughter out of Hollywood the better off she'll be."

DOMINICK threw off the mandarin coat after Roger and the limousine had borne her away.

"She's on the level," he pronounced. "Absolutely on the level. There are people who really feel the way she does. And, at that, you can hardly blame them."

I agreed.

"It's a break for me, ain't it? Guess I'll take that fool kid to the Orient with me next week. Give him a chance to get over this flurry. I'll show him a few things I've seen in Singapore. He's got to learn that life can smack him in the face when he ain't looking, and know how to take it."

The telephone rang. David answered it and carried the instrument to Dominick. There was fifty feet of wire. Dominick never had to move to answer calls.

"Mister Myles, boss."

The boy was calling from Santa Monica. He wanted to make sure Owen was home. "He talked funny," Dominick said after he had replaced the receiver. "Wonder what he's been up to now."

Myles arrived within half an hour with Claire Vaughn. Both were radiant, smiling, joyous.

I had never seen Miss Vaughn before. Pretty and sweet her mother had called her, but told far from enough. She's beautiful. Blonde, petite, with a complexion like the sky at dawn. Blue eyes heavily lashed and a figure of flawless proportions. Expressive, every inch of her. She's the sort of girl that floats into your presence and makes you catch your breath with her sheer loveliness. Certainly young Maitland was to be envied. I marveled that such drabness as her mother's could bear perfection. That girl couldn't have had any doubts as to where her destiny lay.

I saw a black look on Dominick's face. Maitland and the girl observed it too, and their radiance dimmed. Maitland said:

"Dad—I want to present my wife. Claire, dear, this is Owen. The greatest fellow that ever lived, sweetheart. He's going to love you almost as much as I do. He's—his bark is worse than his bite, honey—"

Maitland kept an arm round Claire's waist. We were all

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

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MORRISON HOTEL

THE steady tide of business travel that flows through the Morrison Hotel has given it a special relationship with middle-western and national commerce.

Even when the structural layout of the present units was planned, it was found necessary to make special provision for patrons on business trips, and to contribute at every point toward time-saving, so that guests could use each hour to best advantage.

For example, the sample rooms are so located as to afford maximum accessibility, and are exceptionally large and well lighted. Elevators, traveling at high speed to the 46th story *without changing cars,* eliminate delay in getting to and from rooms. Business friends can be entertained without leaving the building in the beautiful "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden.

In this and many other ways, your hotel is *your active business partner* when you stay here. The Morrison stands at the very centre of the retail, wholesale and financial districts—a vital factor in the swift transaction of your business. It gives quickest access to railroad stations and transportation systems, and is at the centre of the downtown theatre district.

All rooms are outside, with bath, running ice-water, radio, telephone, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. This standard of equipment will be duplicated in our new 500-room section, on which work will begin in May, and which will raise our capacity to 2450 rooms.

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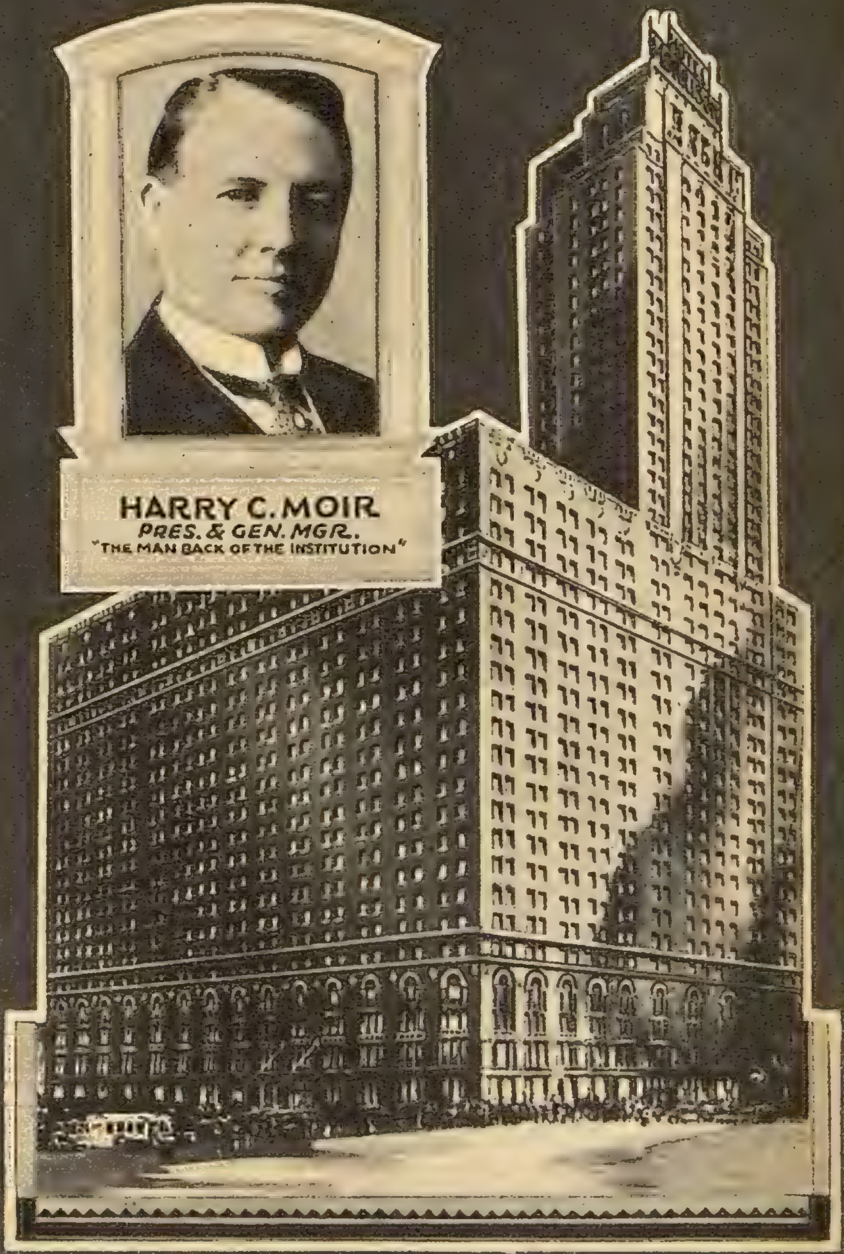
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"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms

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THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50
241 Rooms, $3.00
480 Rooms, $3.50
457 Rooms, $4.00
245 Rooms, $4.50
189 Rooms, $5.00
15 Rooms, $6.00
35 Rooms, $7.00
21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00
6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

HOME TO ROOST
Continued from page sixty-two

watching Dominick. His grip closed on the slender glass that held his drink and the glass broke under the pressure.

"So you've done it." That's what Dominick said. "You've made a fool of yourself. In spite of all I've told you."

"I've done no such thing. I've done something I'm proud of."

"Married to a dumb little extra. Just one of a rag-tag mob of climbers. Just another frowzy dame, that's all. . . . And she took you like an ace takes a deuce. . . . You're a great guy."

Claire's poise was something to see. "Some day you're going to be glad I married Myles, Mr. Dominick," she said. "I'm not going to be an extra always."

"No. You're not. You're going to be nothing at all. You're going to be just a cipher. I'll see to that. . . . You made a date to come out here and see me tonight, didn't you?"

"I'm here. And quite properly escorted."

Myles cut in: "Listen, dad, I don't care what you say to me, but be careful how you talk to my wife."

Dominick ignored him.

"Maybe there's still a chance for you to save your mother's life," he told the girl. "A girl with as fine a mother as you've got ought to be thinking about her."

"Why—what's happened to my mother?"

"Nothing—yet. But she told me a while ago that it would kill her if you married that boy. And now you've done it. She said she'd rather see you dead than married to him. If you go home now and leave my boy here I'll get you an annulment," he said.

"When she goes, I go with her," Myles broke in.

"Myles, I'll have to go to her, dear. I'll have to see mother. Poor thing, she'll be so worried."

"She'll be so worried," Dominick jeered. "See what you're up against already, you poor sap! Mother-in-law! That's what! That's what getting married does to you. You ain't going to be worth a hoot in hell as an actor. Didn't I tell you?"

"Myles, I've got to go."

"Wait, dear. Nobody knows about us yet. The papers haven't got it. She can't find out till morning."

Dominick said: "If you go out of here with that girl tonight you and I are through. Why in hell did you have to marry her, anyway? Anyone can see she'd drop right off the tree for you."

"Shut up!" The boy's eyes were filling. "Honest, Claire, he's not like that. At the bottom dad's as soft-hearted as a baby."

"The hell I am," Dominick said darkly.

CLAIRE didn't weep. "Mr. Dominick," she said, "when a man has wallowed in slime so long that all he knows is slime, I don't waste time being angry with him. He has my pity. And that's what you have. You can't understand the love of Myles and me for each other any more than a swamp hog can understand clean linen."

"You listen to me now—"

"No. You're going to listen to me. I've no apologies to make to you. I'm not marrying you. Myles knows everything about me. I haven't kept anything back."

"You bet I do! She's told me everything and it only makes me love her all the more."

"What do you mean, told you everything?"

The boy and girl looked at each other. She drew courage from his frank adoration. "He knows," she said, "that I was born—in prison."

"I wish I'd known it. I'd've had you run out of town."

"Dad, if you knew what Claire and her mother have been through you'd appreciate her just as I do. You've got to understand what a wonderful girl she is, dad."

"You're Myles' father and you have a right to know this," the girl proceeded. "It will help you to understand why mother didn't want me to marry him. There was no disgrace in what she went to prison for. It's only since I've grown up that I can understand what it all meant, and the torture she went through on account of me. And because of the man who was my father.

"She stole for him. That was wrong, but she did it for love. When a woman does something wrong for love, it somehow seems right to her. You know that, don't you, Mr. Dominick?"

"Sure, they always find a good excuse."

"He went away and she never heard of him again. They wormed out of her what she had done, and she was defenseless. She stole from her own father. He was poor and he was hard. As hard as the soil he fought with for existence. He was merciless. He couldn't forgive her. He must have been like you."

"Never mind about me. Go on."

"HE disowned her. That wasn't enough, putting her out of her home. He prosecuted her in court. She had to endure that. She was bewildered—lost—a poor, pitiful thing shamed by the contempt and abuse of men who couldn't understand that love had made her do what she did. She wasn't bad. My mother never was bad. She confessed and they sent her to prison."

Claire stopped. There was a mist in her eyes and she swayed toward her husband. I looked at Dominick, but he avoided my eyes.

"Go on, Claire." Strangely soft, his voice.

"I was born there. She had her baby in the prison hospital. Even—even bad women—even women who murder people—are allowed to have their babies outside prison walls. But mother had no place to go."

"Poor little sweetheart! I'm going to make all that up to you, darling."

"Go on, Claire, please," Dominick urged. "Where did this happen? What prison did they send her to?"

"In Missouri. It was the prison at Jefferson City. . . . Now you know. That's the story. Mother took me away after she was freed, and kept going somehow."

"She told me she had been married to an actor."

"This man was an actor, but . . . she wasn't even married to him. . . . I—I can't somehow think of him as my father. . . . I must have inherited something from him."

"I'm going to find out all I can about him from your mother," Myles put in. "I'll hire detectives. If he's alive I'll find him. I'll beat him to death!"

A wry smile twisted Dominick's mouth. "You'd kill him, would you, son?"

"I certainly would. And with pleasure. Wouldn't you?"

"What would you do to him, Claire?"

"I don't know. But he must have had some good in him or mother wouldn't have loved him so much."

"Maybe. . . . Nobody's all good or bad." He put on the silken robe and walked outside into the darkness.

"Perhaps after this," I couldn't help saying to young Maitland, "you'll agree with the old man about villains and heroes. Puzzle: find the villain."

"Leave that to me," Dominick called from the edge of the pool.

"See, dear," Maitland said, holding Claire tightly, "you've touched him. You've won him. I knew you would. I told you he was as soft-hearted as a baby."

Dominick returned and stood in front of them. He stood there two or three minutes and his hands went out searchingly, tentatively, as if he would have liked to embrace her. They watched him, the boy eagerly, she with a strange curiosity.

"I want you to make this girl happy, son," he said. "Make her as happy as God'll let you. And I'm only sorry Pat Geohegan ain't here to say it with me."

"Dad! I knew you couldn't resist her. Isn't she a miracle?"

"Yes. She's a miracle all right. . . . All of that. You're lucky, son. . . . She's lucky. . . . And I'm lucky too, eh?"

"You bet you are, dad, to have a daughter like Claire."

She spoke: "You are sweet, after all, aren't you—daddy? Just like Myles said you were. Can I kiss you?"

She stood on tiptoe, arms round his neck. She kissed him, then smiled up without disengaging herself. "I've always known you were wonderful," she said. "I've dreamed that some day I might know the man who directed all those marvelous pictures."

"Kiss me . . . just once more, Claire." He closed his eyes.

"That's the stuff, dad," Myles applauded.

"You children had better run along now and see your mother," Dominick said. "And about that matter of hiring detectives, son. I'll promise you to make Claire's father suffer much more than you possibly could, even if you killed him. Just leave it to me, will you?"

"You bet I will. God help the guy when you're through with him, dad."

"God help him, son."

So they went away.

Dominick sat down in the chaise longue. For a while he stared straight ahead, chin cupped in his hands. Presently he said to me: "You've seen and heard too much for a lawyer."

"Far too much," I agreed, "even for a friend.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to make better pictures. . . . Better than ever. . . . Roger! Bring us a drink! And get busy with more music right away. . . . She's going to be a great actress. . . . By God, it's in her! . . . After all, she ought to be."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Hear! Hear!

"Gee!" exclaimed Bobby, enjoying his Thanksgiving dinner, "I wish I had on a belt like Uncle Jack's so I could let it out a few holes!"—Mabel M. Sturgis, 1505 N. 15th St., Boise, Idaho.

* * *

Nature's Oversight

Five-year-old Billy was wearing his first suit with a belt. The trousers tended to slip down.

"Billy," said mother, "I'm afraid you're not built for belts."

"You can't expect me to have a shelf all the way round, mother," remonstrated the lad.—Naomi N. Cartwright, 3 Washington Park, Maplewood, N. J.

What is a Mouthwash, anyway?

WE hold to a notion, now more than 25 years old, that the real value of a mouthwash is in what it is, and what it accomplishes, rather than what advertising can be made to say for it. We know Lavoris is of real remedial assistance in some cases of physical disorder, but we prefer to have you learn of Lavoris from your dentist or physician in that way. We rely upon your common sense to urge you to the daily use of Lavoris as a preventive and refreshant. We rely upon your sense of nicety to tell you that there is nothing suggestive about the name, or sight, or aroma of Lavoris. You need not hide the bottle. Children, by the way, eagerly make Lavoris a daily habit. You can get it, in small, medium, or large bottles, at honest drug counters everywhere.

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Lavoris is highly penetrating, stimulating, mildly astringent, agreeable in taste, aroma and color. Lavoris precipitates mucilaginous deposits, sweeping debris *out of the body*. This can be observed by the user when the solution is expelled upon a vitreous or porcelain surface.

These characteristics of Lavoris encourage public attention to oral care. And in all Lavoris advertising, the public is admonished to seek professional dental advice.

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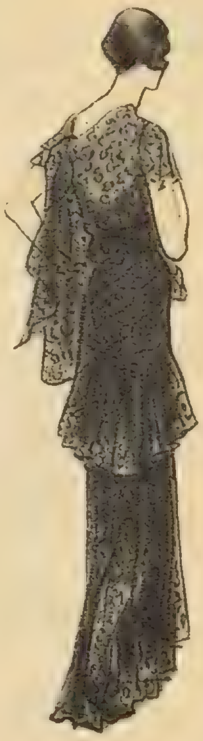
. . . DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

A DUCHESS Talks About CLOTHES

By

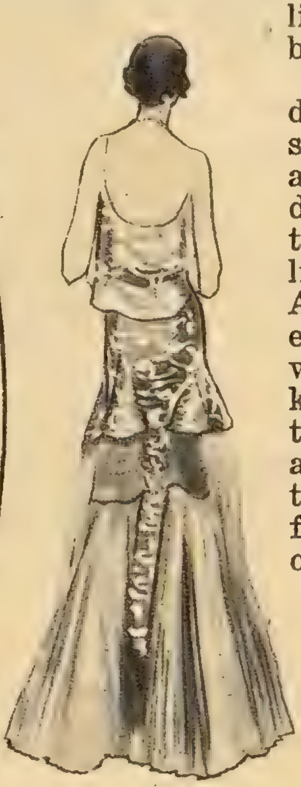
BETTINA BEDWELL



Chanel made another evening frock for the Duchess, of bright red lace.

© Eva Barrett

The Duchess of Sermoneta, in the Palace Orsini, Rome.



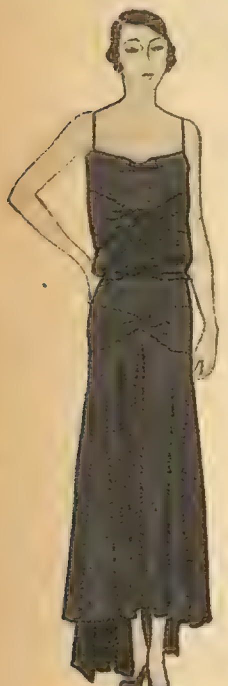
A Chanel gown of white lace and tulle, above, worn at a royal wedding ball.

Paris.

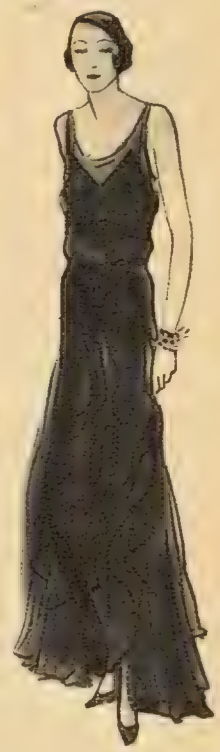
THE Duchess of Sermoneta is a storybook duchess. She is the daughter of the Prince Colonna and spent her youth in the Palace Colonna, which is one of the largest palaces in the world. She is tall, dark-haired, and beautiful, lives in the celebrated Palace Orsini in Rome, and is lady in waiting to the Queen of Italy.

She knows all the fashionable and aristocratic personages of Europe, and has written a witty book about European society of the past two decades which is one of the most brilliant books of memoirs of the last year.

She possesses a flair for dress that, alone, is enough to make her famous, and yet she wishes for "a fairy godmother for one week," so she could really have the clothes she wants. "Imagine," she said to me, "having six fur coats at one time!" Which shows that real artists and real women are never satisfied. I saw her clothes and I couldn't imagine any conceivable improvement.



There are Greek suggestions in a black evening frock made by Chanel.



Augustabernard made this evening frock of black tulle for the Duchess.

The Duchess of Sermoneta thinks the new long-line fashions are beautiful—for tall, stately women. She said to me, "Long-skirted fashions were the best news to me, with their simple, gracious lines. When I was young, it was a tragedy to me that I couldn't wear frills and rosebuds like other girls. I was too tall, too classic, too severe. And when skirts were so very short, one could only be a *grande dame* to the knees. Below, one was a little girl. With a tiara, which I must wear frequently, the effect was far from right. Now, with long skirts, the whole silhouette is in harmony." She smiled, paused, and added, "But I do not mean to go back to long clothes altogether. Short dresses are ideal for the country and practical wear.

"When I first wore the simple, short, straight-line frock, it was like having shackles struck off. I will never again wear veils, high collars, or whalebone prisons around my waist. I doubt if anybody could persuade me to try to change my shape. And gloves, too! You will understand when I say evening gloves have gone out of my eyes. They are like footmen on the front of motors—one can't see them any more. I do wear them for Court—long beige slip-on gloves.

"I like the hats we wear today. They are supple and they do not blow off. I like my short hair. Long hair is beautiful, but I think we women like our freedom better.

"Fashions today are many-sided, and what a woman accepts depends on her type and on the life she leads. American women dress very well. I had known many of them in Europe, and when I went to America I found that most of the women I saw were well and carefully dressed. I was in Hollywood with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and going from coast to coast I was delighted with American women and the way they dress and carry themselves everywhere.

"I am going back to America again. I love it, and I have several engagements to play cowgirl there, on a western ranch. I shall wear roughing clothes and hobnail boots and be quite happy. I have them all. They were made for a hunting trip in Africa, but now I am going back to Rome and wear a gold frock with a velvet court train and a tiara with a veil, so I must wait until next year to wear these things."

Fashion Flashes

AGNES' new hats run in couples. She is featuring "hat ensembles" that consist of two hats—a weentsy-wee turban and a larger form—made of the same material, to be worn interchangeably with the same costume.

Curls are obligatory with the new feminine mode. While most women in Paris refuse to return to really long hair, they soften their bob with waves of some sort. Some of Worth's mannequins wear their hair arranged in a series of sausage curls like the puffs of prewar days.

Paris costume jewelry designers announce a great leather boom for spring—necklaces and bracelets of beads of rolled leather strung ladderwise that add tailored chic to tweed and tricot costumes.

Gas-Stove GASTRONOMY

By ETHEL SOMERS

Discoloration of the kettle above the liquid indicates too high a flame. Above: Light the gas before placing the kettle and turn it off before removing the utensil.

GAS-STOVE companies have spent thousands of dollars in educational campaigns to propagate a knowledge of the correct use of the gas cookstove. They point out that the economical and efficient gas flame is a blue cone with distinct purple edges and that the tips of the flame should just touch the bottom of the cooking utensil.

Gas-saving utensils have a base that is broader than the gas flame.

Never use the giant burner or a strong flame when a small one will do.

Use the simmer burner whenever possible. Many cooks do not realize the efficiency of the simmer burner.

When feasible, use tightly covered kettles in order to utilize the steam.

Do not heat any more water than is necessary for the cooking process. When preparing hot water, heat only the necessary, measured quantity. Violently boiling water is wasteful, since it takes a great deal of heat to turn water into steam, while the water itself cannot be heated above its natural boiling point.

Oven-cooked meals are economical.

A TYPICAL OVEN-COOKED MEAL

Vegetable Soup
Veal Roll **Fruit or Vegetable Stuffing**
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Harlequin Vegetable Salad **French Dressing**
Pineapple Mousse

Veal Roll, Stuffed

1 large or two small slices of veal 1 inch thick
2 ounces salt pork cut shoestring fashion
Stuffing or forcemeat

SCORE the veal, cutting one-fourth inch deep, and mark it off in one-inch squares. With the aid of a larding needle, insert a salt-pork strip into the depression marking every other square of the meat. Or the pork may be strewn over the roast. Place two cups of fruit or vegetable stuffing on each veal slice, then roll and fasten in shape.

Place in a very hot oven, preheated for at least ten minutes to 450° F. Leave twenty minutes, or until browned. Add two cups of water and cover tightly. Continue to roast at 275° F. for three hours or at 250° F. for four hours. Remove the meat and keep hot. For each cup of gravy desired, stir two tablespoons of flour into the liquor in the roaster and place over a medium burner. When well blended and browned, add rich milk (one cup for every two tablespoons of flour used) and boil and stir until thick. Continue to cook at least ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper and a bit of tomato, catsup, or Worcestershire, as desired. Serve hot with the stuffed veal roll, garnished with parsley.

KITCHEN worries need never cloud visiting or shopping days if you consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. A host of additional oven-prepared menus that can be safely left to cook all afternoon await your inspection in Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Assure yourself of delightfully care-free " off hours " by sending for them now. And please use the coupon.

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Once boiling begins, a very low flame will maintain the heat.

Fruit Stuffing

2 cups soaked chopped apricots
2 cups bread crumbs
½ cup melted butter

Corn Stuffing

2 cups corn pulp
2½ cups bread crumbs
3 teaspoons chopped celery leaves or 1/16 teaspoon celery salt
¼ cup melted butter
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

MIX the ingredients until well blended, and stuff the veal roll.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

1 tablespoon butter or substitute
½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 pounds sweet potatoes, medium size

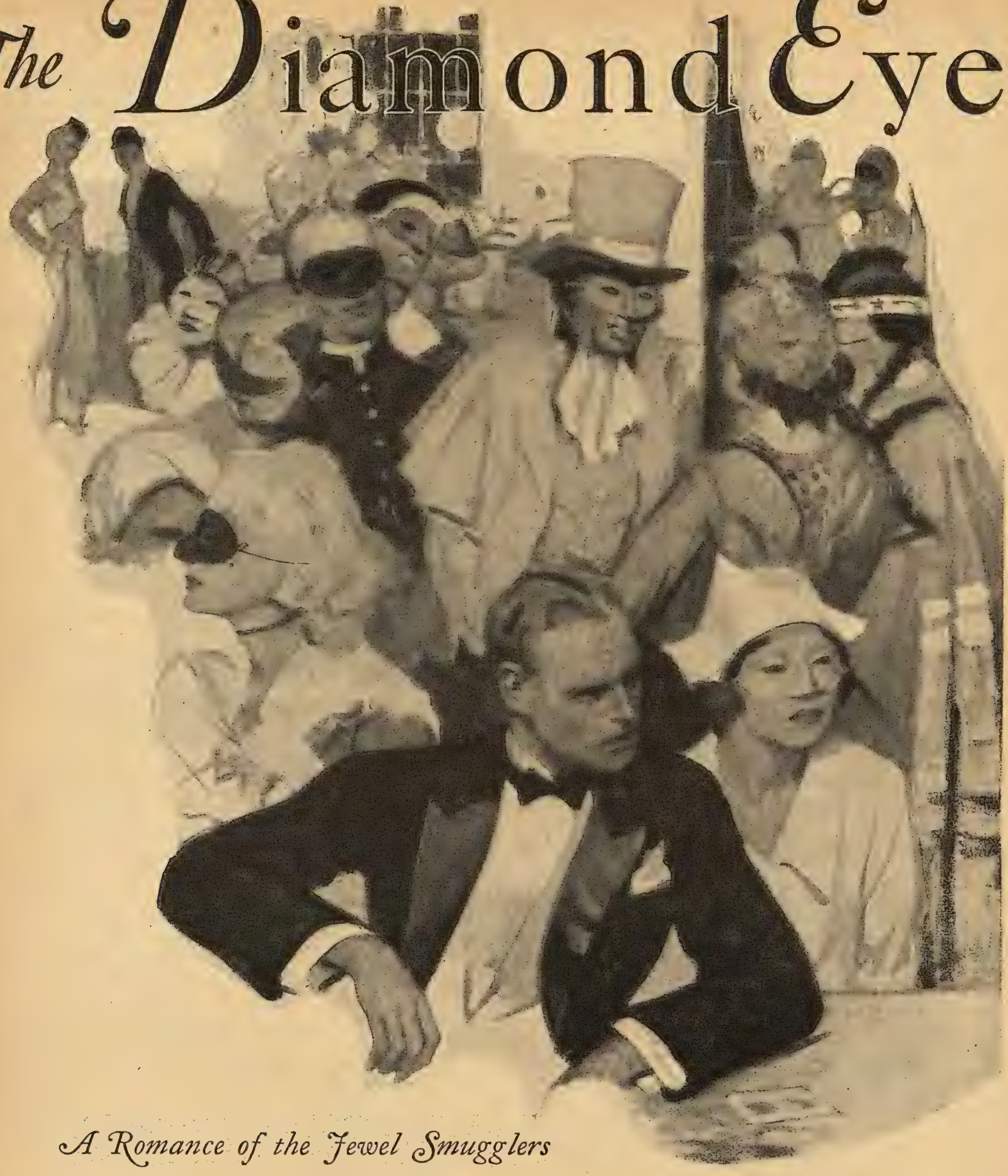
PEEL the scrubbed potatoes and slice in half lengthwise. Place in a baking dish, sprinkling with the other ingredients. Place uncovered in a very hot oven (450° F.) for twenty minutes—while the veal roll is searing—turning at the end of ten minutes. Cover the baking dish and continue to cook at 275° F. for three hours or at 250° F. for four to five hours.

Pineapple Mousse

1 teaspoon gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
1 cup scalded pineapple juice
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 pint heavy cream or evaporated milk prepared for whipping

IMMERSE the gelatin in cold water for five minutes and then dissolve in the pineapple juice, which has been heated to boiling. Add the sugar and lemon juice, and when thoroughly chilled fold in the whipped cream or evaporated milk. Keep the mixture cool while beating until thickened. Pour into a dampened mold to be packed in ice and salt (six parts ice to one part salt) or pour into the trays or molds of a mechanical refrigerator. Let stand from four to eight hours or until frozen. Mousses do not need to be stirred while in the process of freezing.

The Diamond Eye



A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

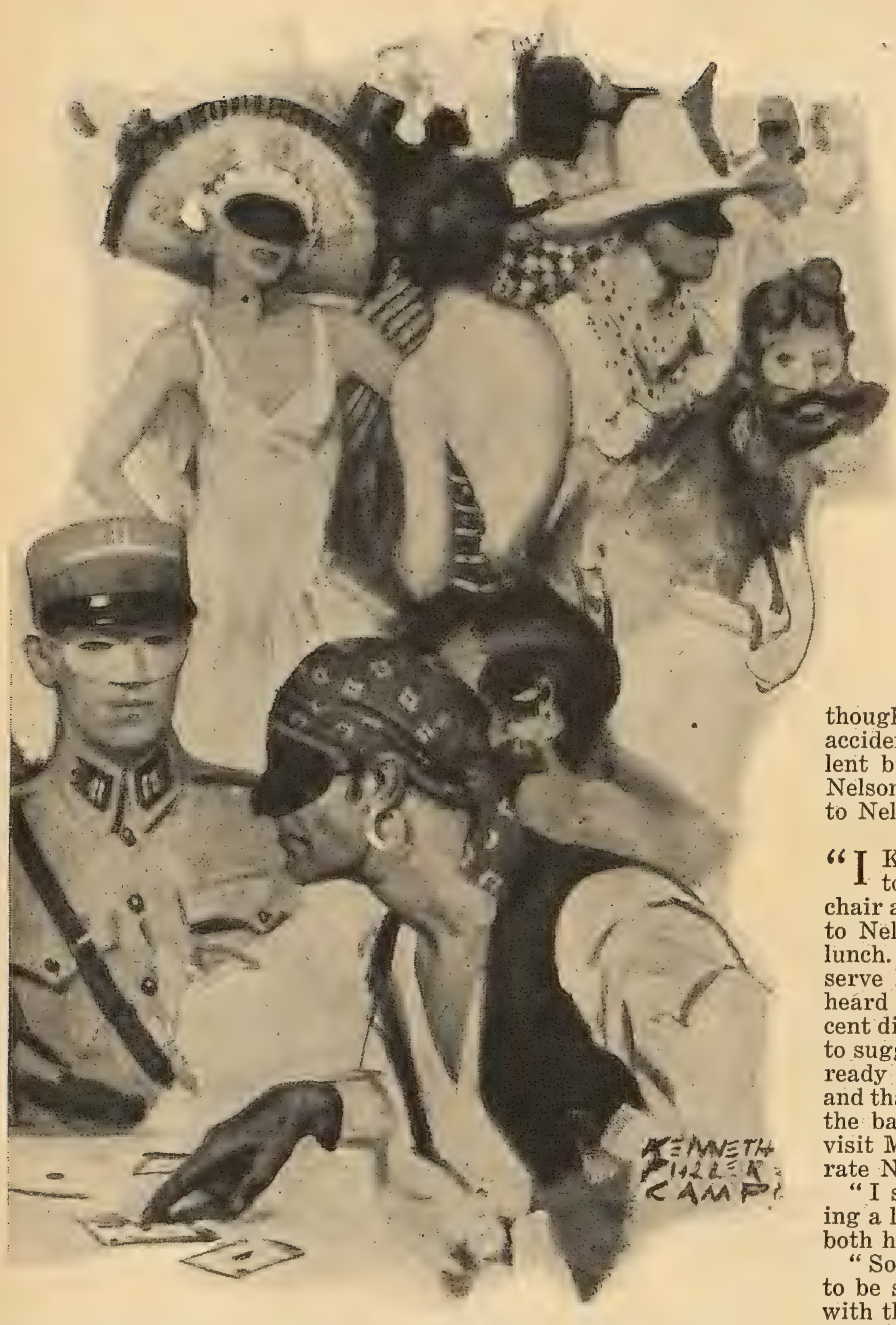
JAY FINCH, a fence for the big diamond smugglers of the world, bought the Diamond Eye for Poppy Brooks. Poppy was his latest whim, and the Eye was larger than the Koh-i-noor. Finch decided to have it smuggled into America first and to present it later. But when the famous stone was still many miles from New York it had caused the death of two men and was lost to Finch.

The first man to die was Henri Conté. It was he who was to do the smuggling. Finch handed him the Eye in a low resort—the Crown and Bull—in London. Poppy Brooks and three Greeks witnessed the exchange. The waitress who served them knocked against the table. It overturned. Conté fell, and, in the confusion, someone stabbed him.

It happened that the waitress was Jean Wood, a United States Treasury agent, disguised; and it happened, also, that she picked up the Eye and fled.

The next time she saw Finch she was on board the S. S. Marantic, posing, for safety's sake, as the wife of Dick Clarke, another United States government detective.

Finch suspected Jean, and wanted to pin Conté's murder on her. The ship's purser, Pelky, told the Clarkes this and became the great gem's next victim. His tongue was mysteriously cut out and, more mysteriously still,



The last cards he turned were the black aces and the black eights. "I am escare!" he said. "There is evil in the cards. I tell them no more."

while lying in the ship's hospital he was poisoned by a deadly glass ball striking his mouth. The Clarkes were determined to get rid of the fatal Eye by donating it to the charity auction as a clever imitation. Jean was to act as auctioneer—brave Jean who did not weaken even when Silovitch the smuggler announced: "Mr. Clarke, you don't realize it, but if you and Mrs. Clarke arrive in New York alive, you are lucky."

PART EIGHT—GOOD-BY TO A SOLDIER

SILOVITCH strode haughtily out of the room and down the bridge companion, Kuroki following. Clarke watched them thoughtfully from the door, and laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the captain. "You believe Silovitch was merely trying to scare you? He was sincere, Mr. Clarke. I must give you a guard."

"By no means," said Dick quickly. "That would spoil everything. I have made certain plans that— But I wasn't laughing at Silovitch, nor at anything he said. Silovitch is as funny as a rusty nail in a bare foot. I was thinking of Jay Finch and the auction."

A gleam of impatience came into the captain's stern eyes, and his mouth quivered for an instant. But if he had intended to say what he thought, he changed his mind.

"I was trying to picture Finch's face when he sees the Diamond Eye put up at auction, and realizes he can do nothing about it."

"Why do you say he can do nothing?"

"What can he do?" Clarke sat in the chair next to Jean, lit a cigarette, and laughed again. "He could claim the Eye and stop the auction. But if he does that he will have to hand over the diamond to his wife. And he will lose Poppy Brooks. He can't outbid his wife, for he hasn't money enough." He turned to Jean. "You saw Mrs. Finch?"

"Yes. She's so eager to get the Eye she will do anything. She thought the idea of locking Finch in his bath accidentally, until the bank closed, was excellent but not practical. She still thinks it Nelson's idea. She doesn't know you talked to Nelson."

"I KNOW this sounds like a lot of Greek to you, captain." Dick lay back in his chair and half closed his eyes. "But I talked to Nelson, the Finch butler, shortly before lunch. I suggested that if he wanted to serve Mrs. Finch he might tell her he had heard Mrs. Clarke would auction a magnificent diamond this afternoon. I also told him to suggest that she borrow all her husband's ready money, and cash her letters of credit, and that she then lock Finch in the bath until the bank closed. Later I had Mrs. Clarke visit Mrs. Finch and—well, sort of corroborate Nelson."

"I see," said the captain. He was moving a line of elephants about his desk, using both hands in the task.

"So," Clarke went on, "Mrs. Finch ought to be sitting tight with a hand bag gorged with thousand-dollar bills. Finch can't possibly outbid her. But say he does. He'll still have to give her the stone. He can't afford to give it to Poppy in public. It puts Finch in an embarrassing position.

"If he doesn't get the diamond, he doesn't get Poppy. If he does get the diamond, he must turn it over to his wife. Can't you see his fat face when he realizes that? What's he going to do? He's going to try to get all the money he can borrow, and give it to Poppy to add to all she can borrow. And even then Poppy will not have enough to buy the stone."

"Finch is the bona fide owner of the diamond, and you are giving it to his wife?" the captain asked.

"I would say Finch is the technical owner," Clarke answered. "He bought it from a smuggler. Where the smuggler got it I don't know. He may have stolen it, he may have bought it from some petty Russian official. He may have found it. Finch bought the stone for Poppy Brooks. Mrs. Finch knew he had it, though, and so he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-nine

couldn't give it to Poppy. But he had a bright idea. He reported the stone was stolen from him.

"He had two reasons for telling that story. One was, of course, to hoodwink his wife. The other was to make it easier for him to smuggle the diamond into New York. Unfortunately for him, we recovered the diamond. Technically we are obliged to return it to him. But—"

The captain stopped his elephant march and shook his head.

"You are making eyes at disaster," he said. "Finch is a shrewd and merciless enemy. He will pay you back for this trick. He will let Mrs. Finch buy the stone. He will have it stolen from her, smuggle it as he originally planned to smuggle it. And in due time it will be Poppy Brooks'."

"It's a chance we have to take," Dick said. "But when Mrs. Finch has bought the Eye, I shall recommend she leave it in your possession, captain—if you will accept the responsibility."

"Accept it? I'd welcome it. And let anybody try to get it from me!"

The captain's eyes lit with unholy longings.

"Why not let me have the stone now, for safe-keeping? I can have a private understanding with Mr. and Mrs. Finch, and make public announcement, if you wish, that I have the Eye and will give it to its owner at quarantine. I shall give it to Mr. Finch in the presence of his wife. That will still prevent Miss Brooks from getting it, and it will, I think, protect you and Mrs. Clarke from any danger while you are aboard this ship. I think that's the sensible thing to do. Don't you?"

He pushed his elephants into a pile, and filled his old corncob with the tobacco he carried loose in his uniform coat pocket. He held the lighted match poised over the bowl as he awaited Clarke's answer.

"Yes," said Clarke, his voice sleepy, "it's common sense. But we can't afford the luxury of common sense in this particular instance, captain.

"By this auction we publicly give up the diamond. That means that no one will cut our throats, or pelt us with poisoned glass balls, to get the Diamond Eye.

"By this auction we brand ourselves a couple of priceless idiots. There we are, by the auctioneer's table, asking for a few pounds more on a diamond almost as valuable as New York State. A couple of ninnies we'll be. And who looks for menace in a fool? You see, our game is to pretend this diamond is only an imitation. We will be astonished as the bids grow. We'll take pains to tell them the stone is glass."

"But Mrs. Finch will know how devilish clever you are," the captain objected.

"I don't mind that. She has her own game to play against her husband and Poppy Brooks. Finch will know, too, but Poppy will keep him from biting very hard. Poppy will do anything to keep from being tried for murder."

THE captain looked up sharply, but Dick pretended not to notice.

"Poppy will know, too, and in her heart she will think I am a traitor. But she cannot afford to play me any tricks. She will muzzle Finch and tie him to his kennel, and kiss the diamond good-by with as good grace as she can muster. Oh, she will hate me for this. She will want to kill me. But she will want to placate me too."

"You seem to have a positive genius for crippling dangerous foes," the captain observed. "When you don't make a man helpless by knocking out his teeth, you tie his legs and arms. But Finch is a genius too."

"Another thing, captain. This auction will draw a crowd. Every diamond smuggler aboard the Marantic will be present. I took pains to tell Poppy—but not until the bank had closed. I spoke loud enough for her maids to hear. I have no doubt they have spread the news before this.

"Every smuggler will know the Diamond Eye. Oh, I know that not every one of them will bid, and that there may be many bidders who are not smugglers. But, in the excitement of the bidding, some smugglers may betray themselves, or their connections.

"Let them bid—and lose. If Mrs. Finch has cashed her letter of credit—"

"She has."

"Nobody else has a chance. The bank is closed. Let the smugglers bid to the limit, and leave me some clues to work on. Perhaps they will show me the man who murdered Pelky, the little man who comes in through the window ports."

The captain dropped his pipe.

"You would know him if you saw him?"

"Yes. But I might not be able to prove that he is the murderer."

The captain picked up his pipe, knocked the ashes out of it, letting them fall into the big brass cuspidor at his feet, and put the corncob back in the pocket that held his loose tobacco. He leapfrogged one elephant over another, jumped him back again.

Clarke got slowly to his feet, and stretched his arms.

"Everything's set," he said. "I feel like a curly wolf, and it's my night to howl."

"Howl, then, curly wolf," said the captain, rising from his chair. "But watch out for a trap, a shot in the dark, and the pack of wolf dogs that will hear you howl, and follow."

Clarke laughed.

"I have heard dogs bark before, but I'm anxious now to hear a yellow cur yip."

"Beware of that dog, Mr. Clarke," said the captain solemnly. "His bite is poisonous."

II

THE auction was held in the promenade deck smoking room, and the place was crowded long before the scheduled hour. Men and women sat at the little tables, talking, laughing, drinking, nibbling potato chips, playing cards, or watching the children running about, or staring at the long table set midway of the stern wall.

There were bottles of perfume on this table, silk stockings, silk pyjamas, compacts, lipsticks, canes, books, ornamental cigarette holders, fans, dolls, hand bags, vanity cases, toys, bright-ribboned boxes of candy. Little girls touched the articles they most admired, and closed their eyes and made a wish, then ran to whisper to their parents.

The purser, a nervous young man promoted to the place since the death of Pelky, sat back of the desk, making figures on paper. A long narrow tin box lay on the table at his left elbow.

Dick and Jean and Captain Harris stood in the doorway for a moment, surveying the crowd. Dick saw Mr. and Mrs. Finch and Istrelle du Bose and Poppy Brooks sitting near the auctioneer's table. At the table next to this sat Kuroki, isolated, aloof, cigarette holder in his mouth. Back of him were the colorful figures of the acrobatic troupe. On the far side of the door, and nearest the bar, were Silovitch and Hugo Jerome. Jerome's head was still brazen with bandages. Near the door, with their backs turned to Dick, were three men who bobbed their heads as they talked. Dick felt they were the Greeks of the Crown and Bull.

"Lots of faces here I haven't seen before," he said. "The calm weather has brought them up out of their rooms like—"

"Like the spring brings out the onions," Jean said.

They started through the tables, but they had gone but a few paces when Jean stopped and caught Dick's arm.

"Don't take me by Istrelle's table," she whispered. Dick was amazed to see that she was frightened.

"Why not?"

"She has a cat."

Dick did not laugh as she seemed to think he would.

"You are afraid of cats?"

"I'm not afraid of anything else in the world but cats. I hate them. I loathe them. They make my flesh creep, they are so like snakes. If that cat touches me I shall scream and run."

"It won't touch you," he said, his voice soothing. "I promise you. I'll kill it first. We'll go around the other way, and you must try to forget there is a cat here. Everything depends on you."

Jean sat between the purser and the captain, and Dick noticed she was smiling, though her hands shook a little, and her eyes were trying to avoid the sight of that cat. He sat at the captain's right.

The young purser opened the tin box, handed Jean the auctioneer's mallet, and gave her a nervous smile. He cleared his throat, but said nothing.

The captain rose and the noisy room hushed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the captain said, "passengers of the steamship Marantic, I am glad to see you here. Fortunately we have good weather for our auction. There would not be so many cheerful faces before me otherwise, I know. And a cheerful face means a full and sympathetic purse."

He bowed and smiled at their good-natured laughter.

"We are going to offer you all these things you see displayed on this table. And I hope they bring good prices. This merchandise, ladies and gentlemen, has been donated by various passengers, and will be auctioned off to the highest bidders, and for cash only."

The captain then spoke of the purpose of the auction: to provide a cheerful Christmas for the widows and orphans of British seamen. He spoke of the perils of the sea, and the dangers sailors chance for little pay. He did not mention Pelky's name, but there were few who couldn't tell that the name was in his mind.

CLARKE knew that even as the captain spoke men were lowering Pelky's body into the sea from a steel door in the hold, while the chaplain prayed, and the doctor, locked in his room, went on with his examination of the dead man's vital organs.

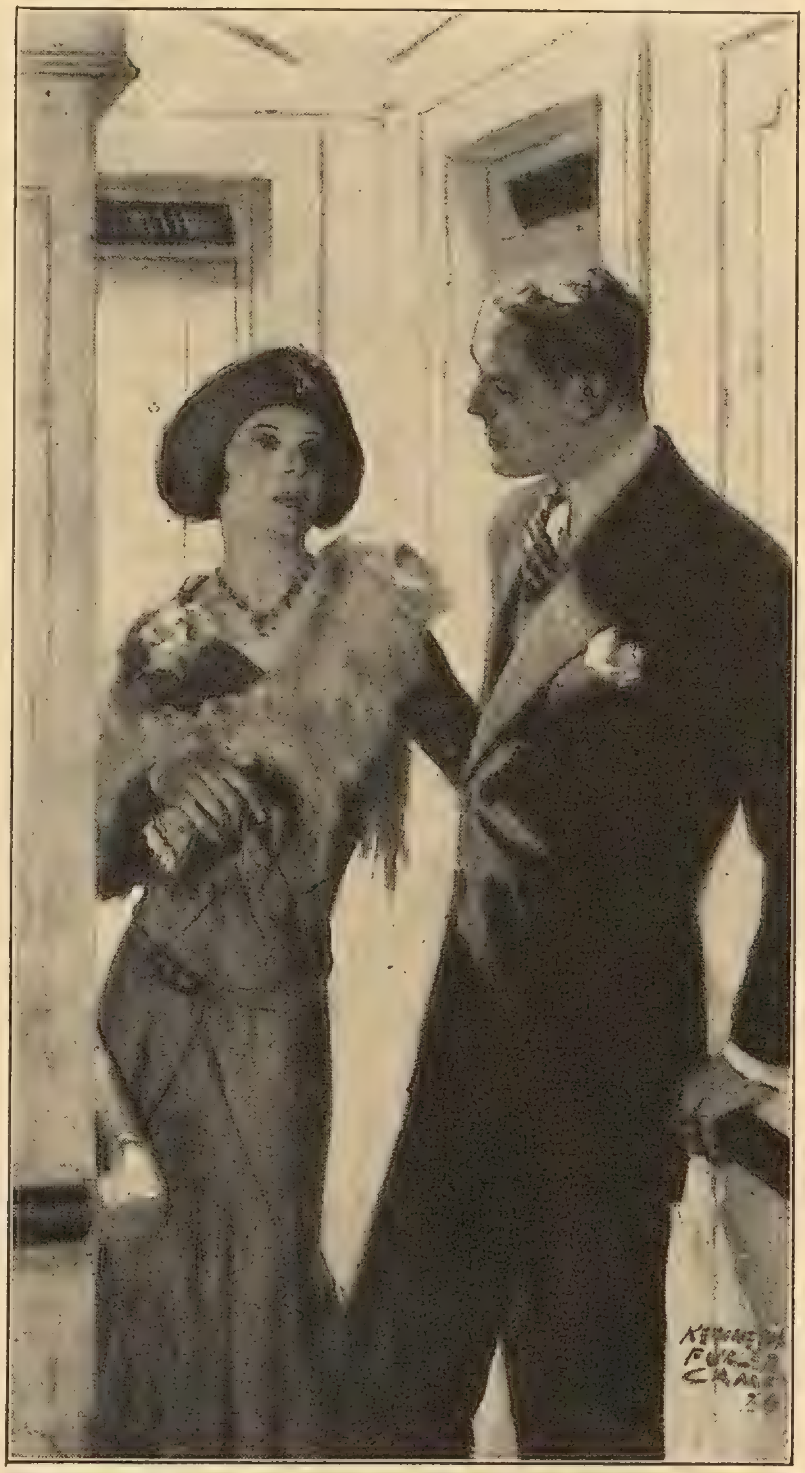
But he was not thinking of Pelky exactly. He was paying no attention to the captain's talk. He was lying back, his eyes half closed, his hands in his pockets, watching the crowd.

He saw Kuroki turn and hiss something at the little Japs behind him. One of them rose and started toward the door. So the acrobats took orders from Kuroki! That was interesting.

He saw the Greeks near the doorway bolt and flee as the little Jap arose. It was evident they knew that Jap, and didn't want him to see them. That was interesting too.

He saw Finch and Poppy Brooks exchange an understanding smile. That worried him. Finch should be on his way out, too, like the little Jap, trying to borrow money. But he was sitting still. There was even a light of triumph in his eyes. That was more than interesting. It was puzzling. What would Finch do?

For an hour the auction was quiet, orderly, unexciting. The pile of merchandise on the table diminished steadily. The purser's tin box filled, the calculations on his pad of paper grew and grew.



"Dick, I simply couldn't let Finch crow over you. I couldn't let that gang of thieves believe you a coward."

"Going for two pounds ten. Who'll say three pounds? Two pounds ten—that's about twelve dollars and a quarter. Who'll say twelve dollars and a half?"

For an hour Jean talked rapidly, easily, stopping now and then to laugh, to sip a little water, or to bang her mallet on the table and cry "Sold!" and hand over lipstick or perfume. If she felt any fear of that damned cat, Dick thought, she certainly didn't show it; her voice didn't even hesitate when she looked at the cat, as she did every little while. Nor did her smile once falter.

Dick knew that many of the onlookers thought he was asleep. He could hear them laughing about him, whispering about him. He did not mind. He saw the little Jap come back quickly, furtively; saw him thrust something into Kuroki's hand. The Greeks came back and remained standing in the doorway, but out of the little Jap's sight.

A GIRL sat down at Kuroki's table; a pretty girl in a red dress. A Spanish type, Dick thought. She offered Kuroki a cigarette. He beamed at her and thrust it into his holder. But when she struck a match to light it for him, he shrank back quickly, and threw the cigarette on the floor. He looked angry. He hissed at the girl, and she left him hurriedly.

A beefy man with a weeping-willow mustache who had bought a pair of sheer hose, held them against his pants leg and called, "Oh, Clarence!" in a falsetto voice.

A little girl went from table to table with a bottle of perfume, insisting that everybody sniff its aroma.

"Going for three guineas. Who'll make it four? Four guineas? Thank you. This wonderful ostrich fan going for four guineas. Do I hear five? Five, five, five? Sold for four guineas to the lady in the black dress. A wonderful bargain, madame. But wait, ladies and gentlemen, please don't go yet. I have a really sensational bargain to offer you."

Men and women who had been going out returned to their chairs. Silovitch and Jerome slipped into seats nearer the auctioneer. Kuroki turned and hissed to the little Jap again. Istrelle quit stroking the yellow body of her cat, and whispered to Finch. Poppy Brooks was radiant. The three Greeks were nervously edging themselves as far forward as they dared. They slyly pulled their hats over their foreheads, put up the collars of their overcoats, cast apprehensive glances in the direction of the Japs.

Jean turned quickly to Dick, holding out her hand, and Dick opened his eyes, reached lazily into a pocket, and placed in her palm the diamond that had no price.

Jean cupped her palm, and held her hand high, turning it to the right and the left so that all might see the diamond it held.

The talk and the laughter ceased. There were little gasps here and there. Chairs moved. Tables were shoved closer. And then the talk redoubled in volume, and Jean began to speak.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page seventy-one

"This little gem," said Jean, her voice light, her face smiling, "cannot be bought every day. You might search all the five and ten cent stores of New York, or the two and sixes in London, and never see anything like it.

"Of course it is too large for a lady's ring." She placed the stone against her finger to show the absurdity of that. "The stone couldn't be set on a ring big enough to hold three fingers. But it could be worn as a—a chest protector." She laughed, and held it to her breast.

"It was given us by one of the passengers, who wishes to remain anonymous. This person told Captain Harris that the gem came to him through a fortunate accident. Perhaps he got it in a lunch bag, or it may have been the prize in a twopenny package of sweets. At any rate, he has given it to be sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of the British seamen's widows and orphans.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what am I bid?"

"A dollar ninety-eight!" cried a falsetto voice.

"Two dollars!"

"I s'y one pound!"

"Mike it a guinea, miss!"

"One hundred pounds," said Mrs. Finch. A stunned silence fell on the room and shattered into incredulous whispers: "It must be real!" "A hundred pounds!" "She's crazy!" "Is it a diamond?"

"Two hundred pounds," said Istrelle, her shrill voice carrying doubt and anxiety and excitement to all parts of the room.

"It must be real!" "Two hundred pounds!" "Pa, that's a thousand dollars in our money. Land's sake!" "Gosh!" "My word!" "This is a bit thick, eh, wot?"

Dick had apparently gone back to sleep again. He was watching Finch, puzzled, annoyed that he should be puzzled. The man wasn't bidding; had, apparently, no intention of bidding. He was enjoying the excitement and waiting. Waiting for what? Clarke couldn't tell. He had thought Finch wanted Jean to act as auctioneer that he might get her fingerprints on some article, in case he should fail to get them at his dinner. That was why Dick had made Jean wear gloves. Finch wouldn't get her fingerprints—ever. But it wasn't fingerprints Finch wanted now. Why had he made Jean auctioneer? So she would auction the diamond if she had it? Was the man that shrewd? With that pig's face? It wasn't possible.

"Three hundred pounds," said Mrs. Finch sweetly.

"Five hundred," said Istrelle, just as sweetly.

People were leaving their chairs now, and crowding up to the table. They stared at Istrelle and Mrs. Finch, and at Jean and the diamond. Chairs were overturned, tables shoved away. Even the stewards had stopped to look and listen.

"FIVE thousand," said Mrs. Finch.

"Six!" shouted Kuroki. "Six sousand." Hiss, hiss.

The spectators looked from the women to Kuroki, gaped, looked at the women again.

"Ten," said Mrs. Finch calmly.

Kuroki turned and hissed at the little Jap at his elbow. The Jap darted away, catching one of his fellows as he went, and taking him along. The Greeks turned their backs, but did not flee. Their eyes were hungry, and their mouths all but watering. And yet they stayed where they were, and did not bid. Perhaps they hadn't ten thousand dollars between them.

"Ten thousand five hundred," said Silovitch, his red eyes on the diamond, his fangs gleaming—Jean thought he looked more evil than ever with those three teeth missing—his lips flecked with foam. Dick wondered if he were bidding for Finch; decided he wasn't.

"Ten sousand six." Hiss, hiss.

Clarke was tempted to laugh; it was so evident that Kuroki wasn't quite going to make the grade, and he so desperate. Not all the little Japs on the boat could bring him half so much money as that fat hand bag of Mrs. Finch's contained.

"Twelve thousand dollars," said Istrelle, and Clarke could see that was her top bid. The face she turned to Clarke was sulky. Poppy and Finch whispered something to her, laughed at her. She hugged the cat to her bosom and glared at them. Dick looked from her green eyes to the cat's. There was not much difference.

"Fifteen thousand!" shouted Silovitch. He looked at Mrs. Finch as though daring her to bid more than that.

"Twenty," Mrs. Finch said calmly. She took twenty one-thousand-dollar bills from her hand bag, and Silovitch could see the hand bag was still quite full of thousand-dollar bills. He snarled and turned away.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" said Jean, as though she were amazed. "Our donor had no idea the gem was so valuable, of course. Going for twenty thousand dollars! Do I hear another bid?"

SHE heard nothing but the ticking of the ship's clock and the heavy breathing of a child asleep in his mother's arms. Her mallet fell with a noise that made some women jump.

"Sold to Mrs. Finch for twenty thousand dollars!"

Clarke rose quickly as Mrs. Finch took the diamond and gave her money to the purser. He looked at Finch. Finch looked at him, malicious glee in his eyes.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Finch," Dick said.

The danger was gone with the diamond. Jean need never fear again. He should feel happy, relieved, but he felt nothing but anxiety. What would Finch do now? What could Finch do?

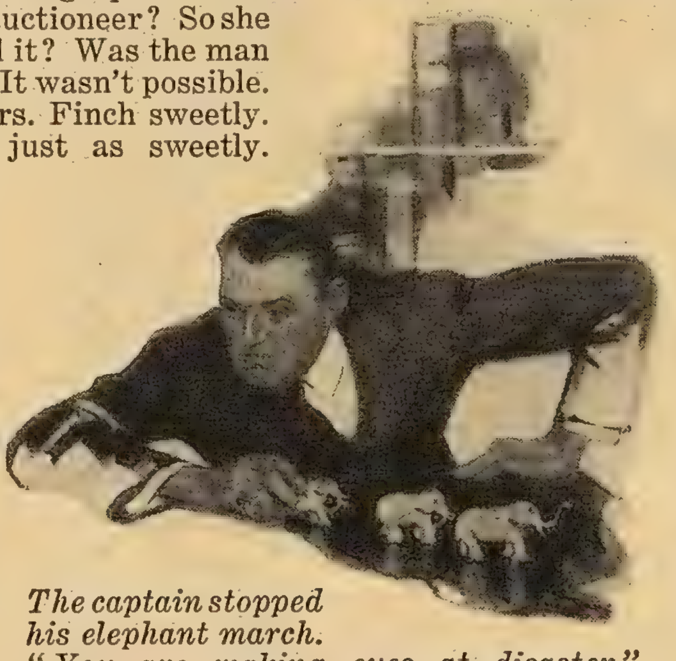
"You have bought a diamond worth at least twice what you paid for it." That was a good line, Dick thought. It ought to brand him as the prize sap of the century. "I would advise you, though, to put it in the custody of Captain Harris. Then you will be absolutely sure of its safety."

He smiled at the woman, and eyed her husband again. It was time for the Finch to yip. But he wasn't yipping. He was smiling, urbane, triumphant.

"Nothing of the kind, Mr. Clarke," he said, bluff and jovial. "Nothing of the kind. Ha! Ha! You are a government detective. You are clever and brave, Mr. Clarke, and extremely resourceful. I have implicit confidence in you, and if the diamond is to be intrusted to anybody, you are the man, with all due respect to the impregnability of Captain Harris' safe."

Clarke read a challenge in Finch's eyes.

"Take that stone," it said. "Take it if you dare. I'll have it stolen from you if I have to kill to get it. Take it and lose it, and pay me twenty thousand dollars for it, if you live. Take it and put Jean Wood in peril with you. You thought you were clever. You thought you had beaten me. You thought you had made me a fool."



The captain stopped his elephant march. "You are making eyes at disaster."

The dog had bitten, and Clarke felt poison seeping through his veins.

If he accepted that challenge he would be a dastard and a fool. He would lose all he had won. He would drag Jean Wood into new and certain danger. He might lose his life—and hers.

But if he did not accept he would be a confessed coward. He would be ashamed of himself. Jean would be ashamed of him.

If Jean had only minded her own business, he thought, he should never have been placed in this predicament. If she hadn't stolen that diamond— He looked at her, and found her smiling, big-eyed.

"That is the nicest compliment I ever heard anyone pay my husband," she said. "Of course Mr. Clarke will take care of the diamond, Mr. Finch—if Mrs. Finch is willing."

Clarke turned quickly to Mrs. Finch. His salvation and Jean's lay with her.

" By all means," said Mrs. Finch, and she put the diamond into Dick's hand.

Dick thrust the stone carelessly into the right pocket of his trousers.

" Thank you," he said, smiling with his lips, " and I assure you, Mrs. Finch, and you too, Mr. Finch, that I shall not lose it. And now, I think Mrs. Clarke should take a nap before dinner. She's rather hoarse and excited, and there's the ship's concert and the masked ball tonight. You will excuse us? "

They walked slowly from the smoking room, and did not speak until they turned into the corridor leading to their room.

" I suppose you know what you've done? " he said.

" Yes," she answered. " But, Dick, I simply couldn't let Finch crow over you. I couldn't let that gang of thieves believe you a coward."

She looked up at him, fire in her brown level eyes, her chin quivering with anger.

" I'd see them all in hell first," she said.

III

IT was exactly eight o'clock when Diana came into the room. Dick remembered that distinctly, later in the evening. He was setting his watch by the ship's clock.

He knew her knock. There was something about it that was unmistakable, something aristocratic and light and untroubled—indescribable.

" Diana! " he said, and opened the door.

She was in red and black. She was a Spanish gypsy.

Dick remembers he stood there for some seconds, looking at her, saying nothing, and that her first words were, " I came to see what your wife is going to wear—and why you aren't dressing."

Jean had just finished getting into her starched white nurse's costume and had come out from behind the screen.

It wasn't ten minutes before they left the room. It took but a few minutes to reach the baron's room, and a few minutes more to take him into the red-and-gold social hall on the promenade deck.

They walked slowly, but the hall was not far. It couldn't have taken five minutes.

Jean and the baron walked ahead, and Dick noticed that though Diana kept pace with him, her feet had wings, and she flew beside her husband. She seemed to be smiling at Dick's words, to be understanding them. And yet she appeared not to be hearing anything he said. Her eyes were serene, her hands calm, her laughter sweet and slow. Yet she gave Dick the impression that she was smoldering with impatience and fear.

The ship's concert was scheduled to begin at eight thirty, but there was some delay and it did not start until nearly nine. The judging of costumes and the ball were to follow immediately after the concert. It is Dick's impression that they reached the social hall and found seats at one of the square-topped marble tables in the rear, about eight twenty. He is not sure of the time, but it was quite a while before the concert began.

The hall was splashed with moving colors, magic figures that turned out to be friends and acquaintances when you spoke to them—clowns, pirates, Columbines, Mexican vaqueros, Indian braves, nuns, nurses, Carmens, Chaplins, bathing beauties, Cossacks, Romans, fortune tellers, Volendam peasants.

Jean was entranced with a little boy in a toy suit of armor.

" How straight he stands," she said. " How brave he is, and quiet. And do look at his toy sword and spear. I wonder what his face is like, beneath his visor. I could hug him."

There were warm dreams in her eyes.

" He's a darling," Diana said. She looked at the boy, and her eyes softened; yet Dick felt she had not really seen him. He watched her face swing back. She had looked away from her husband, but she had seen only him. Her eyes seemed to be feasting on him: hungry eyes, eating him slowly, saving him, hoarding him, knowing the feast must end soon, no matter how slowly she ate.

THE baron, in the uniform of a French sous-lieutenant, sat straight—straight as the little boy in his shiny tin armor. And he was brave and quiet. At times his face was flushed. At times it was pale, yet the eyes that gleamed through his domino remained always the same—kind, happy, humbly happy. It was good just to be alive and to sit here with his wife and her friends, and watch all these gay, radiant people.

The baron, too, looked at the boy without seeing him. " The sentinel at Pompeii," he said. " How I should have liked such armor when I was that boy's age! "

Dick recognized Jay Finch as a portly Pilgrim father, Istrelle as a lady of the court of Louis XVI, Hugo Jerome as a wonderful bearded Aunt Jemima, and Poppy Brooks as a Follies girl.

He knew Poppy by her walk and wondered if she were not cold.

But he did not recognize Silovitch—not at first. The man was dressed as a gypsy. He had stained his face and hands. He had changed his voice and painted some of his teeth black, and his red eyes were well concealed by his domino.

He slouched to the table with a pack

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle
Glostora costs b
trifle at any drug sto

Glostora
Glosto

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page seventy-three

of greasy cards. He pulled up a chair and seated himself without invitation.

"The señor would know of the future?" he asked, his voice high and shrill and insolent. He waited for no answer, but began at once to do tricks with the cards. He played them like an accordion. He shuffled them and flipped four aces on to the table. He shuffled them again, and one card rose out of them and fell at Dick's place. It was the jack of diamonds.

"That is your card, señor," he said. He shuffled the cards and placed them on the table. "The señor will cut the cards." Dick obliged him. "And again." Dick cut them three times before the man was satisfied. He turned them face up then, and began to sort them, holding four cards in his hand.

"Diamonds," he said. "Diamonds, diamonds. I see them everywhere about you, señor. But you shall marry the spade woman. It say so here. Perhaps you have already marry her? Ah, yes. But I see a wedding here, and many people. And—" He threw down the four cards in his hand, two black eights and two black aces. He started, and looked about him swiftly, furtively. He whispered, "But that means death, *amigo mio*. Be on the guard."

Jean cut the cards next, and the gypsy placed them face up about the queen of spades. The last cards he turned were the black aces and the black eights.

"I am escare!" he said. "There is evil in the cards. I tell them no more." He winked at Dick, and it was only then Dick knew him. He winked again, shoved back his chair, and darted into the crowd.

Dick laughed, and Jean laughed with him. But Diana and the baron stared at each other, and for an instant the serenity of the blue eyes was troubled—as a still blue pond is troubled by a wind. The baron picked up his wife's hand and kissed it, and Dick arose.

"Please excuse me," he said. "I must see Captain Harris." He had caught sight of the captain just then entering the door, but it was Silovitch he wanted to see. The captain detained him, held him, walked with him out to the port rail.

"Dr. Mitten says the glass contained poison gas," he said.

"What kind of gas?"

"He couldn't tell me that."

CAPTAIN HARRIS looked out to sea. "Mr. Clarke, there is a gang of killers on this ship armed with a weapon for which there is no defense."

Clarke laughed, but there was nothing pleasant in his laugh.

"And I have just been warned that Mrs. Clarke and I are next," he said. "Captain, please try to find Silovitch for me. Did your stewards see anybody in those transverse corridors on either side of the hospital?"

"No one!"

"Too bad. Those are the killers. Silovitch knows them. We must find Silovitch, and make him talk. He's dressed as a gypsy, and he's the only real gypsy the ship. You n't miss him if you him."

arke made a hur- pection of the in the hall, searched the smoking room and the bar, peered into the ballroom, ran about the deck. But Silovitch had disappeared.

Dick returned to his table at exactly twenty minutes after nine. He fixed the time by remembering he had looked at his wrist watch as he slid into his chair. He had been gone almost half an hour.

The concert had begun at eight fifty-five. The Japanese acrobats were tumbling on a mat in front of the dais and below it. Two stewards, acting as stage hands, were setting up a wire-walking apparatus on the dais, and Kuroki, in his red Chinese mandarin dress, was superintending the work.

"Where is your husband?" Dick asked Diana.

Diana was staring at the door. Her eyes were serene, flooded with an unearthly light, but her arms trembled a little, and her bosom, beyond her control, struggled with emotion. Dick was frightened.

"Diana!"

SHE made no answer. She did not move.

"She sent him for her handkerchief," said Jean swiftly, her voice excited. "But there's something awful here, Dick, that I don't understand."

Diana was to them a wax lady who could not hear, nor feel, nor move; a wax lady looking at a door and beyond it with eyes they could not fathom; a wax lady breathing as though breath tore her breast.

"What has happened?"

"Mystery. Tragedy. I don't know. As soon as you left, Diana said she wanted her handkerchief. There was something I couldn't understand—only feel. I felt like screaming when the baron stood up. The way he looked. He was smiling. He was happy. But there was something else. He was saying good-by as though it were—well, forever. It—it got me. He took off his domino and stood a moment, looking down at her. He said something. 'We have been happy. Never forget that!' Something like that.

"Then he did a strange thing. His heels came together with a sharp click. He stood straight. Oh, Dick, he was glorious. He was strong, and brave, and well. He was a soldier. He saluted Diana. He saluted me. He turned quickly, and he walked quickly away. He did not turn around. Not even when he reached the door.

"Diana watched him, but she didn't move. Feel her hands. They're cold, numb. Look at her. She's been like that ever since he went. Dick, make her talk."

Dick caught Diana's hands and crushed them fiercely.

Diana looked up at him. "We have been happy," she said. Her voice was scarce a whisper.

A burst of hand-clapping sounded in the hall. It acted on Dick as a clap of thunder might. He looked at the dais, and Kuroki, and the Jap about to walk the wire, and the sharp fresh scratches on the acrobat's yellow cheeks.

"The baron is dead," Dick said.

Diana's face did not change.

"Yes, Dick," she said. "He is dead—killed in action on the field of honor."

The man from the sea walks through The Diamond Eye next week, leaving terror behind. Follow Dick's attempts to track him and his master.

Prize Awards

in Liberty's recently concluded

Patriotic Game of Presidents

will be announced in Liberty for March 29—on sale March 21.

The judges are now at work.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44

1—One: New Hampshire.
2—Aurora.
3—A stanza of four lines.
4—For the time being; temporarily.
5—Interstate, among or between states; intrastate, within a state.
6—A number from which another number is to be subtracted.
7—One that lays eggs.
8—One-half hour.
9—An empty tomb or a monument erected in honor of a person who is buried elsewhere.
10—An organized massacre.
11—Argentina, Brazil, Chile.
12—An object of special or unreasoning devotion.
13—An instrument marking exact time, especially in music.
14—North of the Arabian Sea, east of southern Persia.
15—Offensive from excess of display or insincerity; as, fulsome praise.
16—The playing of musical chords in rapid succession.
17—Bringing it to a proper degree of hardness and toughness.
18—Erie and Ontario.
19—The goddess of health.
20—Minnesota.

Points of DIFFERENCE

1 Biggest Newsdealer Sale

Almost every other person in the United States who buys a weekly magazine from the newsdealer buys Liberty.

2 Greatest Concentration

Greater concentration of circulation in city markets than any other major magazine.

3 Modern Audience

An alert and responsive reader group of high buying power that modernizes advertising lists.

4 Whole Family Appeal

Furnishes reading interest to the whole family.

5 No Buried Ads

No "back page" continuations, no jumps, no tailing off. Live editorial content throughout assuring reader attention from cover to cover.

6 Lowest Cost

Lowest advertising cost per thousand pages in the field of leading magazines—a maximum cost of $1.89 per thousand black and white pages guaranteed.

7 Guaranteed Circulation

Guarantee: 2,250,000 average net paid for 1930. Actual circulation is now in excess of guarantee.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Victor-Radio

has set a new standard of radio enjoyment

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-75. *Employs finest walnut matched veneers; door-panels in bas-relief. Luxurious, leather-backed, richly colored record albums. Bengalese damask speaker covering, harmonized with cabinet in color and design. List price $350. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor-Radio de luxe R-52. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched butt walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set. List price $215. Less Radiotrons.*

Victor Radio-Electrola RE-45. *The modern complete musical instrument. Same radio equipment as R-32. All-electric radio and Victor Record reproduction. Automatic record brake. Marvelous power and quality. List price $275. Less Radiotrons.*

New mechanical perfection and startling purity of TONE *. . . a new conception of radio* value

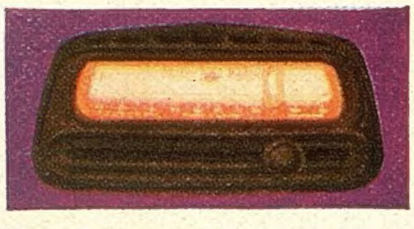
Many thousands are installing Victor-Radio who never considered this form of entertainment before. Other thousands, radio "fans" for years, are replacing their sets with "the radio that is a musical instrument." Victor-Radio has given to all a new appreciation of broadcast entertainment.

For Victor-Radio, powerful, amazingly selective, wonderfully sensitive, so simple a child can operate it, brings to the home a new, thrilling perfection of TONE. And purity of tone is the measure of radio enjoyment!

Indeed, Victor-Radio far surpasses all previous Victor achievements, and Victor has led in the science of musical reproduction for more than thirty years. Whether you have a radio or not, hear it. And compare!

You can have Victor-Radio separately or with the amazing new Electrola that reproduces Victor Records *electrically*...and *the music you want when you want it!* Don't be content with less!

There is an exquisite Victor model that will harmonize with your home...Victor craftsmanship has brought true luxury to radio cabinet making. You will be as proud of your new Victor-Radio as every home was of its Victrola 20 years ago! Victor Talking Machine Division, RCA-Victor Company, Inc., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.



Victor Super-automatic Station Selector. *Just slide the knob to right or left...you have the station you want.*

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Victor-Radio

with Electrola

Tune In—The RCA Victor Hour, every Thursday night over a coast-to-coast network of the N. B. C.